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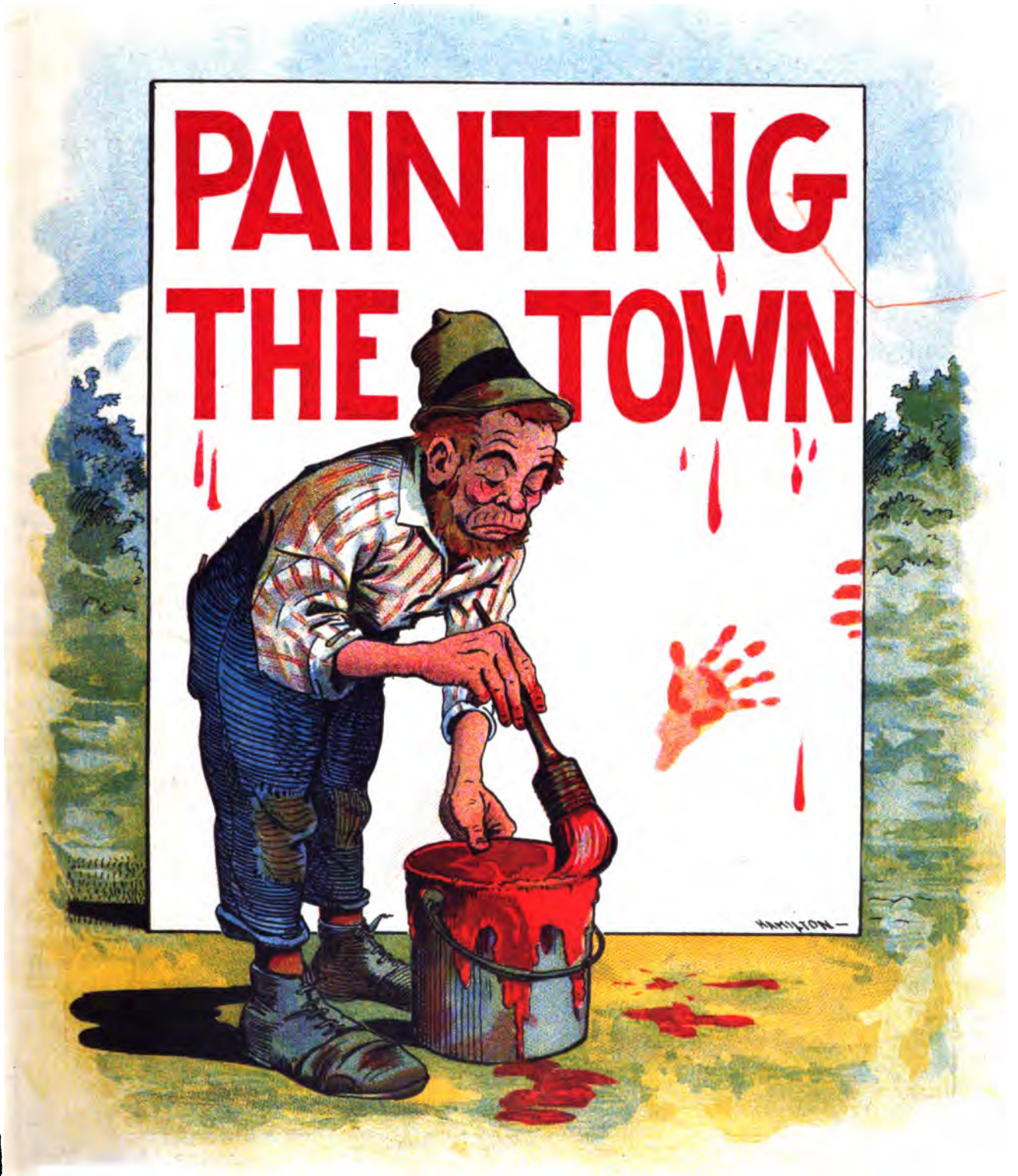

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JUDGE—"What's the charge, officer?"
OFFICER—"Attimpted suicide, sor."
JUDGE—"State the particulars."
Officer—"Well, he wanted t' foight me, sor."

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DISPROVED ON THE SPOT.

1.

FOND LOVER—"Darling, nothing can ever separate us"——

2.

! ! ! ! ! !

1.

DOLAN AND FINNEGAN (*together*)—"Oi hov th' roight av way. Git back wid yez!"

2.

(*Excitedly*)—"Not on me bowld Irish honor!" (*Plank cracks.*)

3.

(*Thoughtfully*)—"Cum t' think, Oi guess ye wor roight. Cum over in pace."

A TIMELY RECONSIDERATION.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Maud—"Oh, hubby! to-day was bargain-day at some hardware store and I didn't even see it advertised in the papers."

Oscar—"Heavens! are the hardware stores beginning it?"

Maud—"Well, I heard Mr. Budge, this afternoon, say to a friend, 'Come along, Ned; let's get a ten-cent stove.'"

An elopement is the first step to a divorce.

SOME PRINCIPLE INVOLVED.

"If you are hungry and in want why don't you apply to the charity organizations?"

"Madam, I do not approve of their methods."

A FORTUNE IN IT.

Burley—"So you're going to make a musician of your son Tommy, are you?"

Bagley—"Yes, indeed. Why, he's got a fortune in that head of hair."

AN ICE-CRUSHER.

MR. RUBE—"De ladies an' gen'lemens hab appinted me er committee ob one, Mistah Johnson, ter ainform yer dat ef yer doan' stop goin' roun' heah breakin' de ice wid yer haid dey will jis' natcheally kick de stuffin' outer yer. Heah me?"

The temperance.

The populist.

The socialist.

The Democratic.

The Republican.

THE POLITICAL PARTIES AS TOLD BY WHAT THEY DRINK.

A RETURN TO CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.

JIGSBY—"You look happy, old man."
JAGSBY—"I am; my wife is going away to-morrow for two weeks."

JIGSBY (*two weeks later*)—"You look—er—happy, old man."
JAGSBY—"I am; my wife is coming back to-morrow, and I can find out where my collar-buttons and things are."

1.
"Dere's a silver dollar."

2.
"I seen it fust."
"No, yer didn't."

3.
!—!!—!!!

4.
"Well, ef it ain't nothin' but a tin box of Dr. Fake's salve fer cuts an' bruises. We've both got a use fer it now, anyway."

CREATING A MARKET.

A GREAT INVENTION.

BOY—"I say, dad!"
DAD—"What is it?"
BOY—"I wish you'd buy me a pair o' them bullet-proof pants."

The way Timothy, the conductor, gets through his car without disturbing his passengers.

JUST THE PLACE.

Fussanfeathers—"What I would like in a boarding-place would be to be surrounded with lively, musical people, with whom I would not be expected to mingle."

Jardown—"How would Bloomingdale suit you?"

JUDGMENTS.

"The second thief is the best keeper" of the first.

Man may circumvent Nature, but he cannot crush her.

True happiness lies less in having things as you want them than in wanting things as they are.

CHOLLY—"As I said before, Willie, when we get a couple of bottles in us we don't give a (hic) cuss for the biggest copper——

——mine in Michigan."

TURNING THE CORNER.

ALMOST—BUT LOST.

COHEN—"I vants you to magke dot salvation army move on. Dey vos spoiling my peesnees!"
OFFICER—"How's that, Cohen?"
COHEN—"Shoosd as I vos glosing ub a pargain sale of a suid mit a country minister dey sdruck ub 'Almost Persuaded' und I losd der sale."

"De cop came at Beer-Ike wid his club raised, w'en just den Beer-Ike pulls his knife an'——

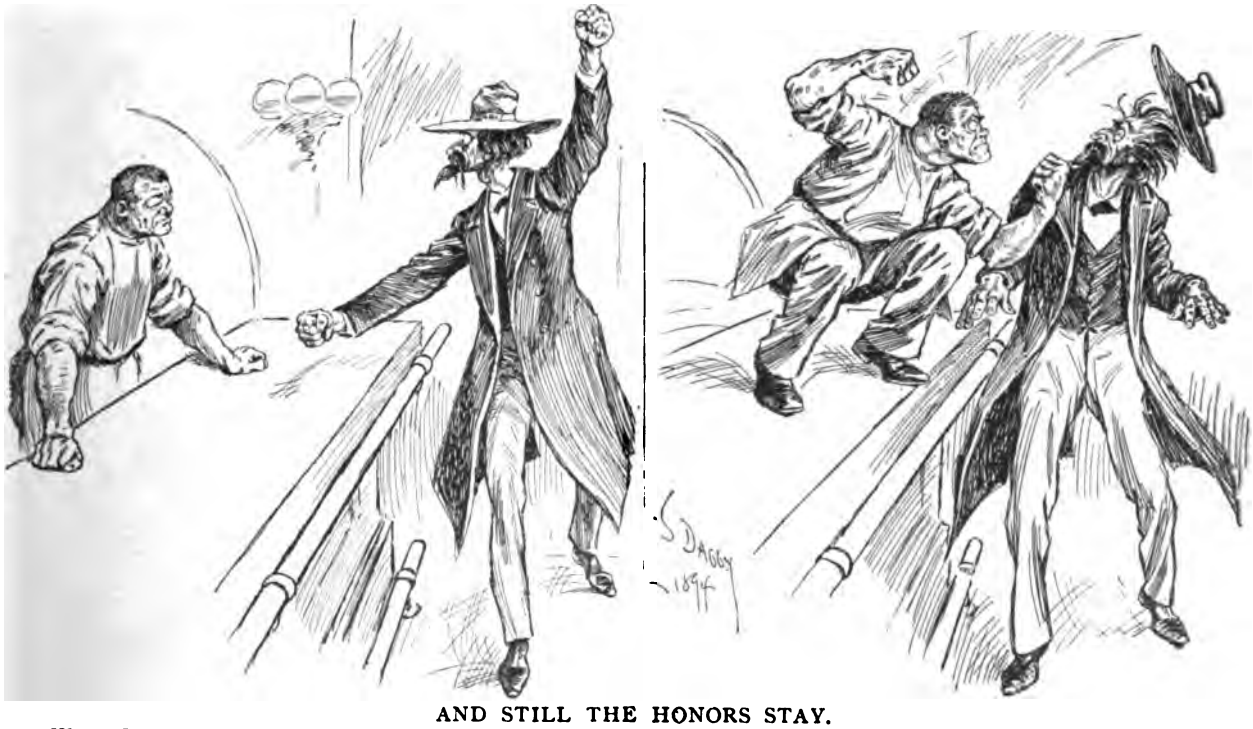
—— t'anks ——

A PROFITABLE STORY.

——Dat's all de story, Jimmie."

RATHER TAME AS YET.

HOSTESS—"I hope you are enjoying yourself, Cousin Waywest."
THE COUSIN—"Wa-ll, no. Least ways, not yit. But I will soon as ther shootin' begins."



AND STILL THE HONORS STAY.

WADE JACKSON DAVIS—"Hip-yah-hooray! Gimme a drink an' slide 'er out quick! I'm a Texan, I am, an' can lick anything on"——

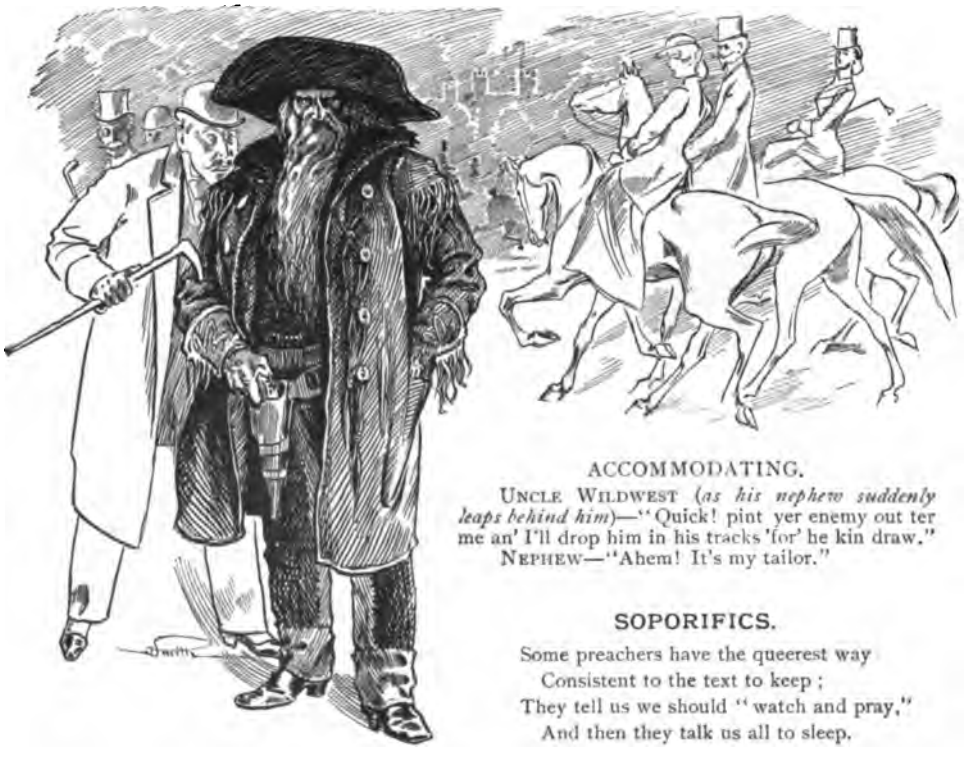
BAR-TENDER BRODIE—"De Bow'ry?"
WADE JACKSON DAVIS—"No; on crutches."

"SEEING HIM OFF."

THE BOSS WAS MARRIED.

MOSSY DELLS—"How'd yer git in that state, Hunkey—struck a cyclone?'

WOODLAND GLADES—"De ol' respectable racket has failed, Mossy. I went ober ter that house an' told de boss I was out uv work; den I shed tears an' said I'd j·st buried me wife. He said I was a chuckle-headed idiot an' didn't know w'en I'd struck luck, an' set de dog onter me. You'd better go over an' work de driven-ter-drink-through-a-bad-wife racket on him"



ACCOMMODATING.

UNCLE WILDWEST (*as his nephew suddenly leaps behind him*)—"Quick! pint yer enemy out ter me an' I'll drop him in his tracks 'for' he kin draw."

NEPHEW—"Ahem! It's my tailor."

SOPORIFICS.

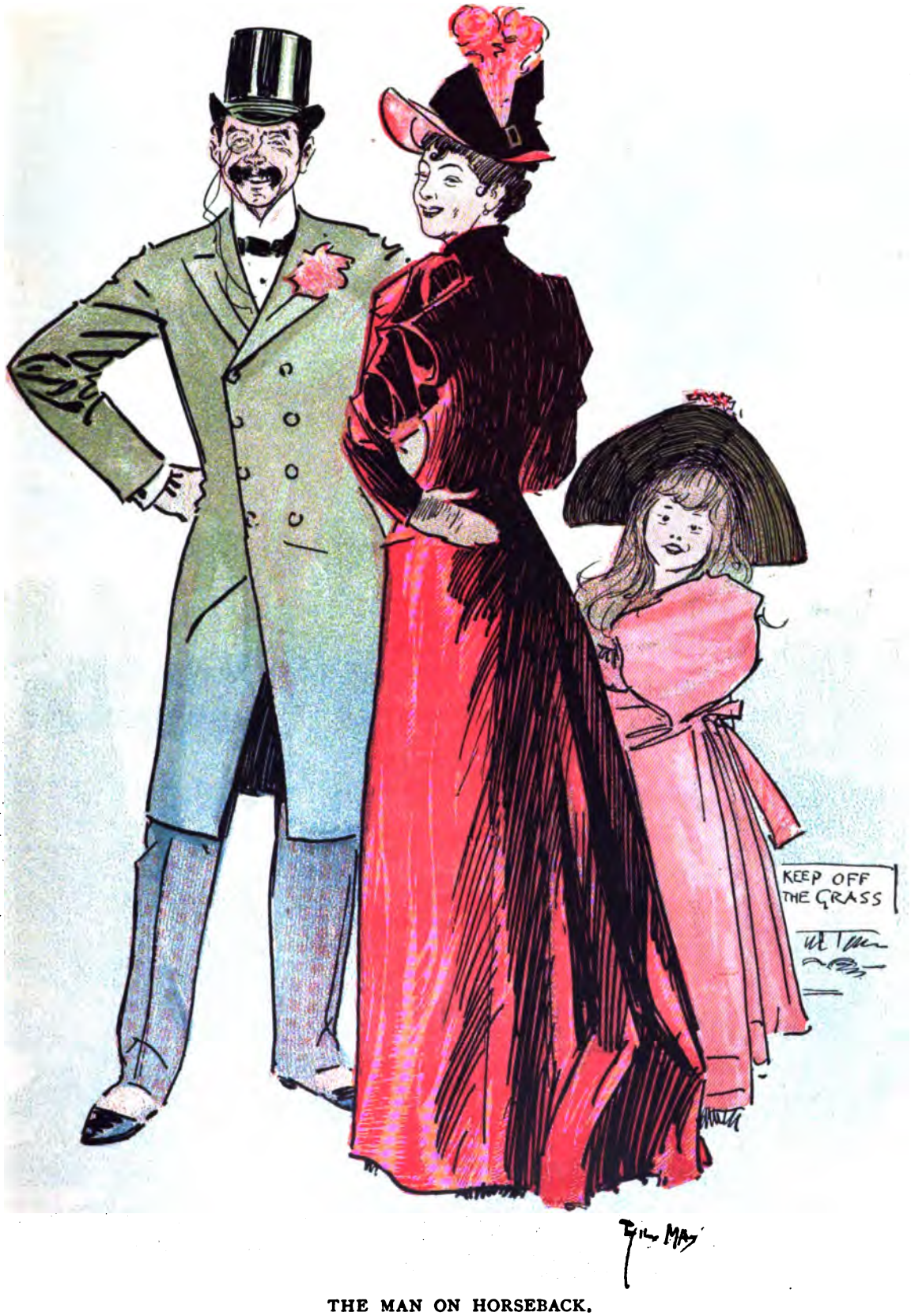
Some preachers have the queerest way
Consistent to the text to keep;
They tell us we should "watch and pray,"
And then they talk us all to sleep.

1.

Jones seems to have a very long face——

2.

But he was simply yawning.



THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

HE—"Guess that chap would give fifty dollars to get off that horse.
SHE—"Wait a bit; he'll get off cheaper than that."

A DISCOVERY.

"I always (hic) knew the earth was round (hic), but I thought it (hic) curved the other (hic) way."

SHE WAS INTERESTED.

Mr. Hunker (at the horse-show)—"You can tell a horse's age by looking at his teeth."

Miss Keedick (deeply interested)—"How old does a horse have to be before it is necessary to put in a false set?"

CONTRARY TO UNION RULES.

Physician—"How did the vaccination work on the boy?"

Labor-leader's wife—"It took splendidly; but my husband says it is the last time he'll engage you for anything like that."

Physician—"Wasn't he satisfied?"

Labor-leader's wife—"Mercy, no! It worked more than eight hours a day."

THE hair of a red-headed girl becomes transmuted to auburn or golden; but a red-headed boy remains red-headed as long as he lives.

A TRUE SPORT.

JONES—"I'll bet you a dollar I strike the ground first!

ANOTHER AGNOSTIC.

1.

"Wal, ef here ain't a four-leaf clover! Mammy says dat's good luck; I'll jes' pick it an' see"

2.

"Mammy, here's a four-leaf clover I found."

3.

"Whad dat, yo' young villun (whack)? Ain't yo' got nuffin better to do (whack) dan be wanderin' 'roun' lookin' fer four-leaf clovers (whack) while yo' po' ole mudder am worked to def (whack)? I'll teach yo'!" (Whack whack, whack.)

"AFTER DARK."

"GETTING A RUN FOR HIS MONEY."

O'HOULIHAN'S INVENTION.

O'HOULIHAN—"Oi'll git a patint on this schame. Shure, th' weight av me body 'll do all th' wurruk.——

——Here's th' O'Houlihan Patint brick rhaiser! Watch me shwing aff, Moike."

!!!!!

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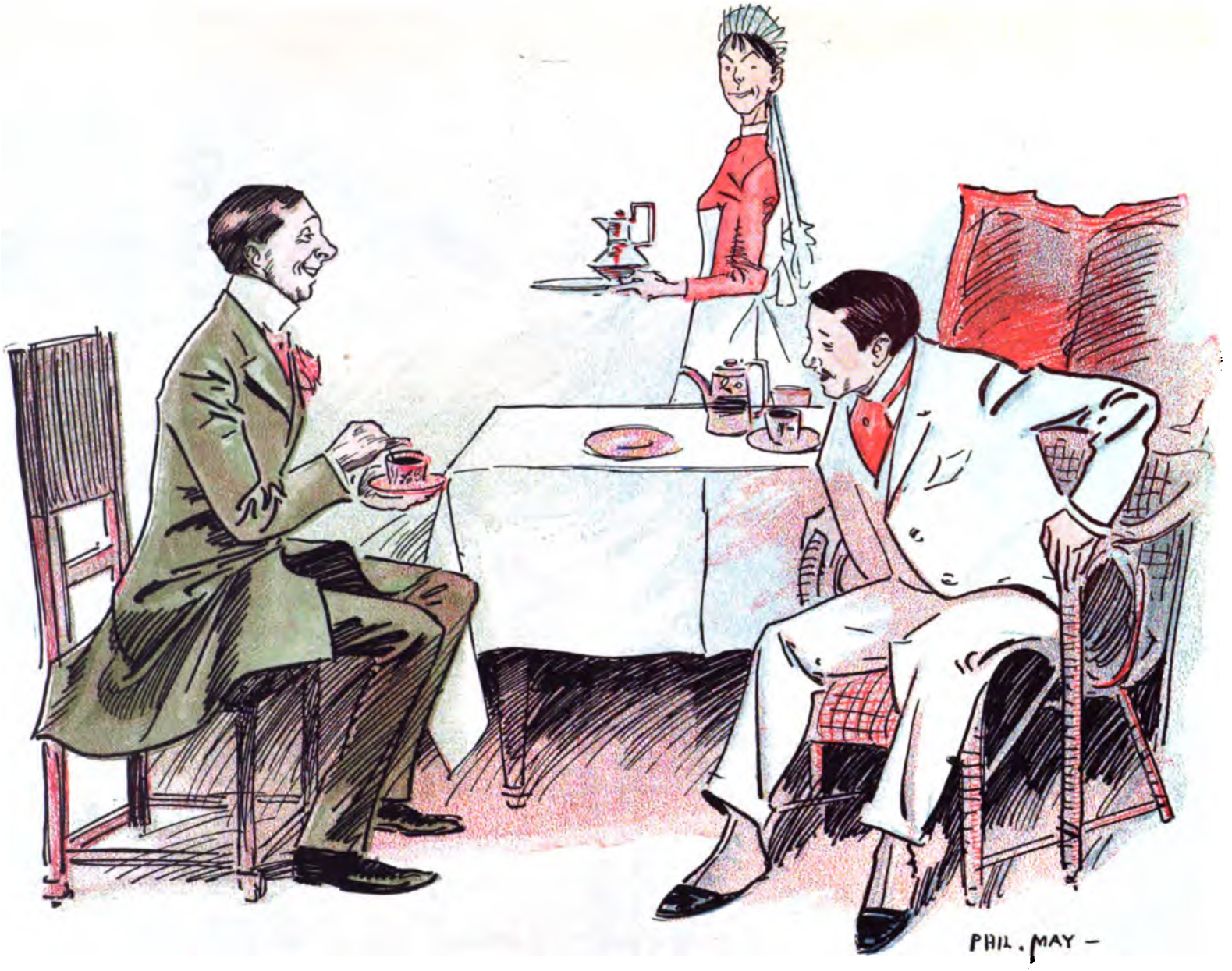


THEY COME HIGH.

BINGO—"This is rather a unique set of china you have, old man. It must have cost you a pretty penny.
KINGLEY—"It did. My wife painted it."

UNDER THE GASLIGHT.

(27TH STREET.)

ARMAND (*who has just proposed*)—"Pore liddle honey, yo' looks blue! I's 'fraid yo's cold."
PAULINE—"Dat ain't cold, Gawge; dat's blushes!"

A PHILOSOPHER.

COLONEL HAHDUPP—"What are you laughing at, uncle?"

UNCLE MOSE—"I'se laffin' t' t'ink I hain't got no job, sah."

COLONEL HAHDUPP—"I don't see the point."

UNCLE MOSE—"De p'int am jes' heah, sah. Ef I had a job dese yar times I'd eeder be gittin' fired or expectin' t' be gittin' fired, or gittin' mah pay rejuiced, an' I'd be perfickly misabul."

HIS REASONS.

FOND MOTHER—"What would you like to be, Harold, when you grow up?"

HAROLD (*thoughtfully*)—"I think I'd like to be a minister."

FOND MOTHER (*delighted*)—"What put such an angelic idea into your little head, child? And why would you prefer that noble profession?"

HAROLD—"So's I could loaf on week-days and take in all the ball games, horse-races and prize-fights!"

(*Fond mother faints.*)

AND HIS OUTRAGED FEELINGS WERE RELIEVED.

VOICE (*from above, to Smith, who, in search of cider, has come a "header"*)—"John, dear, have you broken the pitcher?"

SMITH—"No, —— it! But here it goes!"

A SENSITIVE ANIMAL.

MR. JAYRICK (*at the museum*) — "This, my dear, is a Borneo gorilla. He looks nearly as intelligent as an Irish voter, doesn't he?"

THE GORILLA—"Yez Yankee shnake! Oi'll tek a fall out av yez if Oi lose me job."

PIN-FEATHERS.

Freddie (who has been watching cook prepare dinner)—"Mamma!"

Mamma (in an agony of apprehension)—"Yes, Freddie; but don't bother mamma now. Don't you see she's busy?"

Freddie—"Yes, mamma: but Mr. Baldy's head needs singeing."

"Hereafter the citizens' committee will stop all trading on the Sabbath."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

SUNDAY MORNING IN CINCINNATI.

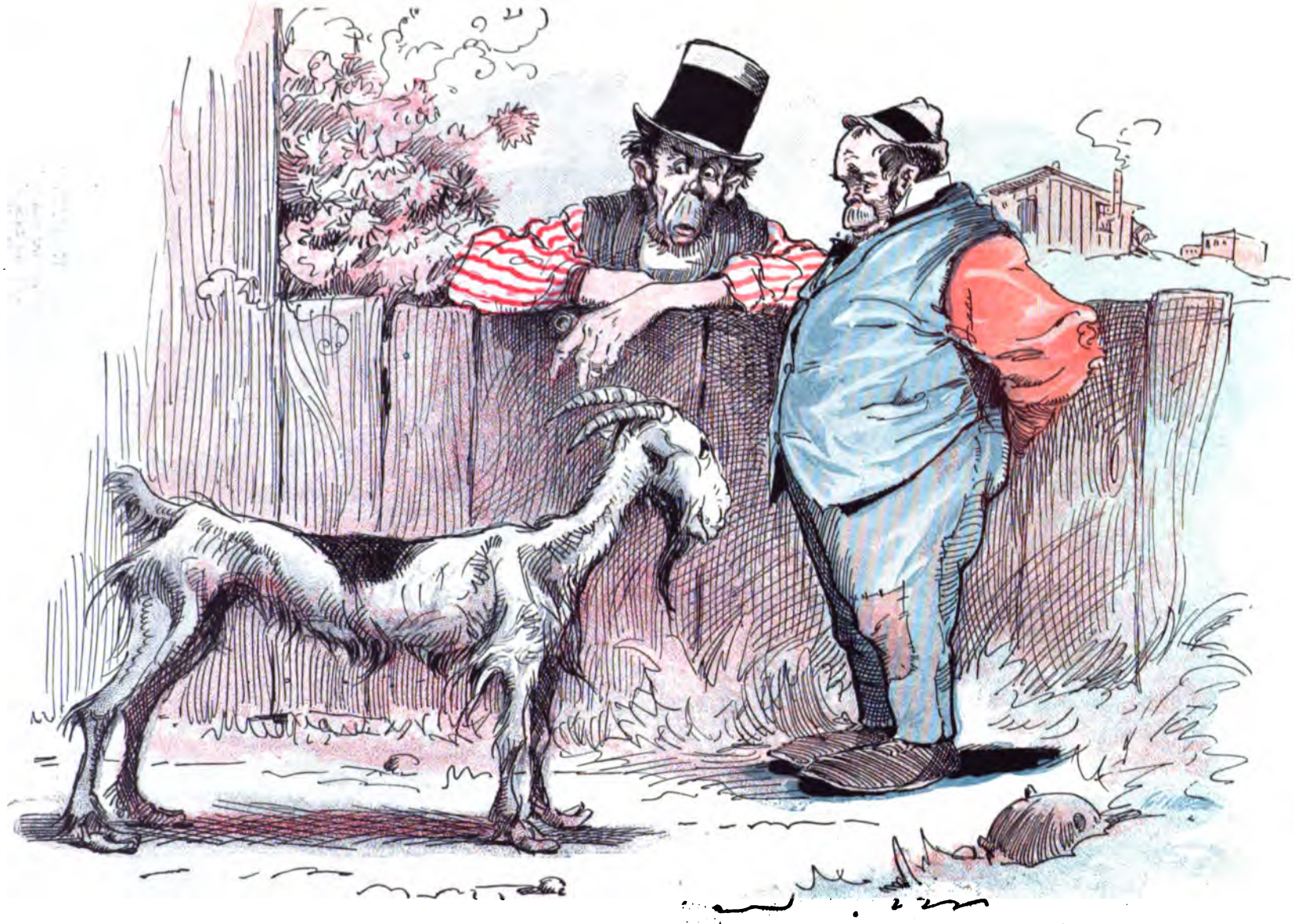
OFFICER REAGAN—"Pass me out a baloony sassage, Dutchy, or, be hivins! Oi'll infoorce th' ixcise law.'

EFFECT OF AN INITIATION.

PERCENT (*with coat torn and hat smashed*)—"Let me introduce Mr. Heavyswinger, the famous ex-half-back of Princeton."

STREET—"I'm pleased to meet Mr. Heavyswinger. But what the deuce has happened to you, Percent, to make you look so dilapidated?"

PERCENT—"Mr. Heavyswinger became a member of the stock exchange to-day and we initiated him."



DRAWN OUT.

McDERMOTT—"That bates me, Dinnis."

McGRORTY—"Phat, th' goat? Sure, it's me ould Billy. Cregan, below here, t'ought he wor his goat last night, an' some way Billy wor in the hands of both av us phile Oi wor convincin' Cregan."

MAL DE MER.

Mrs. Quimper (*who has never been at sea before*)—"It's very queer, Rufus, but I have a sort of sinking feeling. Do you?"
Mr. Quimper (*laconically*)—"No; mine's a *risin'* one."

WIPING OFF THE SLATE AT DEADGULCH.

1.

BAD MAN (*entering bar*)—"Size up dat muscle, old Redeye, an' 'ake plenty o' time. Now, how much do I owe you fer drinks?"

PROPRIETOR (*meekly*)—"Five dollars."

BAD MAN (*roaring*)—"Wot! Come 'round dat bar and feel o' dat muscle, an' den say how much I owes you."

2.

PROPRIETOR (*angelically*)—"Jes' as you say." !——!!——!!!

PLEASURE DEFERRED.

JOHNNIE—"Mister, kin Sam cum an' go a-fishin' wid me?"

MISTER—"All right, Johnnie; jes' as soon as he waters ther hoss an' feeds ther pigs an drives ther cows ter pasture an' takes er bag o' corn to ther mill an' cleans ther wagon an' spiits some wood."

ANOTHER DANGER.

"I suppose you heard about the mistake of one of the women voters out west?" remarked the voice at the foot of the breakfast-table.

"No, I did not. What was it?"

"When they gave her the different ballots she tucked them away and walked out."

"Where in the world did she think she was?"

"Out shopping. She thought the ballots were samples."

JUDGMENT.

It is a pity that so often the success of one means the failure of many.

3.

PROPRIETOR (*gleefully*)—"You don't owe me nothin' now, Dan; I had a headache before you come in. Wot'll y' have?"

THE WICKED SOMETIMES ESCAPE.

1

2.

3

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

"What was that explosion I heard a few moments ago?" asked the head of the house.

"One of Miss Charlotte's pneumatic sleeves was blown up too tight and burst, sir," replied the servant. "I've just telephoned for two surgeons, the ambulance, and seven reporters."

IF THEY LIVE.

Mr. Cawker (quoting)—"Boys will be boys."

Mrs. Cawker (correcting)—"No; boys will be men."

DOING HIM WRONG.

GOOD MAN—"My boy, I saw you come out of that saloon. I hope you are not so depraved as to drink beer."

BOY—"Oh, no, sir; you do me wrong. I went in to buy some cigaroots an' pass a counterfeit dollar on the new bar-tender."

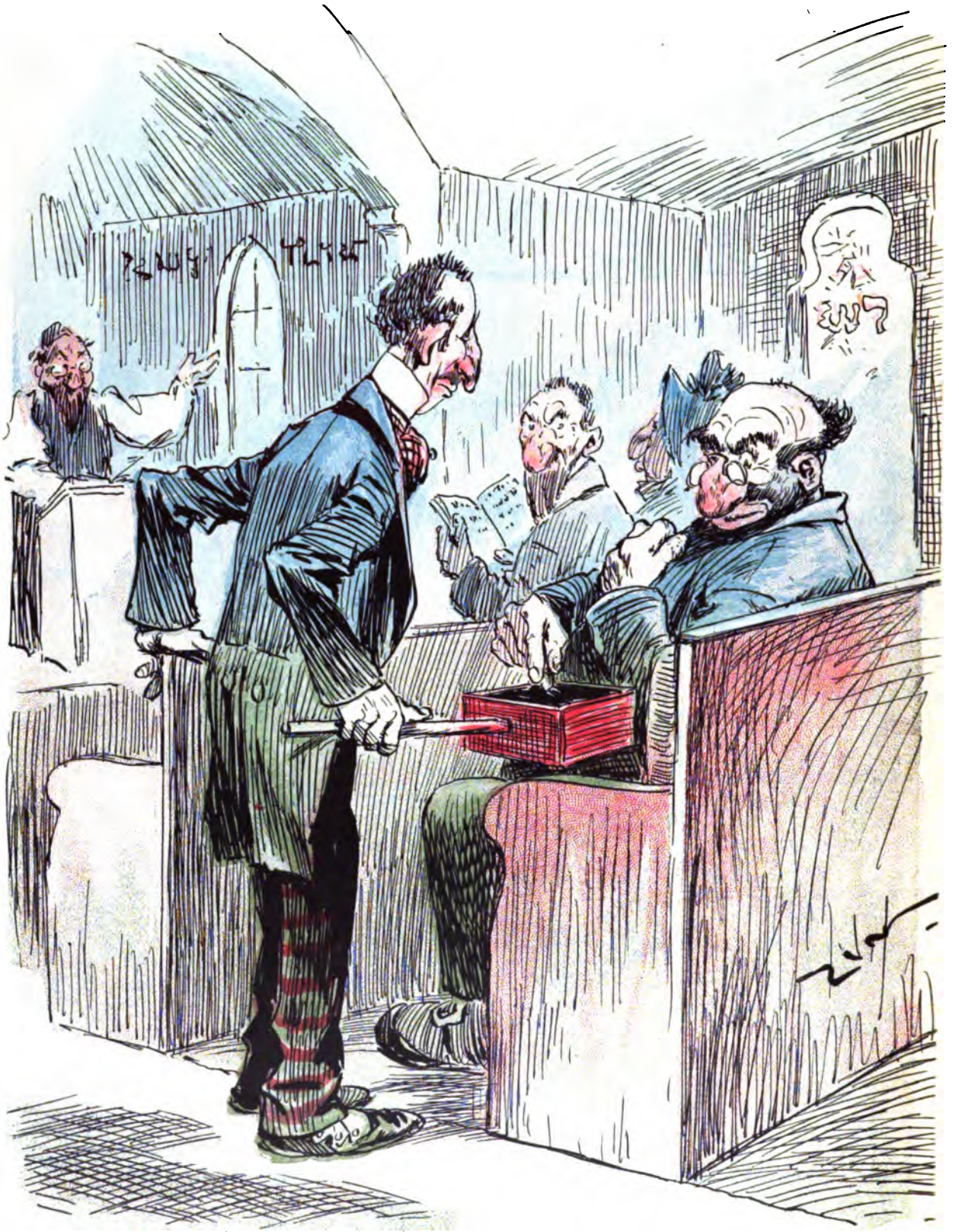
TAKING LIFE EASY.

"To what do you ascribe your length of days?" was asked of an octogenarian inhabitant of Zululand.

"Well, sah, I always took life easy," he replied.

"And what was your favorite pursuit?"

"Taking life easy, sah; I was the royal executioner."



BUSINESS-LIKE METHODS.

FINKLESPEIL (*putting in a fifty-cent piece and taking out a penny*)—"Two per cend. ohf fer cash."

THE INDIAN'S IDEA OF SLEEVE-PUFFS.

HEAP BIG INDIAN—"Wow! Pale-face squaw heap strong—heap big arms."

MISTAKEN FOR A BUNCO-STEERER.

1.

MRS. PASTOR—"James, here is a telegram from Uncle Wild-and-woolly in which he says he will arrive on the seven-thirty train. You had better go down and meet him. You will recognize him by the photograph I showed you."

2.

MR. PASTOR—"I guess that is he.——

3.

——Isn't this Uncle Wild-and-woolly?"

4.

UNCLE WILD-AND-WOOLLY—"Git out, you bloomin' bunco-steerer!"

QUICK CONVERSION.

DEACON RANDOLPH—"When mah son Abe kem home frum college he war powerful doubtful 'bout de bible; said he couldn' swaller de story 'bout de whale swallerin' Jonah."

PARSON JOHNSON—"Den why did he jine de chu'ch?"

DEACON RANDOLPH (*complacently*)—"Simple 'nough. I whaled it intoe him."

A BAFFLING DISEASE.

DEACON KETCHUM—"Dis insomnia am a dreffel inconvenient disease, pahson. It's a powahful lot ob trouble to me."

PARSON JOHNSON—"I didn't know you had it."

DEACON KETCHUM—"I hain't; but Squiah Hennery has, an' sits up all night watchin' his chicken-coop.

THE PERSISTENT AGENT.

1.

AGENT—"Is the lady of the house in, sir?"

KANSAS MAN—"Yes; but she ain't feelin' very well this morning."

AGENT—"Oh, I won't detain her but a moment."

A SECRET OF THE TOILET.

MRS. ORFLEY—"Yo' gre't lazy coon! Why didn't yo' clean dat lamp-chimbly?"

MISS ORFLEY—"Doan' be so ha'sh, mammy. I'm gwine t' d cahpet-beatah's r'cepshun t'-night, en' I wants dat yer lamp-brack t' powdah mah face wif."

2.

And he didn't.

HAS ITS OWN REWARD.

"What do you think of the modern game of foot-ball, doctor?"

"I think, sir, that the punishment fits the crime."

THE QUITTINGEST QUIT.

With this new year a new resolve
I've made which seems quite fitting,
And that is, after much hard thought
I've decided to quit quitting.

A DISCIPLE OF FRANKLIN.

JUDGE (*abruptly*)—"One dollar."

VAGRANT (*philosophically*)—"Yer honor 'll never know de real value uv a dollar till yer try ter get it out uv me."

A NEW USE FOR THE BOA.
The way Miss Boawe leads her pet dogs without any trouble.

NEMESIS.

Ezra has a troubled new-year's dream after stealing a few chickens.

THAT PALACE-CAR PORTER AGAIN.

Gangreen (just arrived)—" It's lucky you met me, old fellow. I should have had to walk home or else stopped somewhere and pawned my grip, as I haven't a nickel."

His friend—" What's the matter? Train-robbers been through your clothes?"

Gangreen—" No; just brushed them over on the outside."

A TALE OF TWO BUTTS.

1.

" Well, ef mah luck ain't wif me ter-day! Look at dat cigar-butt, an' only half smoked!——

2.

——Pickin' up a cigar in dis yer way is nuffin' to a membah ob de 'brudderhood ob united tumblers.' "

A LAW-NOTE.

Young Mash called on Judge Brown's daughter last night, but his honor refused to grant a stay.

3.

(*The arrival of butt number two*) Whiz—bang—!!!

4.

In possession.

1.

2.

3.

4

5.

6.

MISS OLDTIMER'S LOST CANARY—A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

A BIG JOB.

PAT—"Phot yez charge phor a shave?"
BARBER—"Want upper lip shaved too?"
PAT—"Oi do."
BARBER—"Fifty cents."

1.

2.

3.

THE GOAT COULD READ.

BOTH AMATEURS.

DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

1. "Officer, would you be so good as to arrest me for drunkenness? I'm perfectly sober, but I'm a reporter on the *Sunday Whyo*, writing an article on 'How it feels to be run in.'"

2. "Well, well!——

3. I'm glad you spoke, because——

4. ——I'm detailed by the *Sunday Whoop* for an article on 'How it feels to be a cop.' Shake, old man."

IMPORTANT LEGAL POINT.

"You wished to see me?" said the lawyer as the living skeleton from the dime museum approached.

"Yes, sir. I want advice on an important point."

"Go on."

"I am in love with the two-headed girl. If I marry her can I be prosecuted for bigamy?"

JUDGMENT.

A most uncomfortable man to live with is one who never makes a mistake.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

AUNT WAYBACK—"Quick, Josh! let us git away from here."

UNCLE JOSH—"What's the matter?"

AUNT WAYBACK—"I jest heerd one o' them women say she war goin' ter cut some man dead ther next time she seed him. I guess she's one o' them female anarchists we heerd tell of."

A GREAT CITY.

Bridget (eagerly)—"Now you're back tell me phwat yez saw in Noo Yark."

Pat (gravely)—"Th' ferryboats! bedad, they've got a bow at th' both inds av thim so they kin go both ways at wanst."

HER DIARY.

To see it she disputes his claim,
It fills him full of rage;
For he is sure his rival's name
Appears on every page.

THERE is no niche in life for a cross old man or an actor out of a job.

A GRAVE CONTINGENCY.

NOW the coming woman fills the public mind to such extent
That upon her all its force of scorn and ridicule is spent.
So the persecuted dude, who suffered from its lash of yore,
Now gains a needed respi e while the fair sex has the floor.
But we shudder when we think of what his awful fate may be
If he yields without a struggle all his old supremacy;
For we fear that in the future, if the stage of life we scan,
As the coming woman enters she will pass the going man.

QUITE OLD.

Willie (weeping copiously and wiping jam from his mouth)—"It's a mean skin—boo-hoo! Mamma always let me have jam, and I'll kill that old aunt, I will."

Bobbie—"Never mind; you've had your jam, and never mind the lickin'. It's too bad she caught you, though. I wish we could find some way to get the best of her, but I guess she's no spring chicken."

Willie (savagely)—"You bet she ain't. She's old enough to be a settin' hen."

HE SITS THAT WAY.

Totling—"The kangaroo strikes me as being a very sick animal."

Dimling—"I don't know why that should be the case."

Totling—"Well, I never saw one that was not on its last legs."

A REVISED VERSION.

A lady who has a Sunday-school infant class in Lee tells an amusing story about her flock. Some time ago she had occasion to explain the meaning of the word incense to her class, and told them it was a sweet-scented powder. A short time afterward she referred to this sweet-smelling powder again and asked the children the name of it. One little boy raised his hand.

"Well, Willy, what is it?" asked his teacher.

"Insects!" he cried triumphantly.

The teacher shook her head.

"Not quite," she said. "Who knows?"

"I do!" cried a little girl. "Willy says insects, but it ain't. It's insect-powder."

TRYING TO SEEM PLAUSIBLE.

Guest—"Say, boy, what's all this coil of ropes under this window for?"

Hotel boy—"Oh, that? That's a burglar-escape, sir. When he tries to get down on it he breaks his neck, sir."

It requires a corps of scientific men to construct a bicycle that will meet the demands of the modern rider. We have the best men in the world in each department—steel experts, mechanical experts, superintendent, master mechanic, etc.—the largest and most thoroughly modern bicycle plant in the world—buy the best of high-grade material, regardless of cost, and make every part under our own roof—hence we know we are right in warranting the Waverley to be the best bicycle built in the world, regardless of price. Do you want the best? Our catalogue is free by mail.

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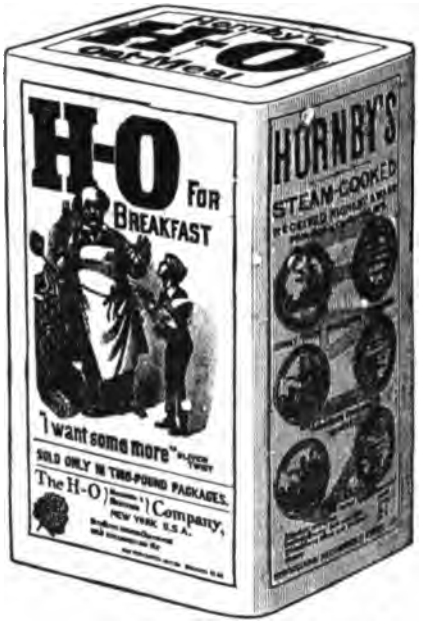

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it's the best

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RHEIMS,

STEUBEN CO. NEW YORK.

A GOOD GUESS.

Trotter — "Say, old man, I suppose you can't lend me ten dollars."

Barlow—"No, my dear boy, but a man with your capacity for guessing the right thing ought to be able to win a fortune down in Wall street."

LOSING A GOOD DAY.

"I wish I hadn't been born the day before the fourth of July," said little Willie Waffles.

"And why do you wish that, Willie?' said the sympathetic visitor.

"Because," said Willie, "I was too young to know what it meant, and I hate to waste a day like that."

MIGHT SAVE FUEL.

St. Peter—"Well, Who are you?"

Newly-arrived shade—"I'm an inventor of a smoke-consumer from St. Louis."

St. Peter—"They need you down below. Next!"

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Pears' soap takes care of the skin, and the skin takes care of the rest of us.

There are plenty of other soaps, but none without alkali.

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$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B 38 Chicago, Ill.

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PETTIT MFG. CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.

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There you have a **Delicious Lunch** (both food and drink), and **made in one minute.**

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THE fortune-teller most frequently consulted in love affairs is the man who runs the commercial agency.

OUTCLASSED.

Miss Fosdick—"I thought you told me you intended to marry Dick Gildersleeve."

Miss Keedick (ruefully)—"But I didn't know that a widow had set her cap for him too."

Millions of Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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and is compiled from Historical Records, Narratives of Men who fought, and from personal observations. It aims to present a series of pen pictures drawn from material that has never before been collected. It is a series of personal reminiscences of stirring adventures and lifelike descriptions of campaigns and battles, as the soldier saw them, rather than a history, with sufficient memoranda of the events attending the progress of the struggle to give the reader an understanding of their relative importance.

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March, 1896

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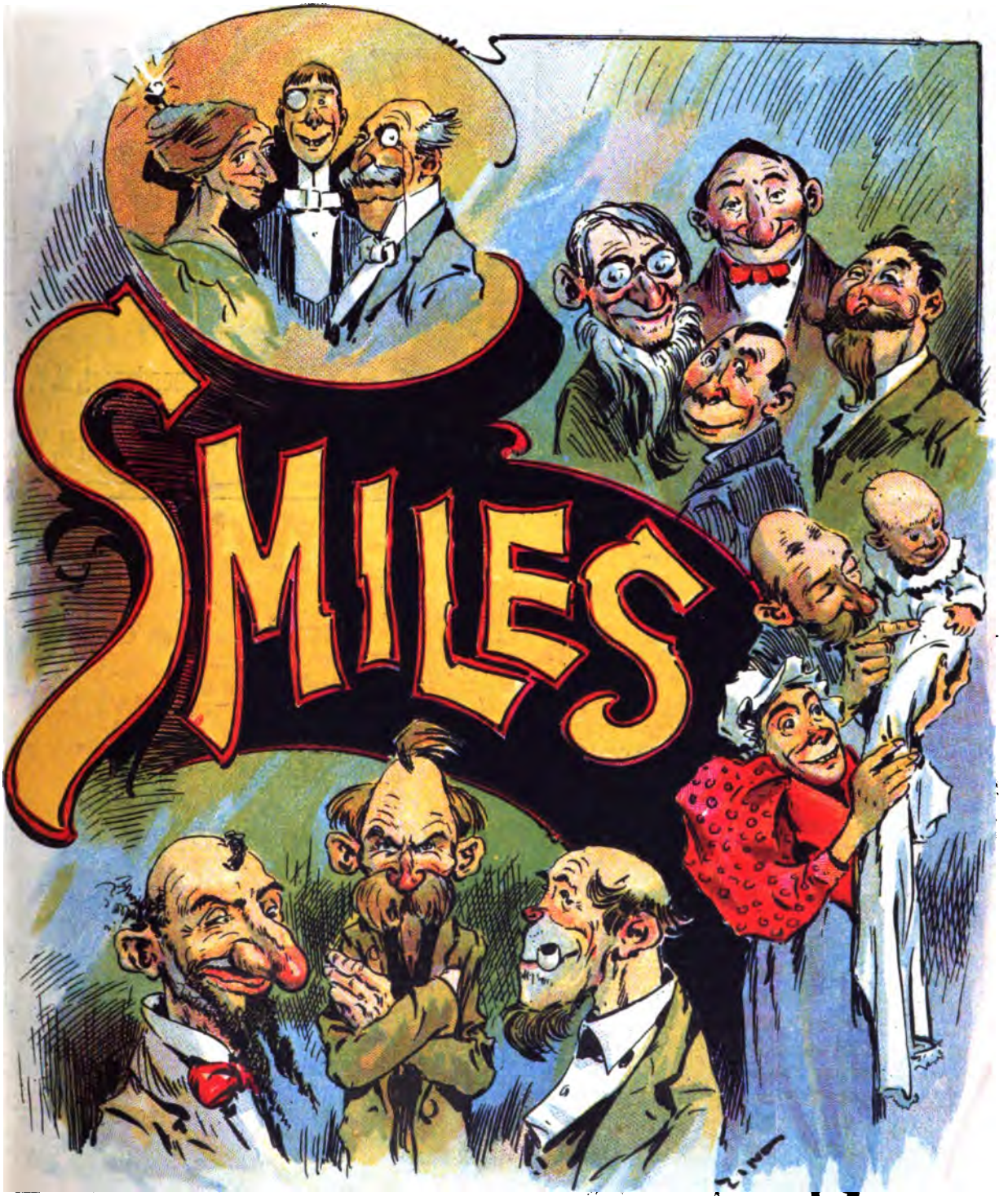

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Superior to Medicine

CAPON BRIDGE, W. VA., NOV. 15, 1898.
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150 FIFTH AVE., N. Y., April 5, 1898.
" * * * My confidence in the merits of the Electropoise—simple, convenient, economical and effective as it is—has constantly grown with my increasing observation and experience." W. H. DEPUY, A.M., D.D., LL.D. (Editor Peoples' Cyclopædia).

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FREEPORT, MICH., March 11, 1894.
"For twenty years I had been an invalid with a combination of troubles—female weakness, spinal complaint, liver, kidney and stomach badly affected. Two years use of the Electropoise has given me health as never before, and I cannot praise it too highly." MISS LENA NAGLER.

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An OXYGEN HOME REMEDY WITHOUT MEDICINE.

Often Cures Cases Pronounced "Incurable."

"How?" By its new method of introducing oxygen directly into the entire circulatian.

Simple Remedy

PROF. TOTTEN, of Yale College, writes: "But thanks be to God, there is a remedy for such as be sick—one single, simple remedy—an instrument called the Electropoise. We do not personally know the parties who control this instrument, but we do know its value."

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LOVE'S LABOR.
Little Billee at the feet of Trilby.

A SAVING.

"Please gib dis ole darkey er ferry-ticket fer one, sah."

"It am someti nes mo' economical ter hab one leg dan two."

INTERRUPTED BLISS.

Moses—"Oh, Sara! vot for you go vake me up vhen I vos having such peautiful treams?"

Sara—"Vot vos you treaming, Moses?"

Moses—"I treamed dot der house vos on fire."

"BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN."

PREPARING FOR WAR.

HE—"Your cousin is a lieutenant in the American army, isn't he?"
SHE—"Yes."
HE—"Has he ever been in a fight?"
SHE—"No; but he is taking boxing-lessons."

THE WRONG TAIL.

1.
"Great news from China.——

2.
——Now, I wonder where that dog is?——

3.
——Ah, here he is!——

4.
——Come out from under there, you obstinate brute."

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

Little Johnnie—"Say, dad, did people always move in the spring?"

Brown—"No, my boy. Don't you remember that Adam and Eve moved just after the fall?"

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

TOM—"I got a check to-day for my article on the evils of betting."
LUCY—"What are you going to do with the money?"
TOM—"Play the races to-morrow."

NOT TO BE SOOTHED.

There had been some misunderstanding between the local theatre-manager in the small town and the proprietor of the itinerant company. Disagreements as to advertising expenses, disputes as to expenditures for properties, had invariably resulted in the local man's surrender of his opinions.

"I've decided to change the bill for to-night," said the out-of-town manager.

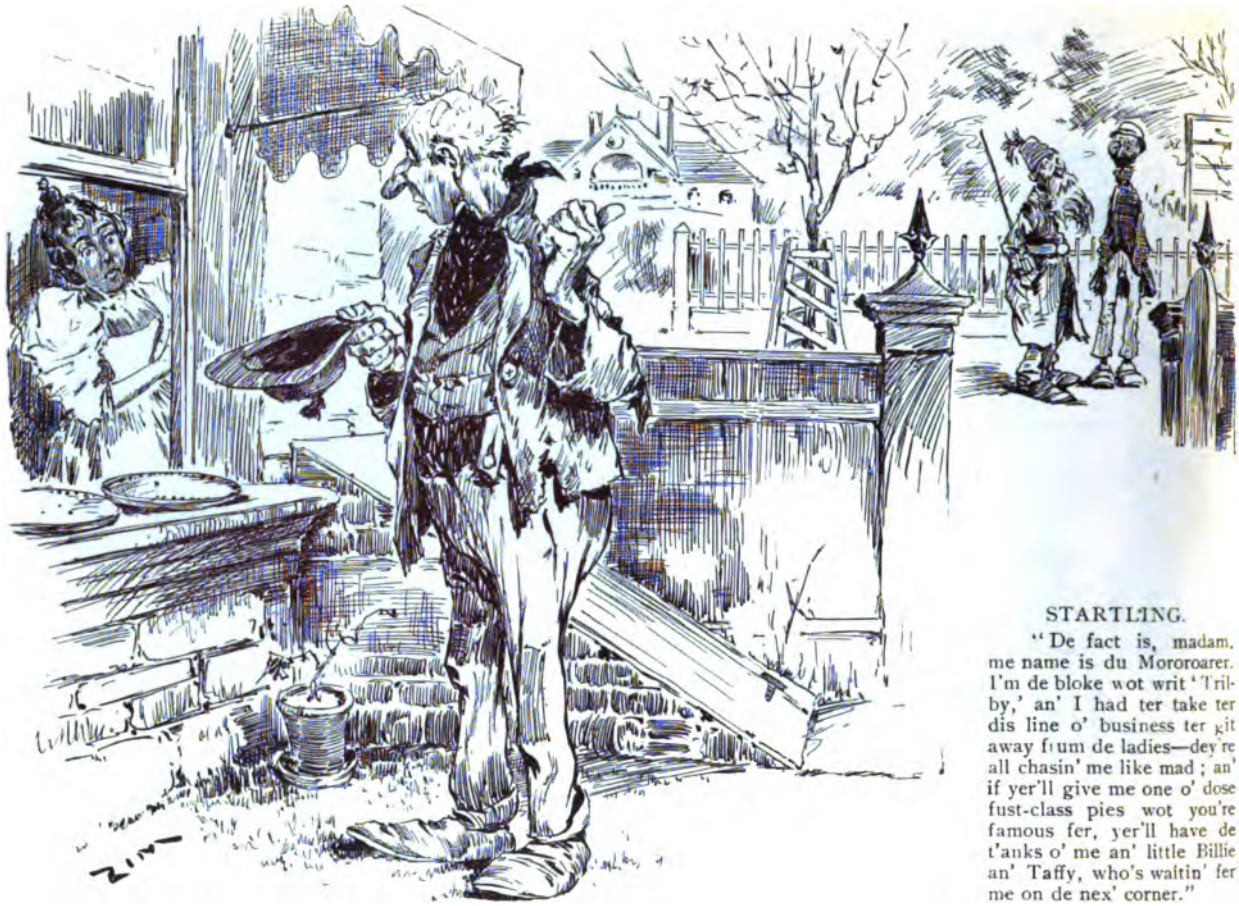
"Well, I'm glad ye condescended to tell me before ye did the public," was the answer in a tone of resignation.

"The play will be 'As You Like It.'"

"No, 'twon't," was the prompt response. "Ye can't jolly me. It'll be what ye like whether I like it or not."

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

OLD PARTY—"Well, I was a youngster m'self once, an' I know how hard it is to tack those signs up, so I came out and gave the dear little ones this accommodation."



STARTLING.

"De fact is, madam, me name is du Mororoarer. I'm de bloke wot writ 'Trilby,' an' I had ter take ter dis line o' business ter git away frum de ladies—dey're all chasin' me like mad; an' if yer'll give me one o' dose fust-class pies wot you're famous fer, yer'll have de t'anks o' me an' little Billie an' Taffy, who's waitin' fer me on de nex' corner."

A SURE WAY.

Mrs. Badger—"But how do you expect to get your house-rent free?"

Mrs. Soakitt—"I intend to let out the hall bed-room."

CHANGEABLE.

April is the month for fooling,
Thus did nature so allot;
Man can't tell, with all his schooling,
Whether it will rain or not

JUST THAWING OUT.

Satan (anxiously)—"I don't hear that last soul from New York groaning as it should. It occupies one of the hottest cells."

Old Mother Satan—"Yes, poor soul! It's laughing in high glee: says it lived in a flat and that this is the first time it's been comfortably warm for years."

If the pulpit could read the thoughts of the pews many sermons would be vastly different.

POLITICIAN—"Ha, ha, ha! This is the ugliest newspaper cut I've seen yet."

POLITICIAN—"What, what! Blamed if they havn't got my name under it! ! ! ! !—! ! ! !—"

A SURPRISE.

A REMEDY FOR BOTH EXTREMES.

1.

COLONEL KENTUCK — "Whew! but it is cold. Guess I'll take a nip to warm me up."

2.

Same—"Great Scott! it's hot Better take a drink to cool me off"

HE GOT IT.

1.

WALKING DELEGATE—"What we want right here an' now is er——

2.

——strike!"

THE PROPER ENVIRONMENT.

Pat—"Phut are yez goin' to do afther yez sane the parade?"

Bridget—"Shure, the gard'ner's wife hez invoited me to cilibrate the day wid her in the granehouse."

PASSING OF THE POET.

For a poem on "Spring, gentle spring,"
Some stray robin gave him the tip,
When a blizzard came out of the wild, woolly west,
And he died the next morning of grip.

THE PROBLEM.

"What is this domestic problem that we hear so much about?"

"The effort of a two-dollar-a-week girl to get a four-dollar-a-week place."

FRAGMENT OF A REALISTIC NOVEL.

The physician felt the old man's pulse as he sat on a stool in the kitchen. The patient was a man of four-score years and the lamp of life burned low. Watch in hand, the physician said in a low voice,

"I said yesterday that he would live until three o'clock to-day. It is now two-forty-five."

"Where did you get that watch?" whispered the old man.

"I got it with a hundred Havana cigars for four dollars and ninety-eight cents," said the medical man in a firm tone.

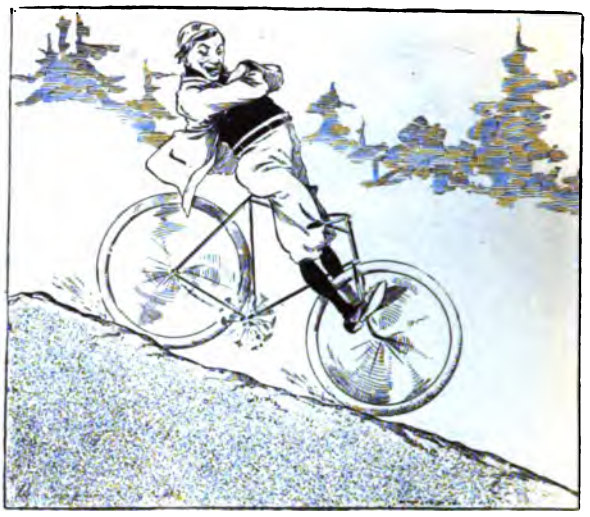
"It is then as I thought," cried the patient in a glad tone of voice; "by the right time it would be six o'clock day after to-morrow, and I feel hungry. Tear up my will and fry me some pork. That watch has stolen a day out of eternity."

The physician turned so hastily to leave the room that it wound up the watch in his hand.

WAITING.

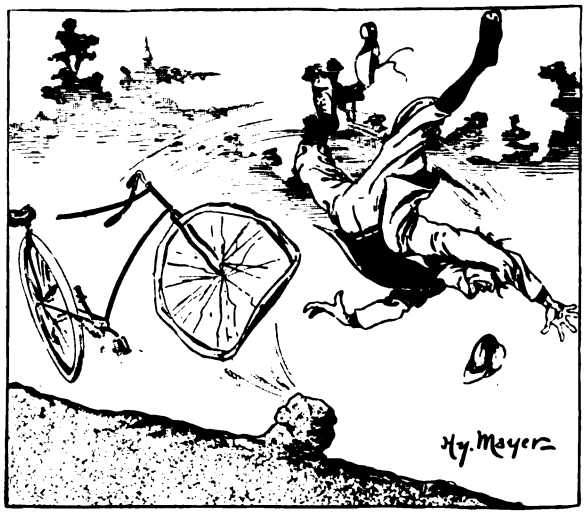
MR. JAGMUCH—(*three a. m.*)—"Why th' deuce don't that feller drive by so's Ish can crossh?"

THE CYCLIST'S SONG.



1.
Spring! —

2.
—Spring!—



3.
—Beautiful spring!"

IT WOULDN'T REACH.

1.

They are awfully in love with each other, but still they are not happy.——

2.

——And this is the reason.

HIS REASON.

"Why do you sit so far back in church?" asked the Rev. Mr. Thirdly of Gilgal.

"Oh, you know," replied Gilgal, "that distance lends enchantment to the pew."

A SPRING FRESHET.

Now ends the winter of our discontent.
Welcome the smile, d'smiss the sad lament,
Unchain all pleasures; 'tis no longer Lent,
'Tis Easter-tide.

But pause the rapture that my being thrills
Behold my spouse, in bonnet, gown and frills!
I realize 'twill swamp me with its bills,
This Easter-tide.

COOLED OFF.

1.

AUGUSTUS—"Now, Miss Spinner, we'll take it easy down this long hill and stop at that little bridge below to cool off and get rested."

2.

FARMER GREENE—"Sho', now! I told Rube that jes' as sure as we went ter fix up this bridge some pesky critters would come 'long an' fall through."

REFLECTIONS ON SPRING.

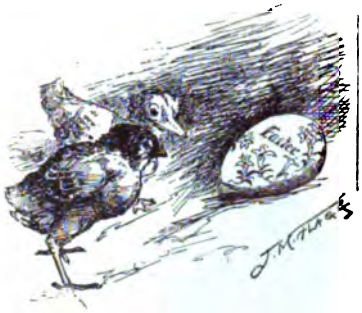
April fools—Those who get married at Easter.

To be the first to ride in an open horse-car is often followed by a ride in a hearse.

The goat has all seasons for his own, but it is in the spring that we see the most signs of him.

It is better to get a few dollars on your overcoat from your uncle than to keep it yourself and get moths on it.

The most common form of spring madness attacks the married man and manifests itself when he receives the bill for his wife's new bonnet.



EASTER EPISODE.

DUCKLING — "Did your ma do that?"

CHICK — "No, I guess not. She does do a little scratching now and then, but she never did anything in black-and-white."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

LICKSTEINSTONE—"I t'ought I had gained your lofe, Repecca, but it seems I haf failed."

REBECCA—"Oh, Apram! tole me how much you haf failed for, den maype I shange mein mindt"

ACCOMMODATED.

1.

IMPECUNIOUS FRIEND — "I say, old man, do me a good turn, won't you?"

TAKING THEM BY WHOLESALE.

"Do you intend to marry again?" said Mr. Riverside of New York to Mr. de Cree of Chicago.

"Of course," replied Mr. de Cree. "There are two ceremonies still unpunched in the commutation marriage ticket I bought of the Rev. Dr. Thirdly."

2

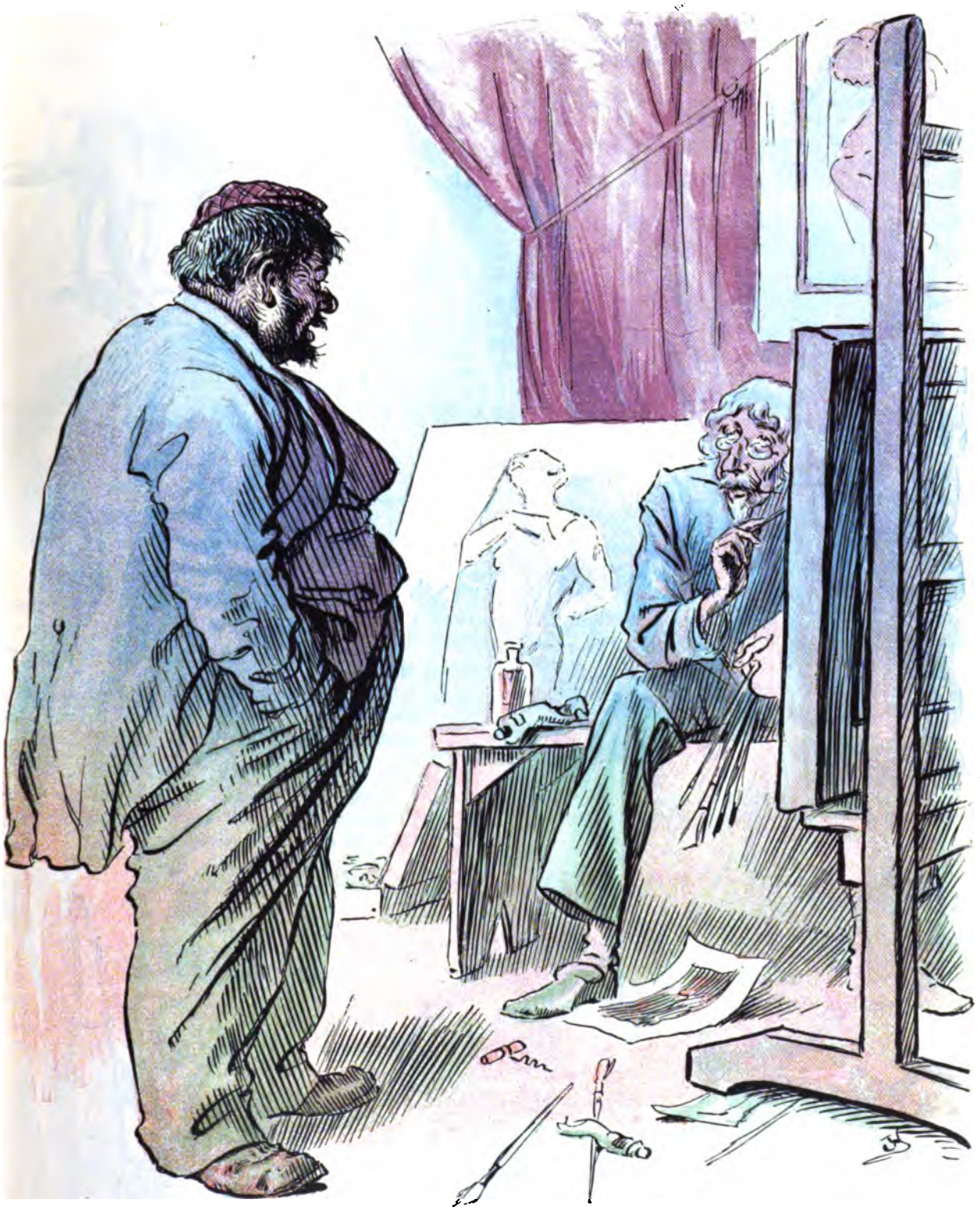
THE ATHLETE—"Certainly——

3.

——old fellow. As many as——

4.

——you like."



HIS QUALIFICATION.

ARTIST—"How do you know you would make a good model?"
TIRED WILLIAM—"'Cause I 's sech er darned good sitter."

A ROMANCE OF NATURE.

IN THE very early morning came a little breeze from sea
To awake the sleeping daisies and to set the sunbeams free.
Soft he came with gentlest footfall, swaying lightly through the air,
In precision and decision, drawing every breath with care.

Would you know why he was cautious? 'Twas because he loved the brook
Who was calling she was falling from her little mountain nook.
All the echoes still were sleeping; he was fearful they would wake
And, unleaping, urge her keeping as a captive to the lake.

But he reached the place in safety, and in whispered words of love
Told his story in the glory of a sunbeam caught above
Till the brook her answer rippled, casting up a kiss in spray,
And together through the heather they move onward o'er life's way.

HIS CHOICE.

FIRST HORSE—"Cables and trollies all around, and what'll become of us, Sutherland?"

SECOND HORSE—"Well, if I had my choice, Lucy, I'd draw an ice-wagon in summer and a fire-engine in winter."

1.

This is the man (?) who finds so much humor upon seeing some unfortunate slip and severely injure himself on the pavement——

WIFELY DEVOTION.

"Reginald has a fit of economy on him, mamma, and I do all I can to encourage him."

"I always told him you would make a good wife, Mary."

"Yes. I sold his dress-coat for seventeen dollars last week and it was just enough to buy me a new morning wrapper."

UNCERTAINTY.

Trotter—"Do you expect to move this year?"

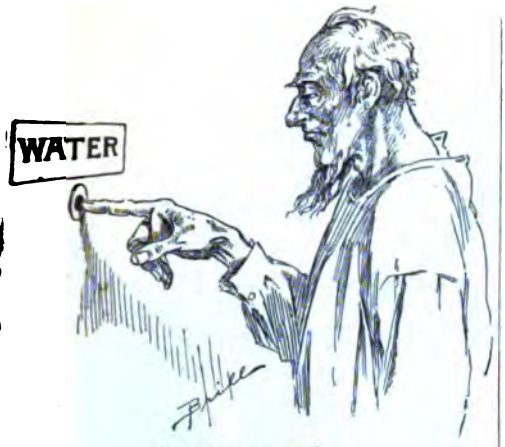
Barlow—"I do not know. My landlord hasn't taken any steps in the matter yet."

2.

——and who, when stepping on a tack at home, unmercifully larrups his son with a wire hair-brush because he has detected him with the semblance of a smile on his countenance.

NO RARITY.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS.



"RINGING WET."

A SERIOUS MATTER OF BUSINESS.

MR. SOLDENBAUM (*despondently*)—"Ach, Rachel! Do you gonsider suicide a sin?"

MRS. SOLDENBAUM—"How mudge are you insured for, Isaac?"

TURF TERMS.
Hot favorites.

A DANGEROUS WOMAN.

"What did the phrenologist say when he examined your bumps?"

"He said that my wife had a very well-developed muscle."

RIGHT IN HIS LINE.

Parishioner—"Do you ever speculate in bonds, Mr. Thumper?"

Pastor—"Only matrimonial, Mr. Pewrent."

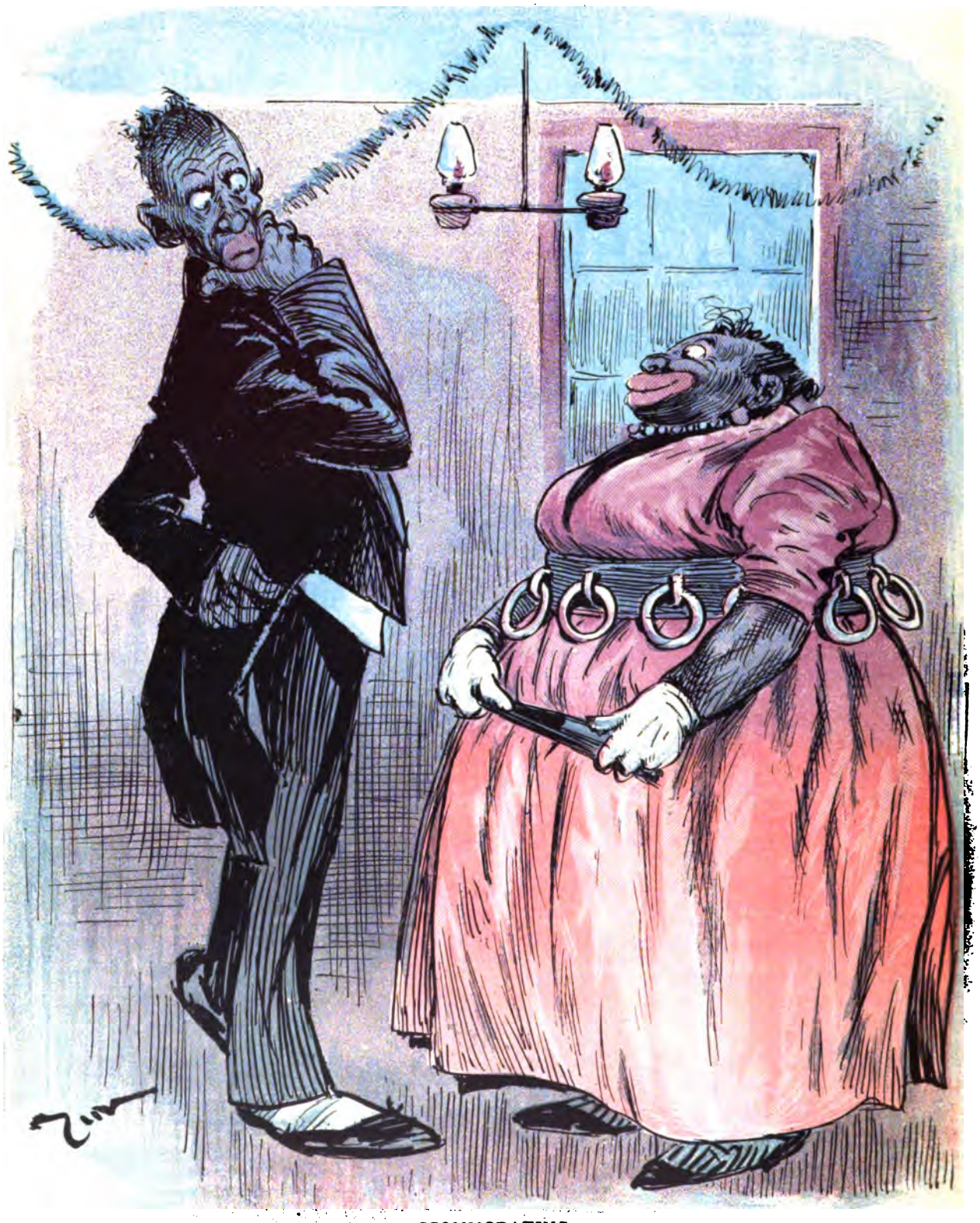
A RELIABLE COUPLER.

THE CAT SITTING ON THE BACK STOOP.

1

2. 3. 4.

THE HAT AND THE HAIR; OR, HOW MR. JONES WAS SOLD.



ACCOMMODATING.

"Oh, Miss Lily! why does yo' hab dem rings on yo' belt, hu?"

MISS LILY—"Well, yo' see, many ob de gemmen cain't git dey arm roun' me when dey waltz, so dey grabs dem."

HAPPY IGNORANCE OF LATEST JUVENILE HIRSUTE JOLLY.

THE BOYS—"Z-z-z-z-z-z-s! An' de wind went—Z-z-z-z-z!"
UNCLE WAYBACK—"Jest lissen ter them young whelps mock th' wind! What won't they try ter immertate next?"

1.

The advertising procession was moving along very smoothly——

2.

——when Deacon Jones's horse took fright——

3.

——and dashed through the midst of the procession, with the above result.

HE HAD HAD ENOUGH.

Sympathetic old gentleman (after the shindy) — "Why, my good man, you are frightfully used up! Will you not sue your antagonist for damage?"

O'Toole (wiping blood from his face)— "Damage, is it? Begorra! wid the loss av an ear an' two teet' an' wan av me oyes half gouged out d' yez think Oi hoven't damage enough, sor?"

It is a great deal easier to criticise a person for doing something than to do it yourself.

SUNDAY IN LONELYWOOD.

The collection was being taken up in the Lonelywood church. The dozing Mr. Subbubs presented his commutation-ticket, dreamily, as the elder neared his pew. The elder drew a ticket-punch from his pocket, canceled a ride and moved on gravely toward the next sleeper.

APRIL.

Sweet April, month when poets sing their merry lays
Of balmy airs, of bud and bloom, of hill and dale;
Sweet month, when inspiration leavens all the days,
When—patent medicines receive their greatest sale!

1.

Clarence—"Dear little dovie! What will it cost your tootsie-wootsie for the kiss which he just stole from your ruby lips?"

2.

Little brother—"Well, seeing it's you, I'll let you off for half a dollar."

CORNERING THE MARKET.

MR. FOWLER AND HIS PATENT SPRING CHICKEN.

1.

2.

3.

CHANCES SWEPT AWAY.

ALKALI IKE (*on his death-bed*)—"I tell yer, Bill, it's a terrible thing fer a feller t' die knowin' he hain't done jes' right."

BRONCO BILL—"Cheer up, old pard—cheer up!"

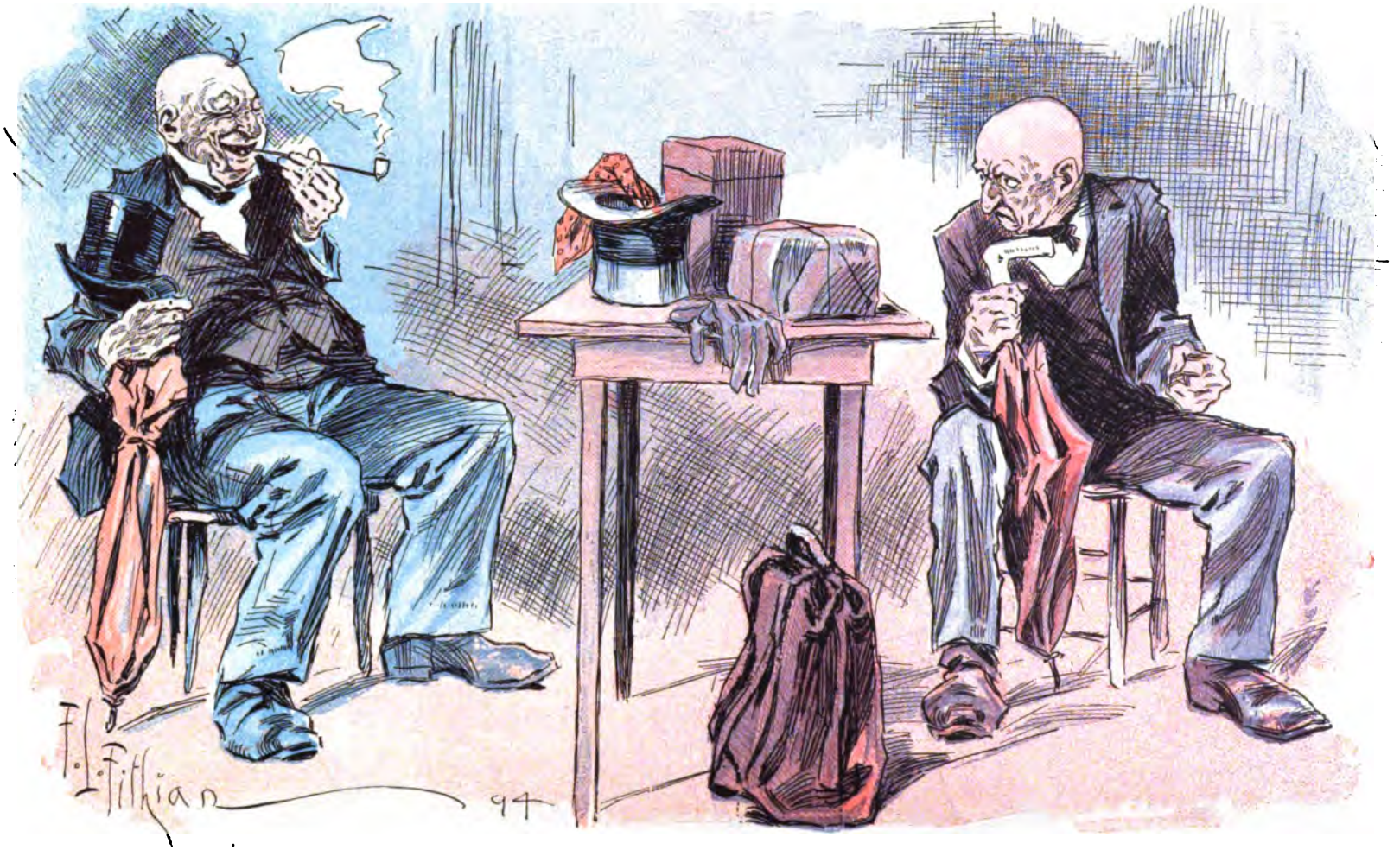
ALKALI IKE—"I can't, Bill; thar I've been intendin' t' cut th' heart out uv Dirty Dan fer th' las' six months—an' kep' puttin' it off—puttin' it off."

4.

5.

HOSPITALITY UNEXCELLED.

MOULDY MIFFINS—"Well, this is the most hosp'table town I've ever struck. Food and drink set right out at the door."

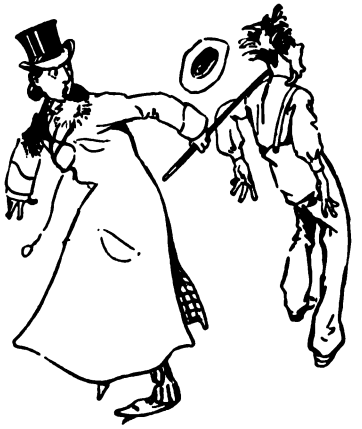


BEATS HIM BY A HAIR'S-BREADTH.

THE FAT ONE—"I say, old man, it must be awful to be as bald as you are."

CHAPPIE—"Aw—I say, fellah; let me have a light, will you?"

TOO STRONG FOR HIM.



IT CAUGHT ON TOO MUCH.

Chollie used to carry his stick like this——

but he——

——doesn't——

——any more.

MUSICAL RIVALS.

1.

FIRST ITALIAN — "Whata you doa ona my beata, Judasimo?"

SECOND ITALIAN—"'Tisa my beata, Satanista!"

2.

BOTH—"Maladito! Hava blooda!"

3.

BOTH—"Sacrista! Wipa outa!"

4.

BOTH—"Ar-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

BISMARCK AT A DISCOUNT.

Fired by the long accounts so lately read
Of birthday honors heaped on Bismarck's head,
I seized a smiling Teuton by the hand,
"Weigates?" I cried, "von Bismarck, vaterland,
Think of that army, dragoon, Uhlan, Yager!"
"Dot's all righd," he said; "come trink some lager."

The grand old iron chancellor I praised
Until that German looked on me amazed.
"United Germany beneath his hand
High in the scroll of nations took her stand.
'Twas Bismarck's genius put her in such case."
"Ish dot so? Yoost pass dot Switzerkase."

"Base ingrate! hast no patriotic pride
In that fair land where heroes bled and died—
The land of song and art beyond the sea?"
"Younk man," he said, "you vhas mistook in me.
I vhas a Yankee porn"—my senses reeled—
"Undt Bismarck undt der Dutch vhas oush k spield"

ONE ON THE HOUSE.

SEEDY STRANGER—"Yas, sir; I cut an' slashed an' fit all through the war."

BAR-TENDER—"Have a drink! What fights were you in?"

SEEDY STRANGER—"Oh, I wa'n't in no fights; I was a tailor them days, in Canada."

5.

BOTH—(*Dead silence.*)

MAKING PREPARATIONS.

"I understand that Freddy is getting ready to be married."

"What is he doing?"

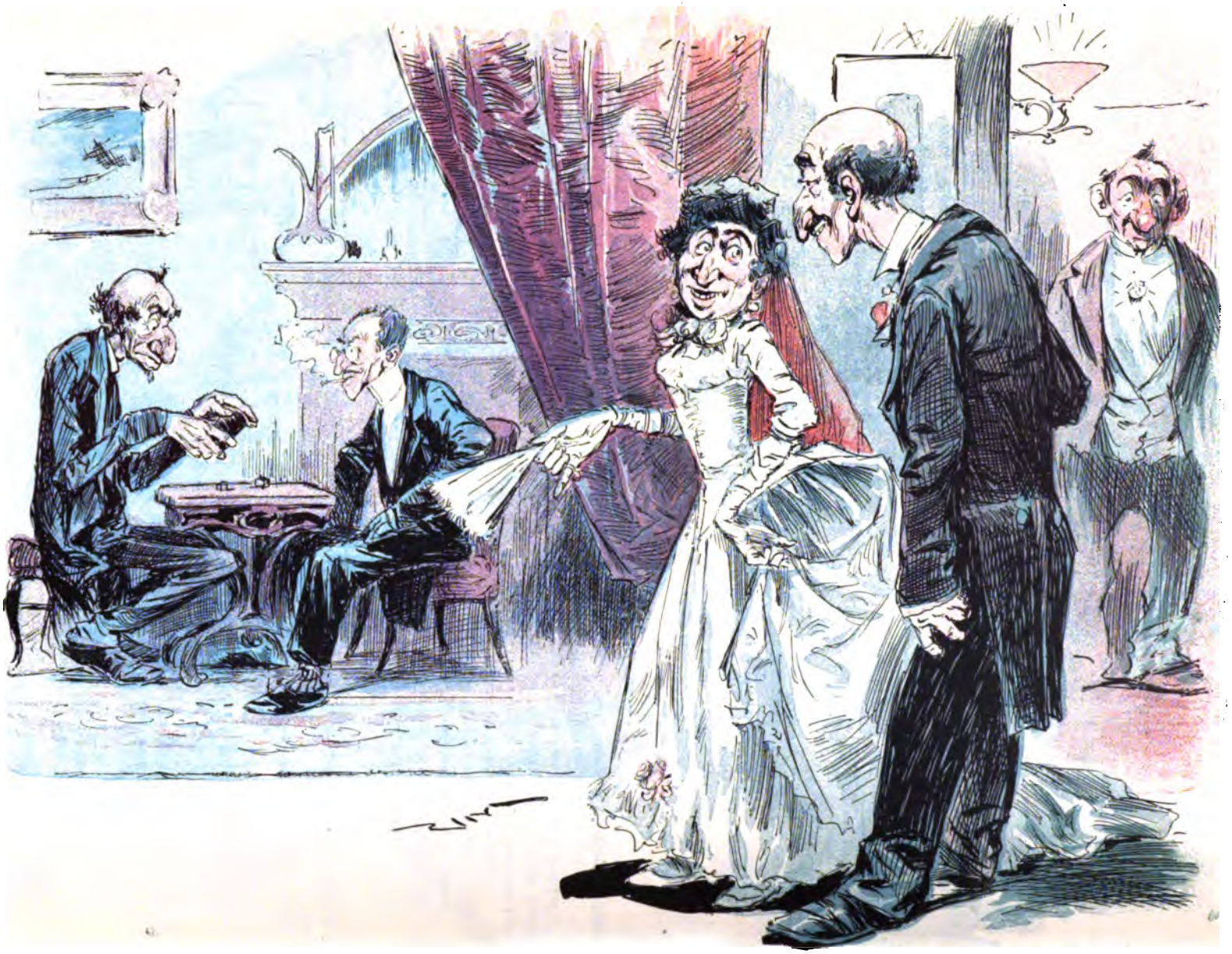
"Taking lessons at the cooking-school."

IN Boston it is not considered good form to call a man a "blasted liar"; they allude to him rather as an "electrocuted harp."

WANTED THE BEST.

THE WAITER—"'Xcuse me, sah, but p'raps dat quail was hung a little too long, sah."

MR. WEDDERFIELD—"Hung! Why, you black chipmunk, ain't my money's good's any one's? Fetch me a snipe killed by 'lectricity!"



AFTER THE WEDDING.

ONE OF THE USHERS—"Vere ish your huspant, Meeses Kohn?"
MRS. KOHN—"He vos in der library shagkin' dices mit popper fer der weddin' oxbenses. Dev vos alvays gonsiderate ohf each odder, you know."

A SUCCESSFUL "DEAD-HEAD."

1.

SMACKINS (*the knock-about comedian*)—"Jest chalk down dat drink. Bizniz is bad fer us actors, an' we simply ain't in it."

2.

BAR-TENDER (*biff*)—"Yes, but dis bung-starter is! You ain't struck no jay."

3.

SMACKINS—"No, ner you eider. Dat bung-starter is dead easy ter de barrel I gets swiped wid in me act, an' Barney Smackins never stan's off er strange bar-tend widout wearin' his padded wig. See?"

ONLY.

"What number, please?"

The wealthy and retired cab-driver unconsciously fell into his old form of expression.

"Bear up, old man. It is"—the great surgeon at his side reassuringly slapped him on the back—"triplets."

HER REASON.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Have my bonnet finished in time, and be sure not to send the bill before Easter."

Milliner—"What makes you so particular about that, may I ask?"

Mrs. Cobwigger—"I don't want my husband to break the resolution he made me not to swear during Lent."

METEMPSYCHOSIS—1896.

The blonde-haired maiden Florence had not outgrown her tendency for making startling suggestions by elongating her skirts. Mr. J.'s frequent calls had resulted in an inculcation of the doctrine of metempsychosis—pre-existence—the transmigration of the soul.

"Well," said Florence, not entirely convinced, but with her simple directness going to the root of the matter and evading nothing, "if there is such a thing as pre-existence *I* used to be a drunkard."

"My dear child!" protested her horrified sister.

"Yes, I was—I am sure I was," insisted Florence; "for I am always dreaming of snakes."

A PROFESSIONAL BEAT.

PATSY—"Dere goes a man dat's always beatin' his way."
JIMMIE—"Don't he work?"
PATSY—"Sure. He plays de bass-drum in Casey's band."

CONSOLING.

WANDERING WILLIE—"Well, I'm dead busted, anyway."

ALL HE IS FIT FOR.

PAT—"Phwat wud yez advise me t' mek av thot boy av moine?"
DENNIS (*sizing the boy up*)—"Oi think he wud be afther makin' an illigant dood, Pat."

A FEW OBSERVATIONS.

The financier is the man who gets the better of the bargain.

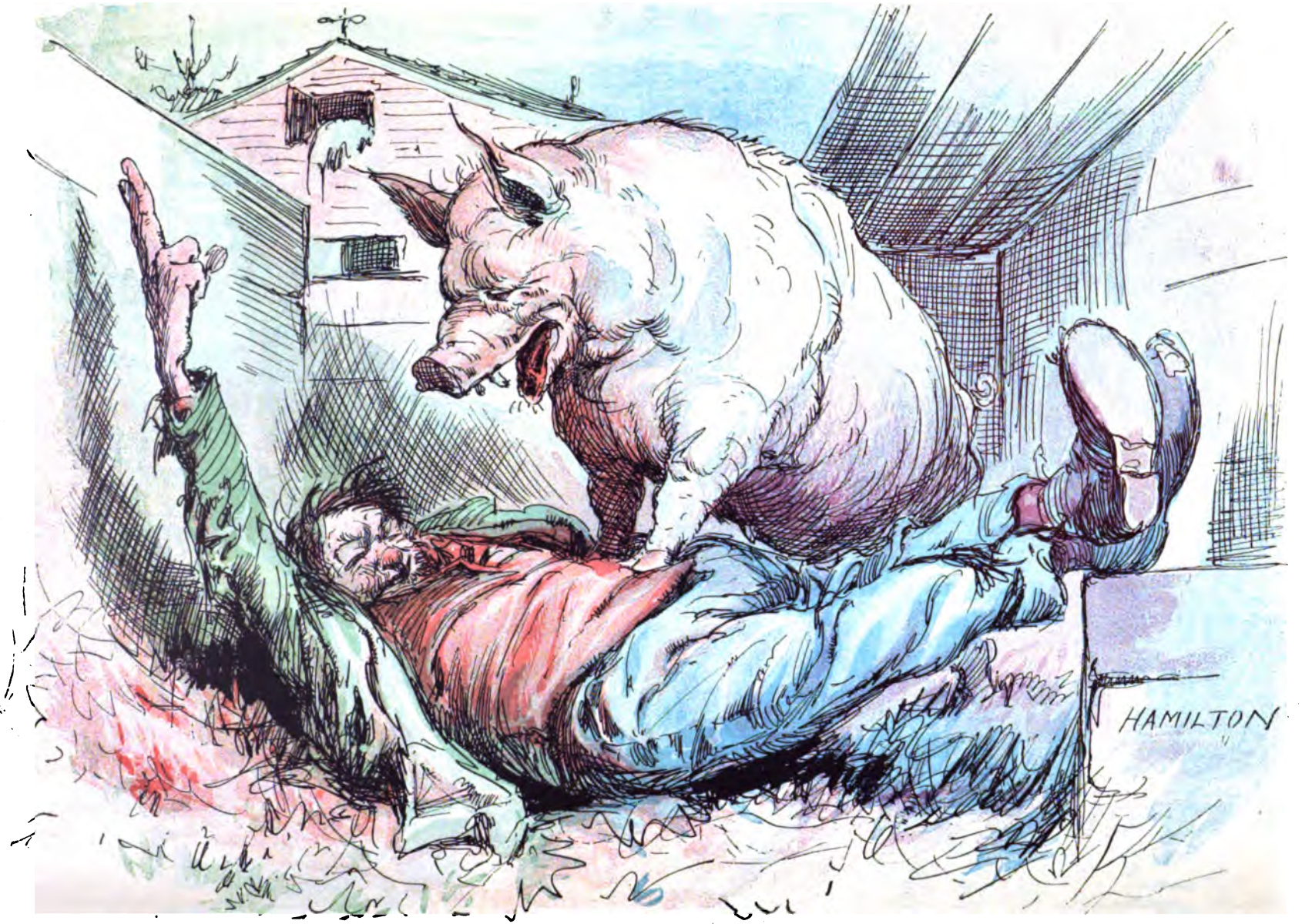
The coming woman is she who will care more for an idea than for a husband. But will she ever come?

A preacher who clings to dogma worships by a candle-dip in a darkened room while God's glory is shining outside.

There is no rose without thorns. There is no shad without bones. And shad roes by no other name could taste as sweet.

AN UP-TO-DATE ANSWER.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"And now, James, how came Joab to slay Absalom in the tree?"
JAMES (*promptly*)—"'Cos his foot-ball hair got ketched in de limbs when he was makin' a rush fer safety."



AN ORDER FORESTALLED.

ANATHEMA CARLISLE (*dreaming of better days*)—"Waiter! bring me a small bottle and—er—(*snore*)—and er—er—(*snore*)—a couple of pig's-feet."

GOOD.

MISTRESS—"Are you a cook?"
APPLICANT—"Oi om thot."
MISTRESS—"But are you a *good* cook?"
APPLICANT—"Oi om thot; Oi hovn't missed airly mass in tin years."

"HE COMETH NOT, SHE SAID."

ALWAYS WITH US

'Tis not only April first
Fools into full being burst;
There's no day in all the year
But that they, unasked, appear.

MANY people borrow trouble and would pay big interest rather than not have it.

THE CULTURE OF LIVING MODELS.

There has been a noticeable stagnation in the goat-joke business of late among our comic artists. Thanks to Mr. McGinty of Harlem for raising us a brand new crop of the choicest breeds.

1.

BOWERY STAGGERS—"Don't pick it up, Fields! To-day's de fust of April."

FLOWERY FIELDS—"I don't keer; I'm a fool anyway."

2.

FLOWERY FIELDS—"An' dat's where de wise man gits left. See? Dere's a dollar in it."

3.

FLOWERY FIELDS—"An' here's where de wiser man blows hisself. See?"

4.

FLOWERY FIELDS—"What's dat? Counterfeit?"

5.

FLOWERY FIELDS—"Dis is what a countryman gits in a heartless metropolis."

6.

FLOWERY FIELDS—"Well, I allus wuz a blame fool, anyway."

A REMINISCENCE OF APRIL FIRST.

REVEREND MOAKLEY MCKOON ON FRAUDS.

"Whar am de niggah—an' I speaks advisedly when I says niggah—whar am de niggah in dis congregashun who on las' Sunday ebenin', de tent' ob March, charged his fellah-mortals ten cents toe go up free pa'r ob stairs an' look at de 'clipse out ob a scuttle in de roof when dey could see it jes' as well ennywhar else, an' at de same time had his brudder-in-law takin' side-bets on how long de 'clipse would las' when it war all printed in de almanacs toe a minute? Let that moke arise."

Deacon Apricot Brown slowly rose and said,

"I didn' mek on'y seben dollahs an' a half in dat deal, eldah."

"De 'mount yo' made ain' de question," said the elder, sententiously. "De principle is whad fatigues de soul; an' ef yo' doan' donate half ob dat sum toe de missionaries in Liberia an' de oder half toe yo' pastor's salary yo' am gwine toe be troubled wid chilblains whar yo' gwine when yo' die. De choir will now rendah a valedictory on de organ while yo' settles wid de chu'ch-clerk."

"A GOOD THING."

PUBLISHING AS A BUSINESS.

"Have you found a publisher for your book?"

"Yes. A celebrated firm too."

"Of course they expect you to bear a part of the expense."

"No. They merely require me to buy the whole edition."

FILIBUSTERING.

Congressman's wife—"Have you called my husband to dinner?"

Servant—"Yes, ma'am; but he won't answer to the call."

AN INVARIABLE RULE.

Mr. Giblets (in market, suspiciously)—"Did you kill this chicken, or did it die?"

Mr. Potts (positively)—"When I kill a chicken it invariably dies, sir."

WHY IS IT?

That girlish actions are suggestive of buoyant spirits.

That while one swallow does not make a summer, one grasshopper can make more than a dozen springs.

NECESSARY CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE.

BLACKVILLE CAPTAIN (*wrathfully*)—"See heah, yo', Jackson! whad fo' yo' put up dat barb wiah on yo'r fence? We doan' propose toe lose a dol'ah on ebbery foul dat goes in yo' hen-yahd."

MR. JACKSON—"Neider does I intend toe lose any mo' dollahs on de fowls dat goes *out* o' mah hen-yahd. Ef yo' niggahs want yo' ball, kim round an hab it handed to yo' at de front doah!"

SWIPESEY—"I dreamed last night dat I was 'lected president of de United States."
WRAGGLES—"Wot did yer do den?"
SWIPESEY—"I formed me cabinet."
WRAGGLES—"Den wot did yer do?"
SWIPESEY—"Den me an' de cabinet got drunk an dey sent us up fer t'irty days, an' dat woke me up"

DECEITFUL APPEARANCES.

CHOLLIE—"What's this! What's this!! My Mabel with—who?" "Well, well, well."

The OXYGEN Home Remedy Without Medicine.

Often Cures
Chronic Cases
Pronounced "Incurable."

SHALL we mail you our new descriptive booklet (illustrated) of the Electropoise? It gives the theory of the treatment and results that follow its application, also the price, and explains why it is possible for the Electropoise to often cure cases that are beyond the reach of medication. Whether sick or not you would be interested in reading of this new method of applying oxygen, and in noting the remarkable progress made by the Electropoise during the past year. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly (without charge) on receipt of your request for it.

Electrolibration Company, 1122 Broadway, New York.

A "Bridge" for Rheumatism.

BLOSSBURG, PA., Jan. 2d, 1896.

REV. D. W. THOMAS,
145 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I take pleasure in "speaking well of the bridge that carried me over." I am not of the gullible type, and do not grasp at every new thing under the sun, but when I heard of the Electropoise, being at that time greatly afflicted with rheumatism and in a fair way to lose the use of one of my legs, I began a series of investigation and observation, which I followed up closely for over two years. From what I could ascertain from the experience of others, I concluded that there was real merit in the theory of Electrolibration, and accordingly purchased the Electropoise about fourteen months ago. I immediately discarded the use of all other remedies and began to use the Electropoise, which I have faithfully used to the present time, and am still continuing the treatment. I began to improve from the first, and to-day I am a better man, *in a physical sense*, than I have been for years, and can walk five or six miles with comparative ease. As I have employed *no other remedies*, the Electropoise is entitled to all the glory for my restoration to health.

I look upon this system as one of the greatest developments of this scientific age. I believe the Electropoise will accomplish all that is claimed for it, and it will stand the test of any scientific investigation.

These statements are based upon my own experience and the experience of several of my parishioners who are using the Electropoise as their only physician.

Yours fraternally,
E. S. ANNABLE,
(Pastor M. E. Church, Blossburg, Pa.)

SOMETIMES CORRECT.

Bobby—"Pa, what is a man from London called?"

Pa—"A Londoner."

Bobby—"What do they call a man from Paris?"

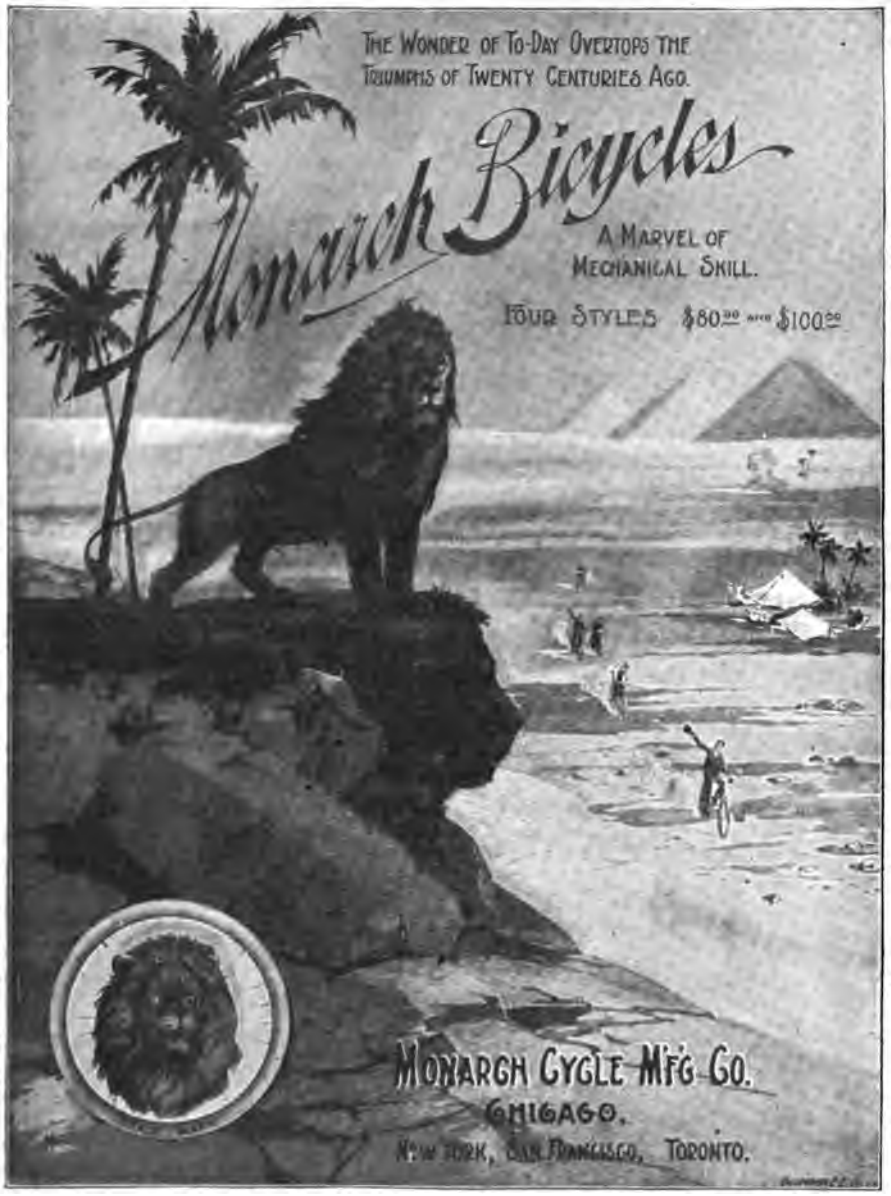
Pa—"A Parisite, Bobby."

A (LITTLE) WOMAN'S REASON.

Maisie (in the window-seat)—"Oh, dear! The sun burns my back awful."

Effie—"Why don't you move then?"

Maisie—"Indeed I won't; I got here first."



THE BLIND PASSION.

Pale lover, full of thoughts sublime,
You little know the while you woo
That she is thinking all the time
She'll make an April fool of you

WHAT the thief said when he was shot in the back during a sprint—"We get it as we go along."

THE spring-mad man—The fellow who moves to a house in the suburbs.

SYRACUSE BICYCLES
Spin to Win.
SYRACUSE CYCLE CO.,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A "SWELL" NEWPORT WHEEL to the person who makes the GREATEST NUMBER OF ENGLISH WORDS from the word "DELICATESSE." "La Delicatesse" Company, Herkimer, N. Y., for particulars.

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Products are Never Sold in Bulk
They can be had at all good grocery stores—and the big H-O is on every genuine package.
Avoid Substitutes!

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By the use of our lettered fingerboard and Simplified Instructor, you can learn to play either Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo or Violin without a teacher. This is the latest musical invention (copyrighted 1895), and is positively the only practical system of self-instruction. So simple that a child can easily understand and play
EASY PIECES IN A FEW HOURS.
The greatest difficulty in learning to play is to locate the notes on the instrument. This has at last been overcome by our lettered fingerboard, which is an accurate guide and can be put on any instrument in a few minutes by any one. Having all the notes in full view before you on the fingerboard, you can readily see how easy it must be to locate them. Lettered fingerboard and Simplified Instructor for either instrument, sent post-paid for Fifty Cents.
UNITED STATES MUSIC CO.,
Mention this Paper. Cincinnati, O.

HER EASTER-EGG.

She loved to paint, and many days she toiled
To find the shades that blended well together;
So careful was she lest it should be spoiled,
She handled it as carefully as a feather.
But when, alas! she went to fondly stroke it
She let it slip upon the floor and broke it.

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Pabst Has Made It So.

Been Sick? Get well by using PABST MALT EXTRACT The "Best" Tonic

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CURES Weak & Diseased EYES.

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Contents seen at a glance when opened. Bills secure and separate from specie. Soft and flexible, strong and durable The BEST made for gents, or ladies use. Size 2¼ x 3¼. Samples sent on receipt of price. Seal grain leather 50c. Fine Morocco 75c. Real Seal $1.00 Real Alligator $1.50. Send for Catalogue Fancy Leather Goods. The Pocket Book Co., 328 Asylum St. Hartford, Ct.

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Made by me personally—on a farm away from possibility of adulteration.

SEND 40c FOR A POUND BOX. Address CLARA M. COOK, Palatine Bridge, N.Y.

SHE HADN'T.

Darley—"Did you go through my trousers-pocket last night?"

Mrs. Darley (indignantly)—"No, sir!"

Darley—"Well, there's a hole in it."

Millions of Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

PROVED HIS POINT.

Brown—"No forty-days' fasting for me. I once knew a man who lost his life through keeping Lent"

Mrs. Brown—"I don't believe a word of it."

Brown—"It's quite true, my dear He was choked to death by a fish-bone."

WHEN EASTER COMES.

When Easter comes with praise and prayer,
Leaves and flowers are everywhere,
A change comes over people's faces;
Some, in truth, wear broad grimaces
And others show no signs of care.

With forty days of fish and prayer,
Of Lenten quiet and despair,
How many kick over the traces
When Easter comes!

There's something in the sunny air
That warms the blood of young and fair
And sends men to side-door places,
Where they amble through the paces.
There's a change in the bill-of-fare
When Easter comes.

SUPERFLUOUS, AND NOT REMOVED.

Evadne—"So you have seen Mrs. Beard since her return. And how was she looking?"

Angeline—"Much as usual; as if she hadn't shaved for a week."

THE WISE MAN FALLETH APRIL FIRST.

In wisdom's age a man was born
With eye-teeth in his head;
His bump of self-esteem unshorn
Breathed knowledge that was fled.

In after ages, as he grew
The subject of much talk,
He hadn't senses to eschew
The hot cent on the walk.

BICYCLES 400 FINE SECOND-HAND WHEELS must be closed out. Agents wanted. Send for Lists. D. P. Mead & Prentiss, Chicago.

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There you have a **Delicious Lunch** (both food and drink), and **made in one minute.**

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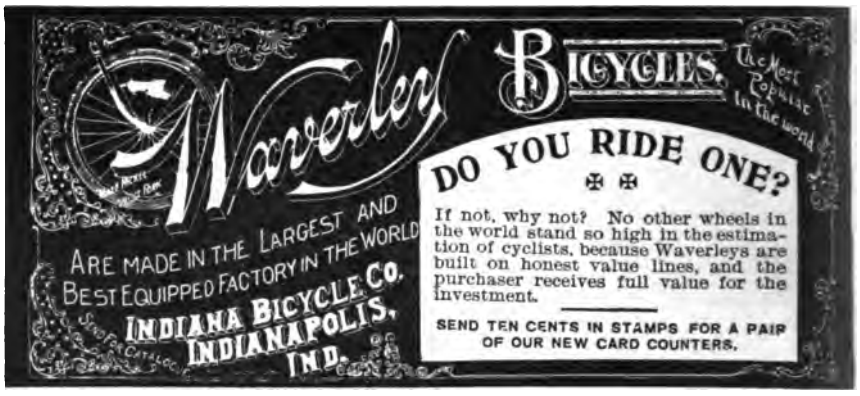

THE HEIGHT OF BLISS.

Georgie (aged six)—"Will you marry me by-and-by, Mabel—when we grow up?"

Mabel (scornfully)—"Certainly not, Georgie; I may not want to marry at all when I grow up, and if I do I shall marry my own father and keep a candy-store."

TRIPE.

Georgie—"Mamma, cook's frying something very funny for lunch."

Mamma—"What is it, dear?"

Georgie—"Bath-towels."

FAT ● FOLKS ●

using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

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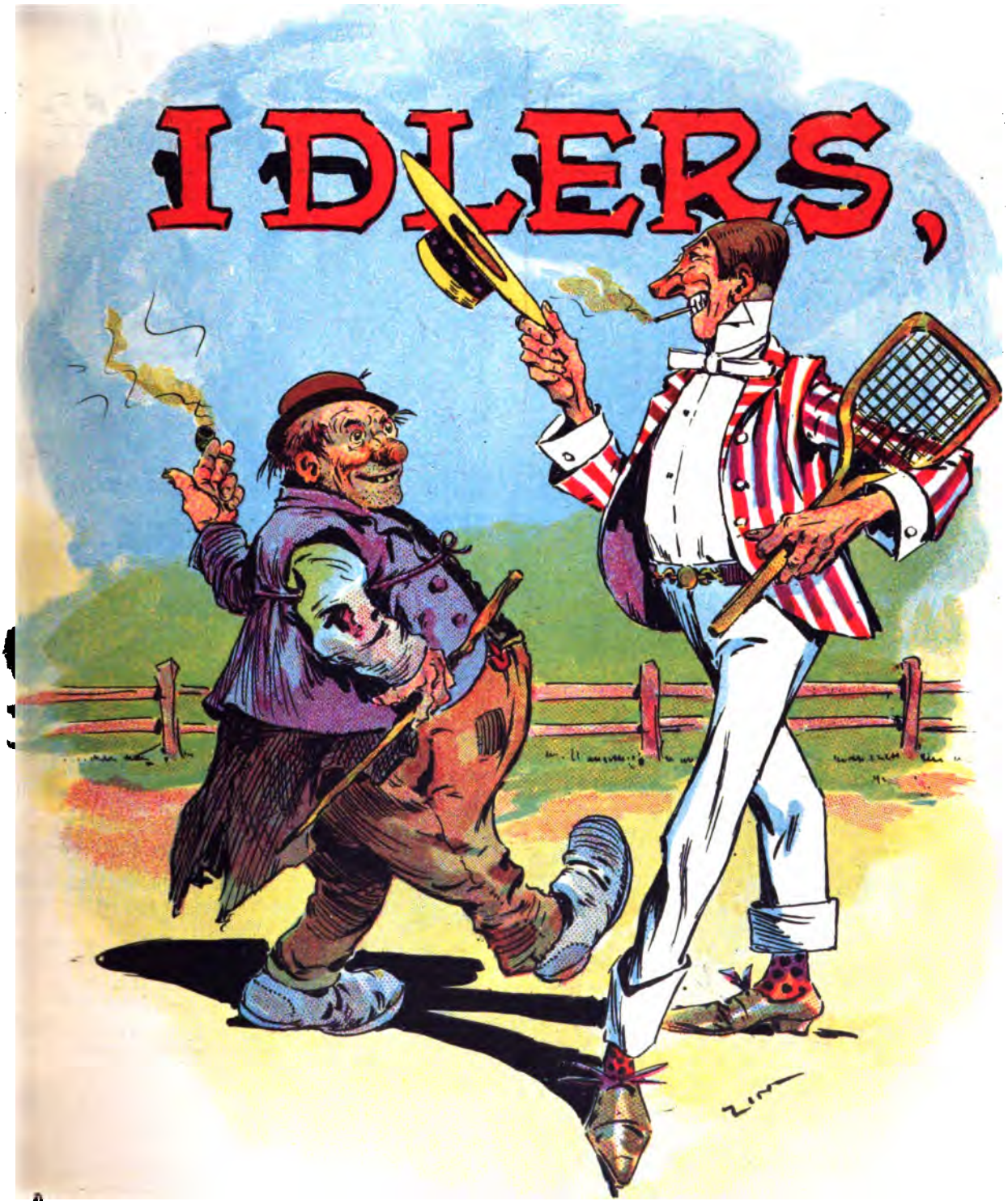

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WEARY WILLIE'S MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE PROFESSIONAL STOOP.

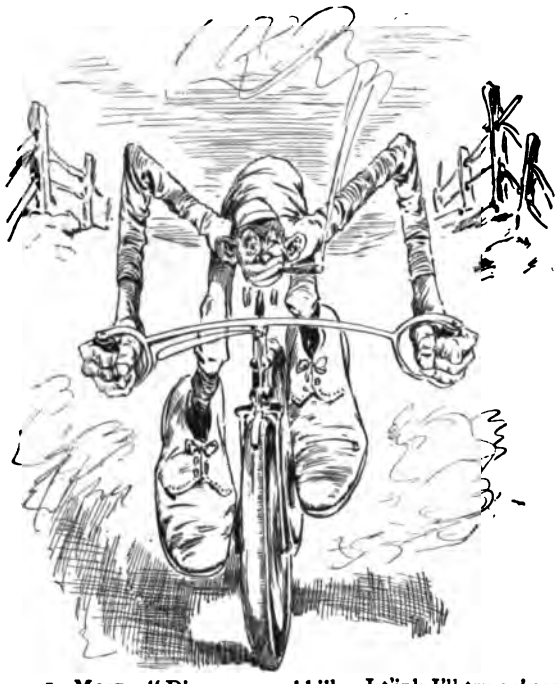
SMALL BOY—"Oh, mamma, what a great bicycler he must have been!"

OUR CLUB

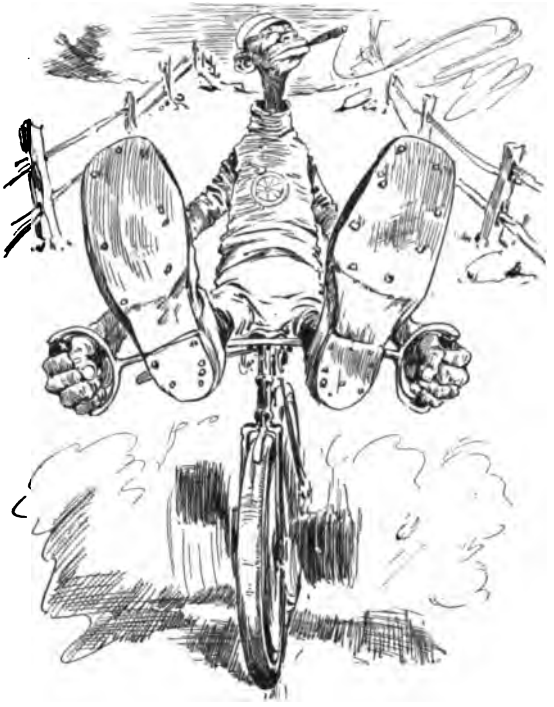
When the famous scientist passes the window

When a pretty woman passes.

HIS FEET OVERBALANCED THE MACHINE.

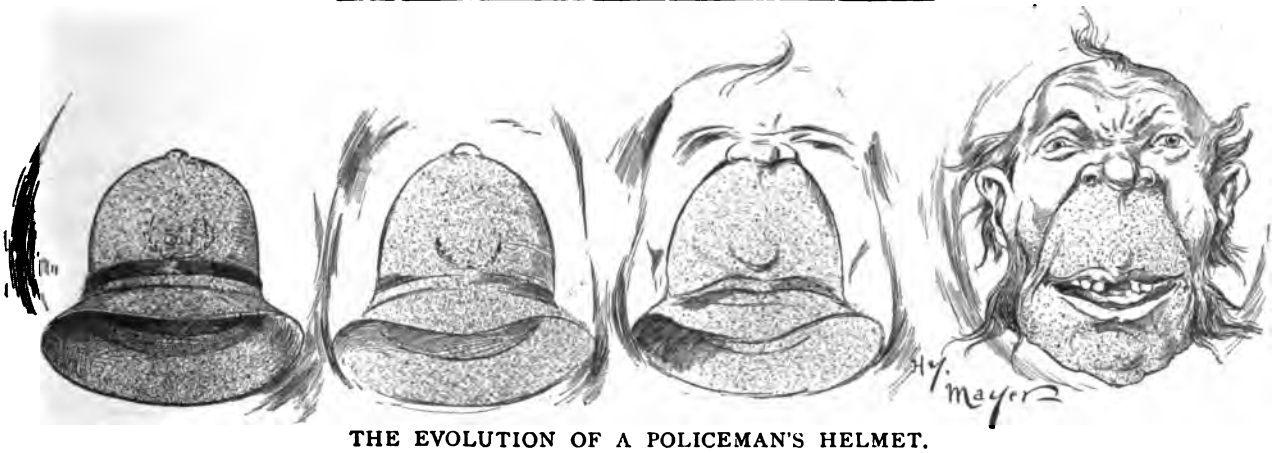


1. MOSE—"Dis am a good hill. I t'ink I'll try an' see ef I kain't coast wid mah feet up.——



2 ——Dat's hit !——

3. ——Blame dem big feet."



THE EVOLUTION OF A POLICEMAN'S HELMET.

IT WAS A LADY BOARDER.

1.

TRAMP—"Kind leddy, kin yer give me some clothes ter replace these 'ere togs?"

2.

KIND LADY—"Here, my good man, is a bundle which our last boarder said to give to a worthy person."

3.

TRAMP—"Many thanks. I will jest step roun' ter th' barn an' make a change.——

4.

——Ain't I a peach?"

MODERN ORDNANCE.

"What terrible execution is done with these modern guns!"

"Yes; science has done a good deal in the way of producing ordnance for modern warfare."

"Modern warfare nothing. I refer to the guns that they didn't know were loaded."

A MISNOMER.

Miss Shorthair—"You'd never think our young-woman's club had been in existence twenty years, would you?"

Professor Longhair—"Indeed I would, and it seemed to me that every one at the meeting must be a charter member."

BOSTONESE.

Milicent—"I hear you are now living at Lonelywood, on the outskirts of the city."

Miriam (of Boston)—"Yes; we are now residing at Lonelywood, on the outbloomers of the city."

A LITTLE EARLIER.

"I celebrate June the thirtieth as Independence day," said one Chicago woman to another.

"Isn't that a trifle early?"

"It may be, but it is the day on which I secured my first divorce."

A MEAN TRICK.

1.
"Guess this hole is deep enough.——

2.
——Bet he don't notice nuthin' is wrong—till——

3.
——he gits spilt"

WOULDN'T ALLOW IT.

"What was the cause of the strike of the Italians on the public works?"

"Well, the contractor wanted to hire some Irishmen to hurry the improvement along and the Italians objected to the employment of foreign labor."

THE WIDOW'S "BIKE."

1.
The favored successor of the dear departed will take the front seat.

2.
The successor in this case will take the rear seat.

THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A KODAK AND DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

WHY BOSTON AND CHICAGO SHOULD BE SWORN FRIENDS.

KNEW THEM.

There was plenty of standing-room in a Broadway car, and as I was packed like a sardine on the platform, I said to the conductor,

"Won't you ask those people to move forward?"

"Faith, thin, an' I won't," said he with great frankness. "They're yer own six, an' I can do not'ing wid 'em."

JUDGMENTS.

A man's affection is regulated by his digestion.

The mere accident of relationship does not give one the right to be insulting.

TRAMP—"Can't yer help er poor feller wot's failed in business?"
BIKER—"What business were you in?"
TRAMP—"Livery-stable business."

CALLED DOWN.

NEGLECTED EDUCATION.

"When we got to the house," said the fireman, "we found the piano ablaze."

"Did you turn the hose on it?"

"Alas, no! You see I had never learned to play on the piano."

"YOUTH comes but once," but neither does old age.

TO BE EXPECTED.

"How is your husband, Mrs. Dimling?" asked Mr. Totling.

"Not very well. Gout is troubling him a good deal."

"Well," added Mr. Totling after a few moment's reflection, "I should think it would."

CONTROVERSY BY SHOVEL.

Wife—"Don't I hear some one beating a carpet?"

Husband—"No. I hired an Irishman and an Italian to put away the coal, and they are arguing."

DIDN'T SEE IT.

"Say, Jim, we're having some fine scenery this trip."

JIM (*wearily*)—"Are we?"

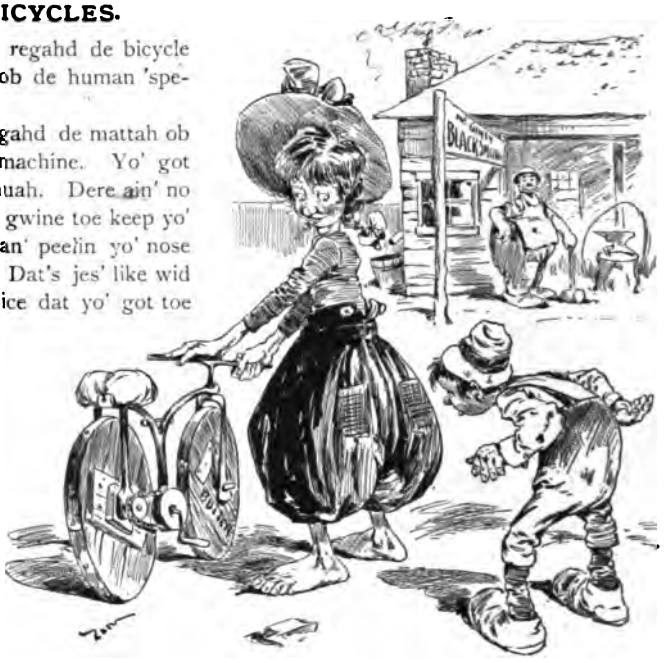
REVEREND MOAKLEY MCKOON ON BICYCLES.

"Mah frien's, let us regahd de bicycle as a type or symbol ob de human 'sperience.

"In de fust place regahd de mattah ob learnin' toe ride dat machine. Yo' got toe learn fo' yo'se'f shuah. Dere ain' no book ob instrucshuns gwine toe keep yo' frum barkin' yo' shins an' peelin yo' nose while yo' is learnin'. Dat's jes' like wid de soul. Den yo' notice dat yo' got toe keep it balanced. Pumpin' hahd er scorchin' doan' do no good less'n de wheel am balanced. See how menny men dey am like dat, mah sufferin' bacilluses. Dey kin run like a house afiah, but dey ain' balanced, an' de fust yo' find out dey am in de ditch. Den dey all got a kit ob tools wid 'em in case dey break down, an' oh, mah po'r wo'ms, ain' yo' got patience, hope, charity an' faith in dat tool-bag ob yo'rn? Whad's dat 'ere roomatic tire, filled wid win', but pride, mah frien's? An' w'en dat tire gits busted an' de win' all let out yo' cums home on foot an' 'cross lots.

"Lasteenthly, obserbe de fact in a bicycle, mah melancholy microbes, dat de onliest way toe keep it straight is toe keep it goin', an' w'en yo' stops it tips ober. Is dere a lesson fo' us in dat? I should smile. W'en yo' stops yo' falls down. Keep a-movin. De faster yo' go de straighter yo' go. An' now, mah corpulent coons, we cum toe de handle-bars. Dey controls de machine. Dat signifies faith. Sum o' yo', mah frien's, looks at life as a long hill, an' yo' puts yo' feet up an' goes coastin' toe de bottom. Bettah put down dem feet an' put on dem brakes.

"Appendix number fo'rteen. Whar is de iler toe dat bicycle, mah small polliwogs? De collecshun w'ich I am 'bout toe take up is de iler toe de 'ligious machinery, an' ef yo' doan' chip in lively yo'll git a hot-box on yo' machine, er in de nex' worl'."



EXPRESSIONS OF APPROVAL.

JIMMY—"Kerdelia, where did yer git 'em?"

KERDELIA—"Mammy made 'em out'n pop's overalls. Ain't dey stunnin'?"

JIMMY—"Dey is, Kerdelia; dey is jes' de cheese."

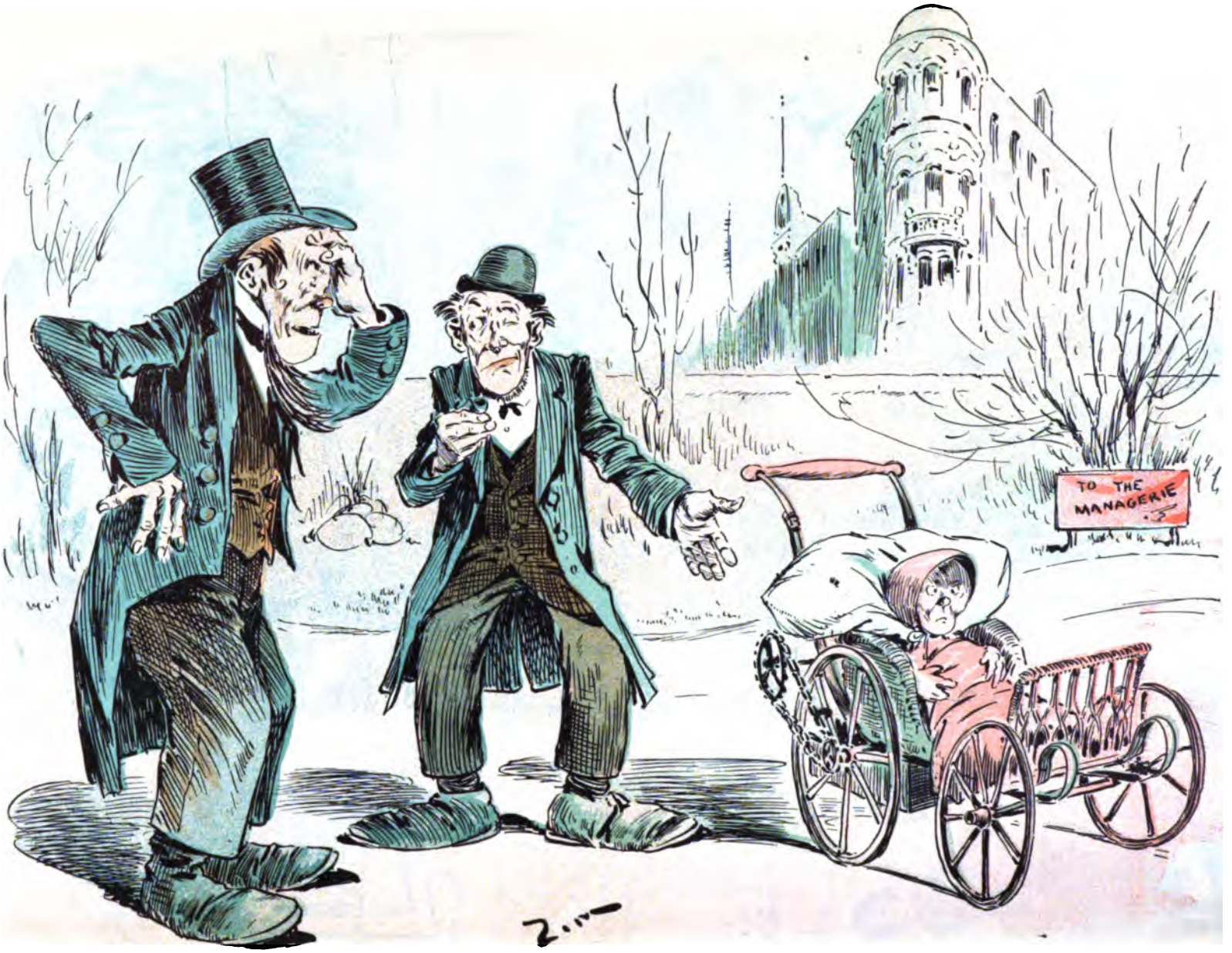
ANTICIPATION.

He will not married be.
The reason of his course?
He's always had, you see,
A horror of divorce.

IT WASN'T A CIGAR-BUTT.

The near-sighted snipe-hunter's fourth of July.

!——!——!



CAUSE OF THE RIOT.

KERRIGAN—"An' phwat do yez call thot now, Grogan?"
GROGAN (*of Brooklyn, proudly*)—"Thot's a harseless baby-kerridge, Kerrigan. Oi don't hov t' shove it at all at all."
KERRIGAN—"A *harseless* baby-kerridge, eh? Well, it's th' janius yez are, Grogan. Oi always thought yez wor a jackass."

THEY GOT LEFT.

1.
HAYSEED—"I b'lieve I kin ride thet thing."

2.
CITY YOUTHS—"Of course you can. Get right on and try it."

3
HAYSEED—"Good-bye!"

THEY WERE RIVALS ONCE.

SMALL FAVORS, ETC.

Our rector, having married the daughter of one of the "pillars" of his church, received among the wedding-presents a cheque for ten thousand dollars. Imagine the audible smile that ran round the congregation when on the first Sunday he officiated after his return from his bridal-tour he read the first two lines from the hymn,

"Ten thousand blessings we receive, and still we ask for more."

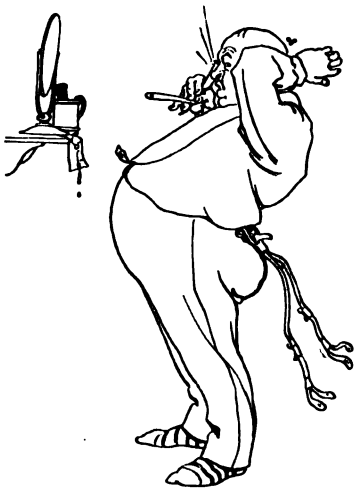
TRIED.

Mrs. Hector—"I know what kind of a temper you've got."
Mr. Hector—"I don't doubt it. You've tried it often enough."

THE SLEEVED LEGS.
Last year's and this year's position of the sleeve.

THE PERSISTENT FLY.

1.



2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

ENCORE.

The bicyclist who was riding a very high wheel took a genuine header and turned an almost complete somersault. After he had recovered himself and wiped the dirt from his face and clothes he was very much astonished to hear one of two small boys on the sidewalk say,

"Mister, do that agin, will yer? This feller didn't see it."

SCANDALOUS.

Hojack—"Did you hear how Skidmore disgraced his family at church last Sunday?"

Tomdik—"No; how was it?"

Hojack—"The minister read two chapters from the Acts, and he insisted on going out between them."

7.

HOW HE GOT AHEAD.

"Come on, uncle, if you want to catch this train."

"How long do it take dis train to go, sah?"

"This is the express train. One hour."

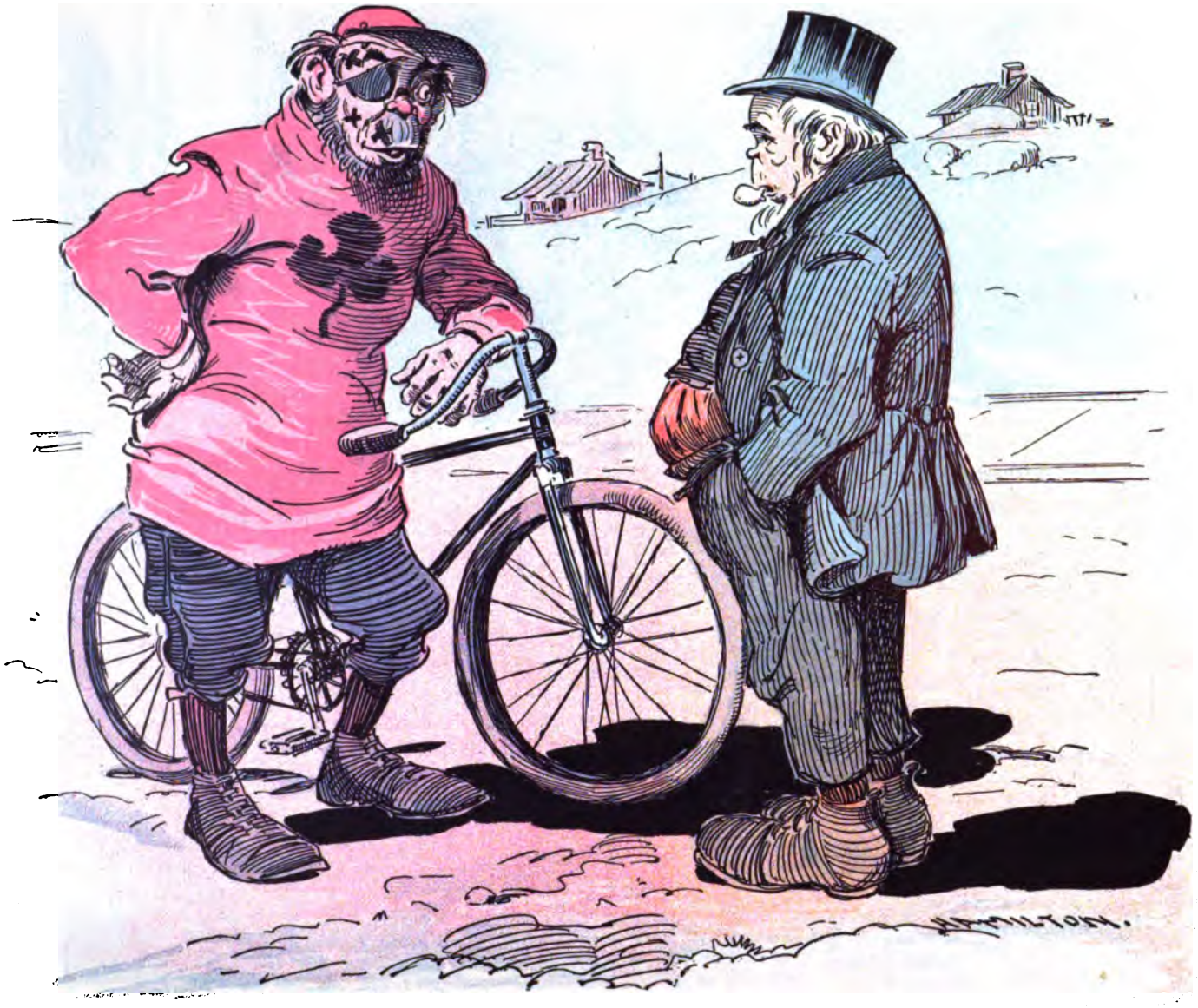
"How long do it take de nex' train to go, sah?"

"Accommodation. Two hours."

"Den I take de nex' train, sah."

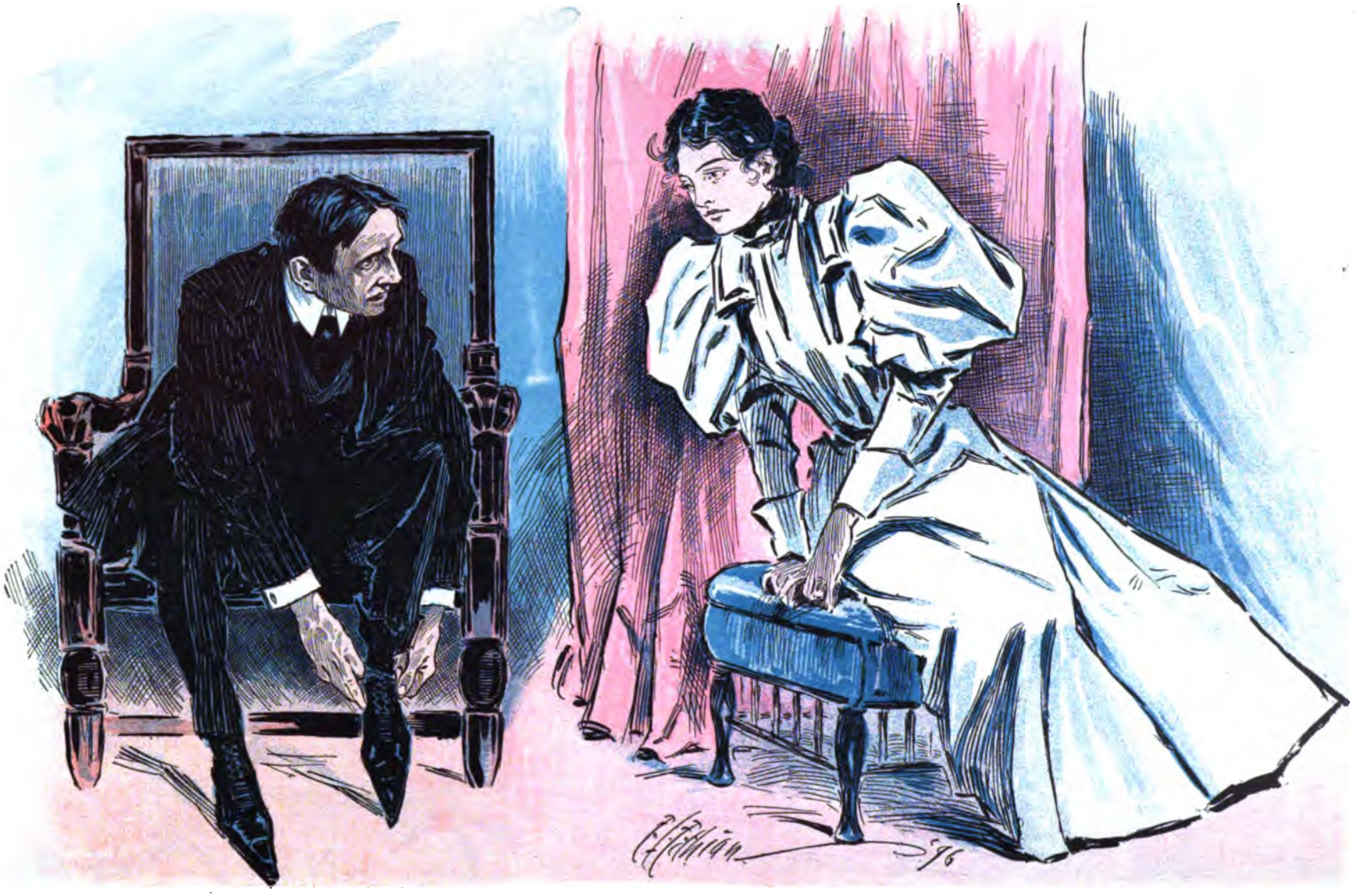
And he turned away to remark to tnose standing by, "Dese big corp'rations ain't gwine to git ahead of me; 'deed dey ain't. I'se gwine to git de wurf of my money, I is."

A LAWYER is a man who makes his living by attending to other people's business.



DERMATOLOGICAL.

RILEY—"Whoy don't yez l'arn t' roide th' boike, Casey?"
CASEY—"Well, Roiley, if Oi hod yure face Oi wud. Ivery toime yez falls aff yure machine ut improves yure looks."



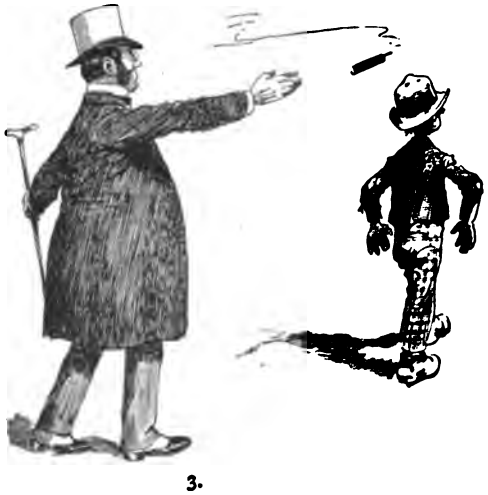
UNDER CONSIDERATION.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Before we were married you said that my slightest wish should be your law."
MR. NEWLYWED—"Exactly, my love; but you have so many vigorous and well-developed wishes that I am as yet unable to decide as to which is the slightest."

THE OLD GENTLEMAN GETS THE BEST OF IT.

1.

2.



3.

4.

WANTED FINE WEATHER.

BOBBY—"Did Joshua make the sun stand still?"
SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"Y-yes."
BOBBY—"Could he do it again, think?"
SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER—"Why, he's dead."
BOBBY (*sighing deeply*)—"Oh, is he? I'm sorry; he might have nailed it for a week on the fourth of July."

WHERE THEY WERE FOUND.

A pastor of a very poor church wished to present his congregation with hymn-books, but did not have the money wherewith to buy them.

The proprietor of a patent medicine offered to give the books, provided he were allowed to insert his advertisements in them. The preacher gladly consented. When the books arrived he examined them carefully, but could not find the advertisement. Congratulating himself upon his good fortune, he presented them on Easter morning, then announced, "We will sing the hymn on page sixty-nine."

One glance at the page, and a very audible smile went through the congregation. The hymn read as follows:

"Hark, the herald angels sing!
Johnson's pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child."

A FAIR CYNIC.

He—"When I was young I decided to make one woman happy."

She—"Well, as you remained a bachelor you have succeeded in doing so."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

1.

FARMER BIKEGOSH (*as he hears bicycle-bell*)—"Durn if I'll git out o' th' path.——

2.

——I'll upsot yer first."

3.

MISS BLOOMERDALE—"That's not a nice way to treat a lady."

FARMER BIKEGOSH—"You ain't no lady; you're a man—an' a durn poor specimen at that."

THE APPRECIATIVE PUBLIC.

"In the end the world always fittingly recognizes her geniuses."

"Yes. There's Tompkins; gave his life to the study of ceramics—and is buried in the potter's field."

UNLIMITED RESOURCES.

Church-janitor (at the revival, to presiding minister)—"If you let that big, thick-set man get on the floor he'll talk all the rest of the evening."

Presiding minister—"What is he—a free-silver man?"

Church-janitor—"No; a reformed pugilist."

PITFALLS.

WILLIE—"Papa, will you tell me a story?"

PAPA—"Yes. What shall it be?"

WILLIE—"Oh, tell me that story over again about when you was fishing up in Maine."

MOTHER (*calling from next room*)—"Willie, come out here this instant! Don't you know your papa joined the church last week on probation?"

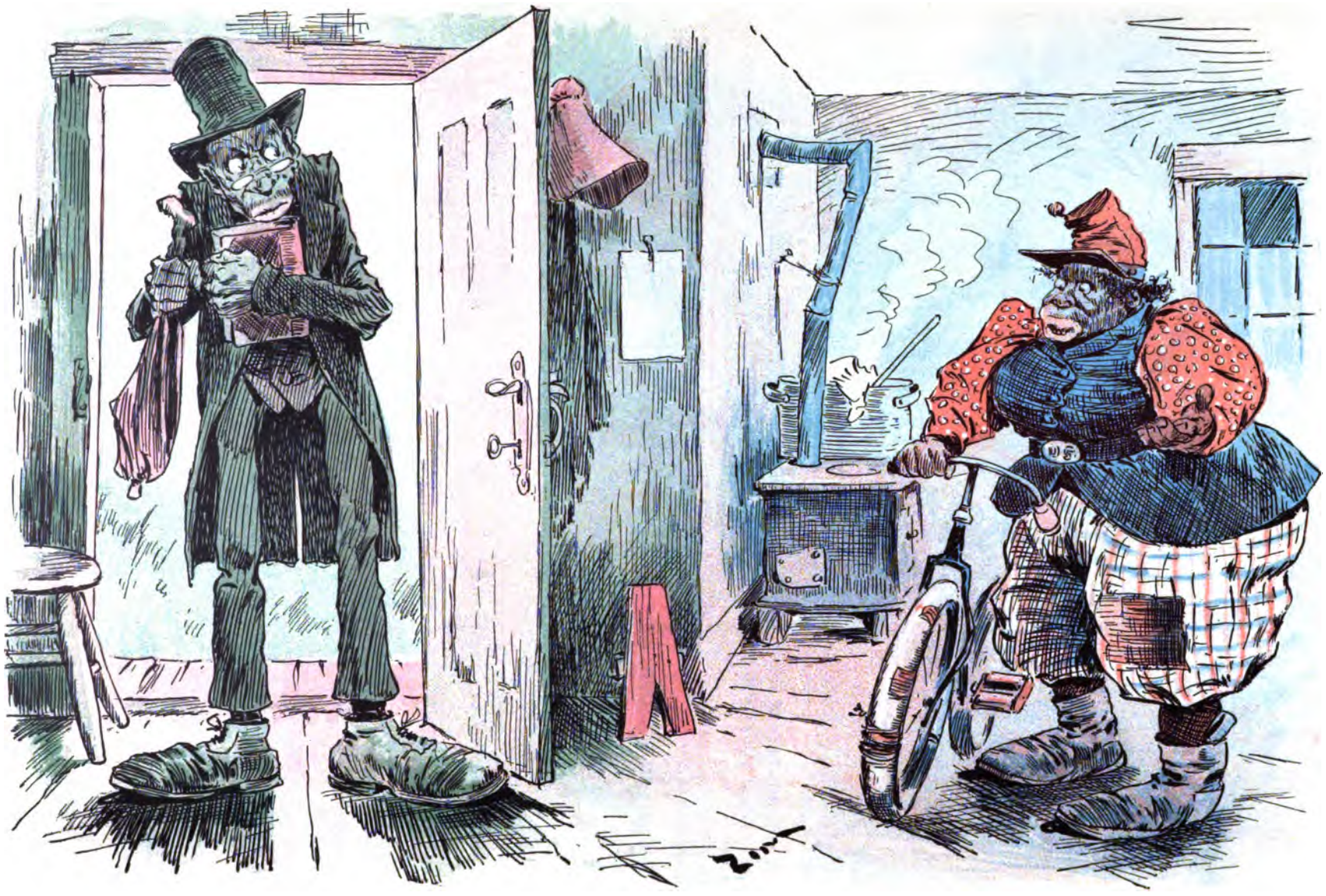
A LIFE-SAVING PURSUIT.

"A great many lives will be saved by the discovery of the north pole," said Mr. Bloobumper in reply to a friend who was discoursing on the uselessness of the search.

"How do you make that out?"

"It won't be necessary for so many explorers to die in the effort to find it."

A WOMAN that is all sweetness, like the Frenchman's "eau-sucre," would be a little more palatable to the average taste, as well as more refreshing, if slightly flavored with tartaric acid.



EVERYTHING TO GAIN.

DEACON KETCHUM—"Lan' sakes, 'Mandy! whad's all dis?"
MRS. KETCHUM—"Dis am a bicycle-suit an' dis am a bicycle. I's gwine toe acquire de bicycle-face an' gait intoe society."
DEACON KETCHUM—Goody lawd! yah! yah! Dat's all right, honey. Mos' enny udder kin' ob a face wud be better."

MELODRAMA AT DEAD GULCH.

ALKALI IKE (*checking the fleeting egg and covering Bronco Pete*)—"Hold hard, thar, Pete! Who yer reckinin' on hittin' wi' thet aig?"
BRONCO PETE (*infuriatedly*)—"Ther vill'in, o' course. Any o' your funeral?"
ALKALI IKE—"Ya-as; it's th' funeral o' my best suit o' buckskins I rented 'im. Soak th' hero, pard, er drap th' aig. Savvy?"

TIME—ABOUT JULY, '96.

WEARY RIDER (*the tramp*)—"Excuse me, miss; but have you any old wheels about the place you could give a poor man? Mine is about used up."

THE PREVAILING FAD.

Hoeing corn and playing golf bring into play the same muscles and the energy expended is about equal; but one is work and the other is fun.

TOO MODEST.

Charlie—"So you don't like my new straw hat?"
Mamie—"No, I don't. The ribbon around it has only five colors."

PLAGIARISM.

"He may be a great orator," said Mr. Snodgrass, as the reader of the declaration of independence finished, "but I can take my solemn oath that I've heard the most of that there speech somewhere before, but I can't quite place it. Don't tell me that Spowter pretends that he writ it himself!"

JUDGMENT.

Love is an infinite capacity for suffering.

THE OBDURATE GERMAN.

The maiden saw his manly form
And felt her tender heart grow warm.
She met his look of glad surprise
By letting fall her radiant eyes;
But seeing he still strode away
She whispered softly, "Stay, oh, stay!"
The Dutchman shouted, "Nix fer stay."

"Thou canst not love," the maiden cried,
"Then let me rouse ambition—pride;
For this is Freedom's wide domain,
Here room to conquer power and gain;
Here poverty no longer bows
To tyrant wealth. Oh, come, arouse!"
The Dutchman said, "Nix cum arouse."

And so this youth from fatherland
Strode on impassive, silent, grand,
To meet his fate without a tear.
For soon, alas! he found his bier.

BICYCLIST—"Watch me knock the socks off of that tramp."

A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

WEARY WILLIE—"Wot's dis?——

—— Somebody's presented me wid a bike."

MR. PEDALMAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH A NEW JERSEY MOSQUITO.

As told by himself.

1.

2.

3.

4.

ONE-SIDED.

Gillback—"Is it true that you don't spend as much money now as you did before you were married?"

Packett—"It is. I wish I could say the same thing of my wife."

EVIDENCE OF FAILURE.

"Is the patient failing, doctor?"

"Yes; he hasn't made a single reference so far, to-day, to the score of yesterday's game."

THE STYLE.

MERMAID (*looking at new poster*)—"I say, Seaweed, we are right in the style, aren't we?"

RECRIMINATION.

"How on earth did that scheme of mine get out?" said the emancipated woman to her husband. "I told no one but you, and you promised to keep it to yourself."

"Why, my dear, I only told it to Mr. Dinsmore and Mr. Spudds and Mr. Keedick and Mr. Ricketts and"——

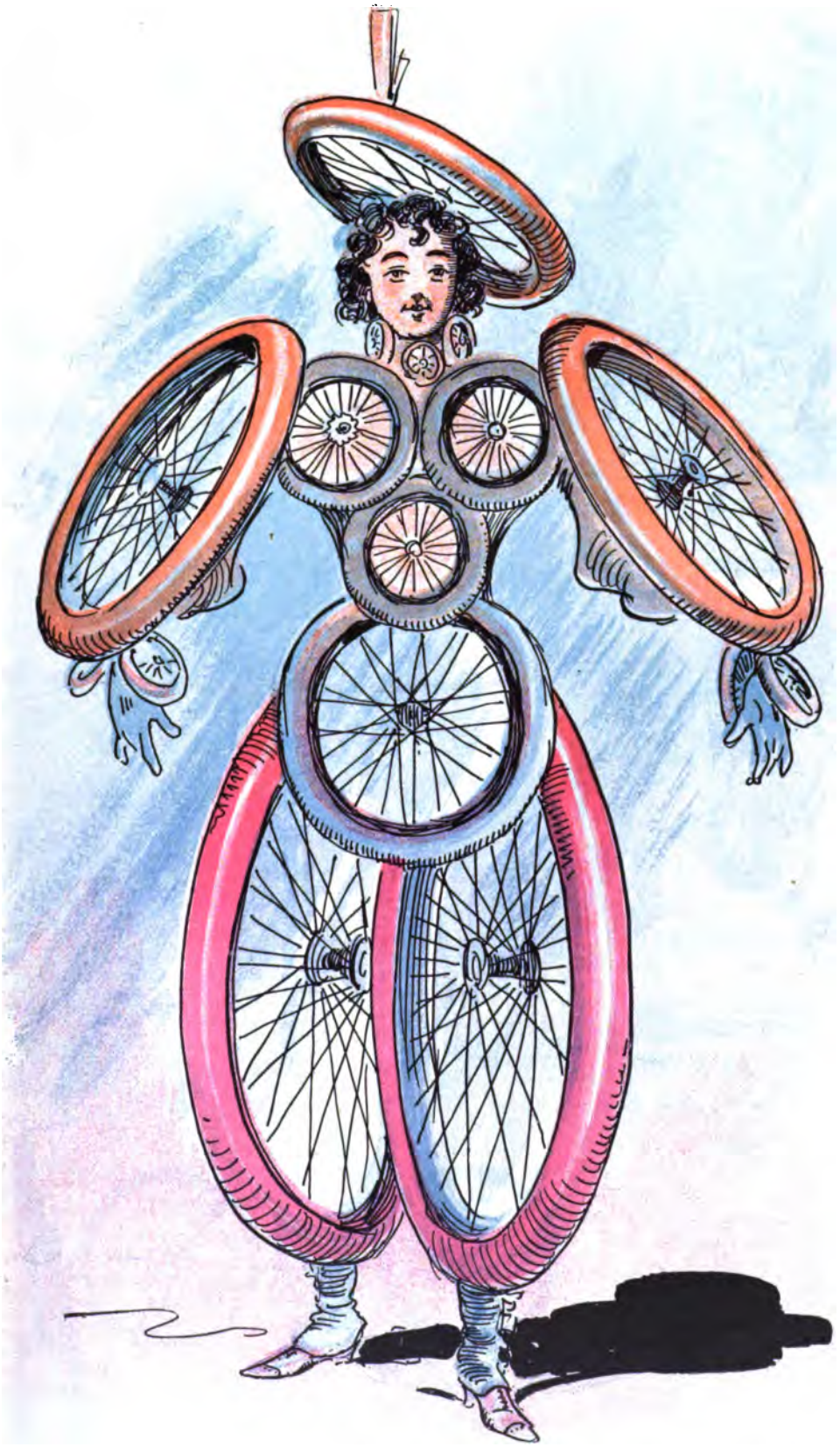
"That's just like a man!" was the woman's angry interruption. "A man can't keep a secret."

CROSSING HIS BOW-WOWS.

N. B.—This is not a nautical note.

TECHNICAL PHRASE MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE COACH—"Two are dead—play for the batter!"
AUNT 'MANDY—"Come on, Abner; I sha'n't stay heer another minnit. Thought you said this game wa'n't rough?"



JUDGE'S FASHION DESIGN.
The wheel-costume for female bicyclist.

SHE WARNED THE WRONG ONE.

1. MRS. MULLONEY—"You, Pat; if yez don't shut thot dure Oi'll make it hot fur yez!"

2. But it was Pat, senior, she made it hot for.

FAST ACCOMMODATION; OR, A LO' HIGHWAYMAN.

1. HIGHWAYMAN—"Yer time, an' be quick! See?"

2. BIMMERMAN—"Two-ten! Flying start! Bye-bye!"

TIME, 1900.

"What is the matter, darling?" asked mama of six-year-old Josephine, who was sobbing dismally. "I w-w-want to p-put on long pants," replied Josephine.

THE GOAT.

In monkeying with the old tin can
A foolish thing thou didst;
It makes thee sick to find, poor Nan,
The cracker in thy midst.

NO RIVAL NEAR THE THRONE.

Brown—"Why did your mother take the parrot out of the sitting-room?"

Little Johnnie—"The sewing-circle met here this afternoon."

ENEMIES NOW.

ETHEL—"Did you buy that second-hand bicycle of a friend?"
GEORGE—"Well, I always considered him a friend till he sold me the 'bike.'"

A SUBMARINE BATTLE.

1. MR. WHIMMLEY — "Now for some real, solid refreshment."

2. BILEY THE DIVER — (*His helmet being closed, it is impossible to know what he is saying.*)

3. MR. WHIMMLEY — "M-bl-bl-b-b-murder."

4. MR. WHIMMLEY — "If I haven't (*gasp*) met Satan himself I'm no (*gasp*) judge!"

5. BILEY — "You come snoopin' 'round here any more an' I'll drownd yer!"

THEN AND NOW.

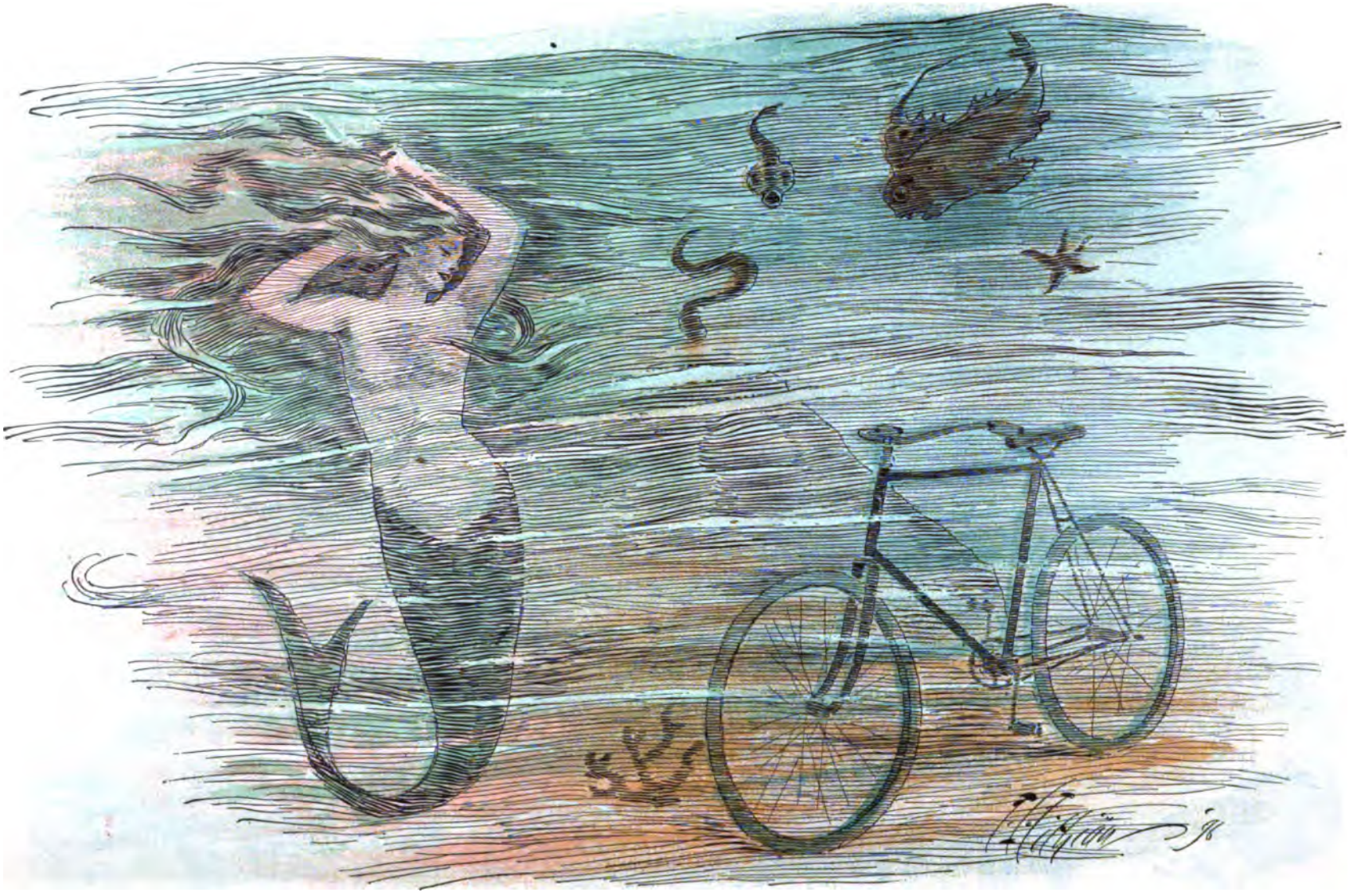
1.

NEPHEW — "I don't suppose you mind hearing a cannon go off, do you, uncle?"

VETERAN — "I should say not. Why, I've been where I've heard hundreds at a time, but——

2.

—— I wasn't so near to them as that, my son!"



OF NO USE TO HER.

MERMAID—"Mercy! I wonder what that thing is for?"

THE BASE-BALL CRANK.

1. New Yorks at the bat.

2. "Good safe hit, Murphy!"

3 Three men on bases—no outs

4. New Yorks make a run

5 Two out.

PERFECT BLISS.

DEAR summer maiden, I would say
The nicest way to woo,
This season, is to swing all day
In a hammock built for two.

AN AFFIDAVIT UNNECESSARY.

Captain Truthful—"The fleet of sixteen boats with their sails flying and their topsails set came sweeping along the coast. Then suddenly in the heavens appeared a great black cloud and in a jiffy it was down on us. And what do you think it was?"

"You said it was a cloud, captain."

Captain Truthful—"And so it was, gentlemen, so it was; it was a cloud of mosquitoes. And they swooped on us so sudden and left so soon that we hardly knowed what had happened until we looked aloft and saw that every blamed bit of sail was gone. We were stripped clean by the things."

"But, captain, what did they do with the sails?"

Captain Truthful—"I thought somebody would ask me that—thought maybe you'd think I was a liar, and nobody hates a liar worse than I do. Gentlemen, we never heard of our sails for two weeks, when we happened to go down in New Jersey and see every durned mosquito wearing a new suit of canvas clothes."

NINETY-NINE and one-half times out of one hundred, great criminals are great fools.

6. Three out. Score—Baltimore 15. New Yorks 1.

A MISCALCULATION.

1.

MR. FATMAN—"This is an idea of my own. This inflated gas-cylinder has a lifting capacity of two hundred pounds. I weigh two hundred and five; net weight, five pounds in the shade. Catch the idea?"

2.

But at the end of ten miles Mr. Fatman had lost ten pounds in perspiration and had to be assisted to terra-firma.

SUMMER LOVE.

Marjorie—"That young man staying at the other cottage seems awfully nice."

Madge—"But he's so slow. You would hardly believe it, but he has been out with me twice and we're not engaged yet."

SILENCE doesn't give a cent.

The Prudential

SHOWS 20 YEARS OF SOLID PROGRESS

Assets.

1876 . . . . . .$	2,232.30
1880	168,153.77
1885	1,040,816.39
1890	5,084,895.02
1895	15,780,154.31

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To the end of

1876 . . . . . .$	1,957.50
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1890	6,961,452.82
1895	21,664,834.15

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OF AMERICA.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office— NEWARK, N. J.

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SEND five 2-cent stamps for a copy of Water-Color Hanger, mailed free, or three 2-cent stamps for a beautiful Enameled Souvenir Pin.

CROWN CYCLE COMPANY,

Buy no other until you have seen it or write us.

LAPORTE, INDIANA, U. S. A.

A PIG IN A POKE.

You get a pig, of course—you feel him, hear him squeal: but—

Lots of bicycles in the market: buy one? You get a bicycle, of course. You can see the frame—it has rubber tires; but—

Don't have any "but" in your buying;

Get a New-------

'96 PEERLESS

which took the Highest Award at the **Atlanta Exposition.**

It combines more points of superiority than any other machine on the market to-day.
Flush Joints from stem to stern.
Flush Cranks, dispensing with the unsatisfactory cotter pins.
Tubular construction throughout, including hubs and crank bracket.
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Peerless Tubular Fork Crown—the finest thing yet produced.
Perfect fittings and appointments, and magnificent finish.

At $85
The TRIUMPH
is unequaled.

The Peerless Manufacturing Co.,

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Makers of PEERLESS and TRIUMPH Bicycles.

Send 2-cent stamp for our new booklet, "THE STORY OF THE BICYCLE."

THE NEW WOMAN AT THE BARGAIN SALE.

MR. VON BROKER—"Ella, for heaven's sake, what is the meaning of all this tomfoolery? Why under the sun are you rigged up in that manner?"

MRS. VON BROKER—"The meaning is, my dear John, that I have been down to Cohen's great bargain-sale this morning, and you can bet your sweet life I had the pick of the counters too."

FAT ● FOLKS ●

using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

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ALL MAKES AND MODELS, must be closed out. *350 New High-Grade* 1895 models, *$32.50* each. *Stock of bankrupt house.* Send at once for descriptive bargain list.

D. P. Mead & Prentiss, Chicago.

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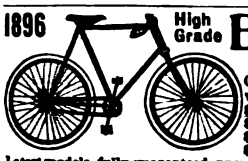
Great English Remedy for

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.

Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.



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$100 'Inkwood' for $37.50
$85 'Arlington' " $45.00
$65 " " $27.50
$20 Bicycle " $10.75

Latest models, fully guaranteed; pneumatic tires; weight 17½ to 30 lbs.; all styles and prices. Large illustrated catalogue free.

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AT WORK ONCE MORE.

Strawber—"You know Spicer, who has been out of a job so long. I hear he has something at last"

Singerly—"What is he doing?"

Strawber—"Running an employment agency"

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FORTUNES IN STOCKS—$100 from every $5 invested—"straight tip"—no loss, results certain. Monthly payments $1 to $100 to suit your convenience. Highest References. Send 4c. stamp for Book.

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For Sale by all Leading WINE DEALERS and GROCERS.

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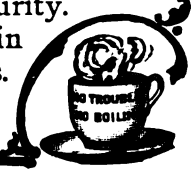
How long is a Jiffy?

A little longer than it takes to define it, but just long enough to prepare

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

(Requires *no boiling*.) Mix with boiling water or milk, stir well and it's ready to serve. Finest flavor, perfect quality and purity. Sold everywhere in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, PHILADELPHIA.



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LOCATED.

MRS. MULROONEY'S two hopefuls returning after a day's absence.

Mrs. Mulrooney—"Mikie, fwhere bin you?"

Mikie—"I was nowhere, ma."

Mrs. Mulrooney—"And fwhere was you, Jamesey?"

Jamesey—"I was along wid um."

IN DOUBT.

Fred (to grandpa, who has just been out for a walk)—"How's the weather, grandpa?"

Grandpa—How should I know? I hain't seen the paper yet."

MY HUSBAND Cant see how you do it.

$60 Kenwood Machine for - $23.00
$50 Arlington Machine for - $19.50
Standard Singers - $8.00, $11.00 $15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 20 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., B 38 Chicago, Ill.

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CURES Weak & Diseased EYES.

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Milwaukee Beer Is Famous

PABST MILWAUKEE

Pabst Has Made It So.

Been Sick? Get well by using PABST MALT EXTRACT

The "Best" Tonic

Who has not seen the sorry picture of what was once a bright, happy little Canary, full of song, now drooping wearily in his cage? Feed him and watch for the glad transformation that will surely take place. A cure for every disease of Birds. 15 cents per cake at druggists, book free. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Philad'a, Pa.

BIRD MANNA

Birds Love it.

WHAT SHE WAS.

Hacket (furiously)—"Do you know, I've married a young woman through a matrimonial agency which claimed her to be a countess, whereas I find she is only a cook!"

Sacket (interestedly)—"A cook! You lucky dog!"

Millions of Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

RESULT OF THE "WORD METHOD."

Mrs. Ward (on Friday)—"Dear me, Richie! it's dreadful for you to be so behindhand with your spelling. Now see if you can spell 'yesterday'?"

Richie (with one eye on the calendar)—"T-h-u-r-s yester, d-a-y day, yesterday."

Spring

All Nature Awakens To A New Life — One Begins To Think Of A New Wheel.

Sterling Bicycles

"BUILT LIKE A WATCH"

Fulfill All Expectations

SEND FOR ART CATALOGUE

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Taste It!

Its aroma tempts you
Its flavor wins you
Its wholesomeness makes
doubly sure its welcome.
Unlike any other.

Whitman's INSTANTANEOUS Chocolate

Boiling water makes it.
Sold by all dealers in 1 pound and ½ pound tins.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Philadelphia.

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THE ACTOR'S TERRIBLE REVENGE.

Clad in her new bathing-suit, the leading lady stood upon the beach. The heavy villain approached stealthily. "Ha-ha!" he hissed between his clinched teeth; "I have thee in me power at last." Seizing her with his sinewy fingers, he hurled her with a fiendish laugh and all his strength far out into the watery main. The leading lady sank to her shoulders in the wet. The heavy villain's revenge was assured. The leading lady's new bathing-dress was irretrievably ruined. (*Curtain.*)

THE BEACH GIRL'S MISFORTUNE.

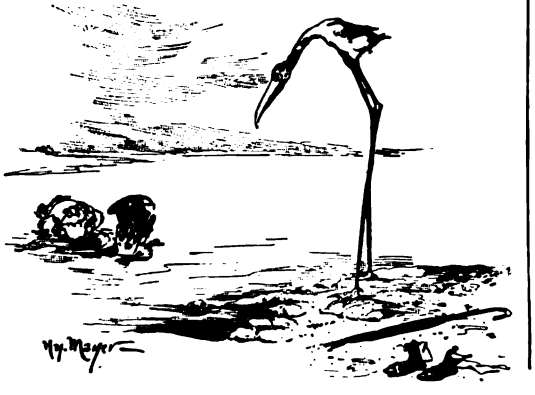
She is the prettiest girl at the beach, but alas! the only man there is her own brother

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

1.
"Confound it, there goes my hat!——

2.
——It can't be very deep, since it doesn't cover that bird's legs."

3.
!——!!——!!!



4.
"Well, by gum, who'd have thought it!"

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

MR YOUNGHUSBAND—"Be brave, darling. I fear the ship is going down with all on board."

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND—"Oh, my dear husband! must I then lose you so soon forever?"

A TIMELY RESOLUTION.

Whereas, we have observed the present tendency of women to assume the dress, habits and prerogatives of men, be it hereby

Resolved, that women shall hereafter be required, by the polite laws of general society, to remove the hat at public assemblies, to raise it in salutation, and to otherwise conduct themselves in accordance with the dignity and breeding of gentlemen.

EQUAL RIGHTS CLUB, Freegonia, U. S. A.

AS HE SAW IT.

Dorcas—"My dear, you remind me of the new patent folding-bed you bought."

Mrs. Dorcas—"How so, love?"

Dorcas—"Because you are so hard to shut up."

NO SPORT LIKE FISHING.

JONES—"I tell you, Brown, there's no sport like fishing.

BROWN—"You bet. I'll just raise you five.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

DEACON TEMPERANCE—"Isn't this a delightful breeze?"

IT WON'T BE SEEN.

ETHEL—"Just look, Maud, how long that horrid dressmaker has cut my bathing-dress!"

MAUD—"Don't worry, Ethel. There are no men here, any way."

THE GODDESS OF REFORM.

"Don't tell me that you're at the office every night till twelve o'clock," sobbed the young wife hysterically.

"But, my dear"——said the young husband, racking his so-called brain and wishing the inventive lobe thereof were as fertile as Edison's.

"Don't but me, sir!" she interrupted.

"But really"——

"Don't really me!"

"But will you"——

"No, I won't!"

"Then won't you"——

"No!"

"My dear, wouldn't you"——

"No, I wouldn't!"

——"like to do a little shopping tomorrow with this fifty dollars?"

The sobs ceased, silence succeeded, and the star-eyed goddess of reform was herself again.

LOTS OF IT.

"Have you read Dumley's new book?"

"Yes; he calls it 'On the Lawn.'"

"What kind of a plot has it?"

"Grass."

THEIR RIVAL CLAIMS.

Trivvet—"I suppose that Gladstone is the best friend Ireland ever had."

Dicer—"I don't think he can compare with Columbus as a benefactor to Ireland."

Trivvet—"What did Columbus ever do for Ireland?"

Dicer—"How would Irishmen have ever got on American police forces if Columbus had never discovered the country?"

STRUCK BY A WAVE.

THE WAY TO MAKE ROOM.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON—"Will de gen'lemuns kindly let dar feet hang out ober de sides ob de boat an' make room fer de ladies?"

Birdie was a great show in his new swimming-suit.

THAT NEW BATHING-SUIT.

But when in the water—lo, the tortures of a shrinkage!

Shrunk.

A ROMANCE OF FLORIDA.

1.

CHOLLIE DRYGOODS—" Ha ! the rich yacht-owner's daughter has fallen overboard.——

3.

——Chollie, old boy, your future is assured—love, partnership with old man—oh, my !"

2.

——To the rescue !——

4.

RICH YACHT-OWNER—" Noble young man——

A SURE THING.

Though a woman may be fickle
And uncertain at her best,
There is one unfailing instance
When her firmness stands all test.

For in matters of importance,
Be the issue weal or woe,
You can wager all your money
She will say, " I told you so."

SOME people expect double returns for the good they do, just as a man puts a nickel into the contribution box and whips out a dime.

QUITE DIFFERENT.

HARRY—" Is she a friend of yours ?"
CLARA—" Oh, no ! we've known each other for years."

5.

——my cook will be eternally grateful to you for saving her life."

A GOOD DEFINITION.

" Papa," said Benny Bloobumper, " what does the word sophistry mean ?"

" Sophistry, Benny," replied Mr. Bloobumper, " is the other fellow's argument."

A MIDSUMMER LOVER.

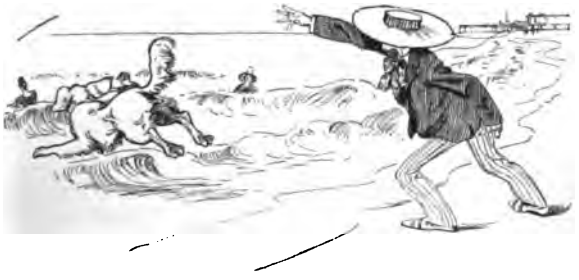
I used to pine for ardent eyes
To pour sweet fire into my own ;
I used to yearn for burning sighs
To echo back my fervid tone ;

But, though I may seem like a brute,
I must confess to altered views—
Give me the girl who chills my suit ;
She is, just now, the girl I'd choose.

IMMERSION is a popular summer doctrine of heated humanity.

THE INTELLIGENT DOG.

1.



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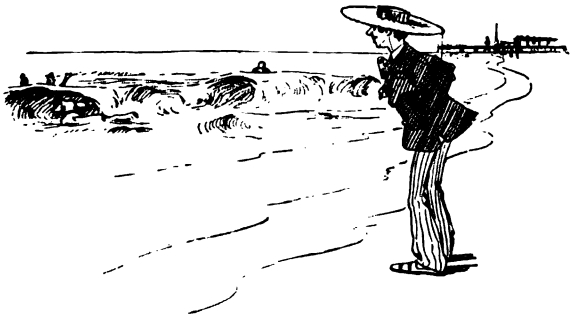

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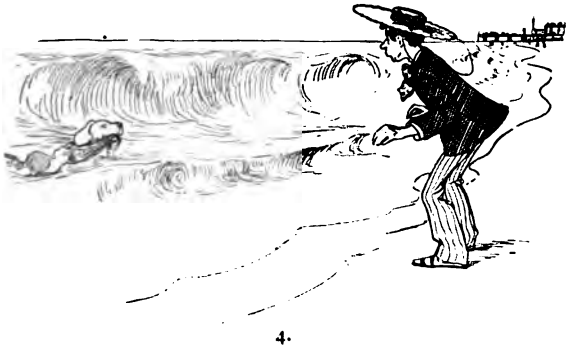


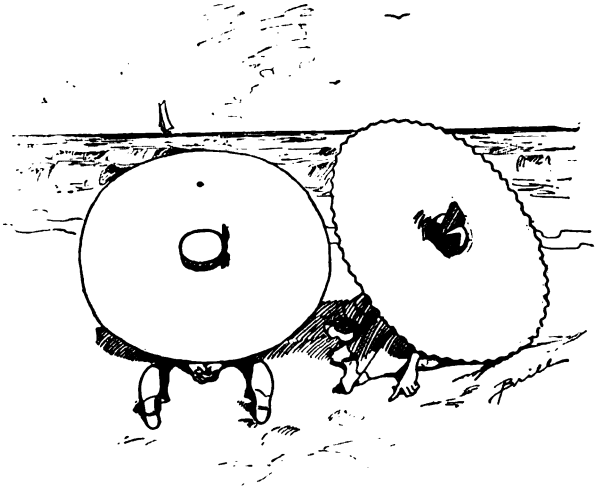
4.

5.

A TALE OF THE BEACH.

1.

2.



THOSE LARGE STRAW HATS.

Picture of Freddie and his girl sitting upon the beach, taken from the seventh story of our hotel.

NOT SUCH A FOOL.

1.

MR. BERNSTEIN — "Mine crashus! dere goes my new fife-tollar hat into der vater!——

MUST GET HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

JACOB (*chattering*)—' Fader, I'm so coldt I guess I vas go oudt."

FATHER—"Go oudt? Mine crashus! vas you grazy? I vas pay me one halluf-tollar fur your suid und you hafen't peen in der vater two hours."

2.

——Dat fool dinks I vas goin' ter reward him!"

1

3.

!—— !!—— !!!

2.

SUGGESTION TO THE BASHFUL LADY FOR SEASIDE BATHING.

JUDGE'S AQUA-CYCLE.

Do not be surprised, when on a visit to the seashore this summer, to find this to be the correct thing.

GREAT SIR-PRIZE.

THE NEW DESIGNATION.

"Where are you from?"

"I'm from the Nutmeg state."

"I see—from the grater Connecticut."

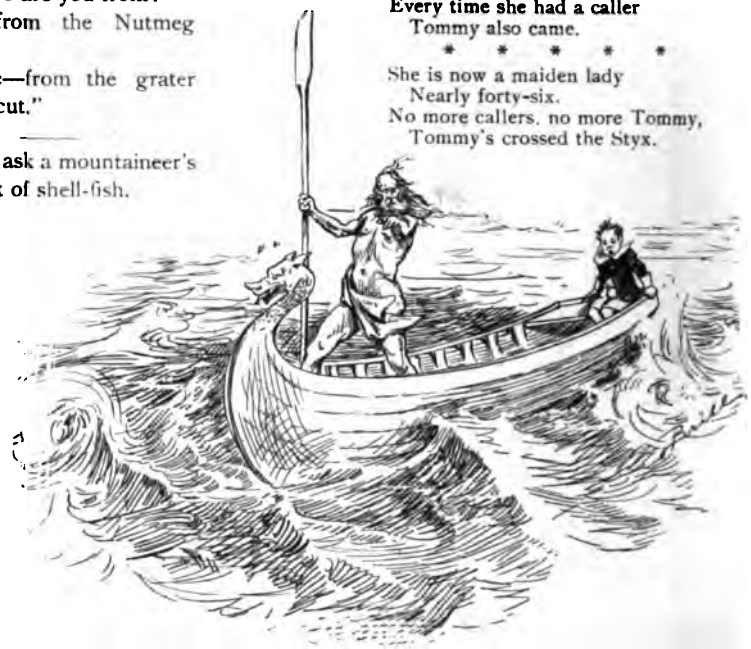
DON'T ask a mountaineer's judgment of shell-fish.

A LITTLE DEMON.

Mary had a little brother,
Tommy was his name;
Every time she had a caller
Tommy also came.

* * * * *

She is now a maiden lady
Nearly forty-six.
No more callers, no more Tommy,
Tommy's crossed the Styx.



AS USUAL.

St. Peter—"Are they all here?"

Gabriel—"All but New York and Philadelphia."

St. Peter—"What's the matter with them?"

Gabriel—"I couldn't wake Philadelphia, and New York had to get her harp out of pawn."

A PARADOX.

I must confess it puzzled me,
Whate'er their calling or "profesh,"
Why people get so very fresh
When down beside the salt, salt sea.

INQUISITIVE.

BRER RABBIT—"Hello, old Leather! Keep open Saturday afternoons?"

BRER 'GATOR (*opening*)—"No; but it's no trouble to show goods to a friend."

1. JONES—"It's such a nice day, believe I'll run out and see Suburbs, as he has asked me to do so often.——

2. ——Whew! didn't expect such a shower as this ——

3. ——Confound that stepping-stone.——

4. ——What a lot of burrs!——

THE VIRGINIA-REEL AS DANCED AT LONG BRANCH.

A BUSINESS YOUNG MAN.

Young Drestbeef (of Chicago)—"Will you marry me, Miss Fosdick?"

Miss Fosdick—"Really, Mr. Drestbeef, this is so sudden. You must give me time to consider."

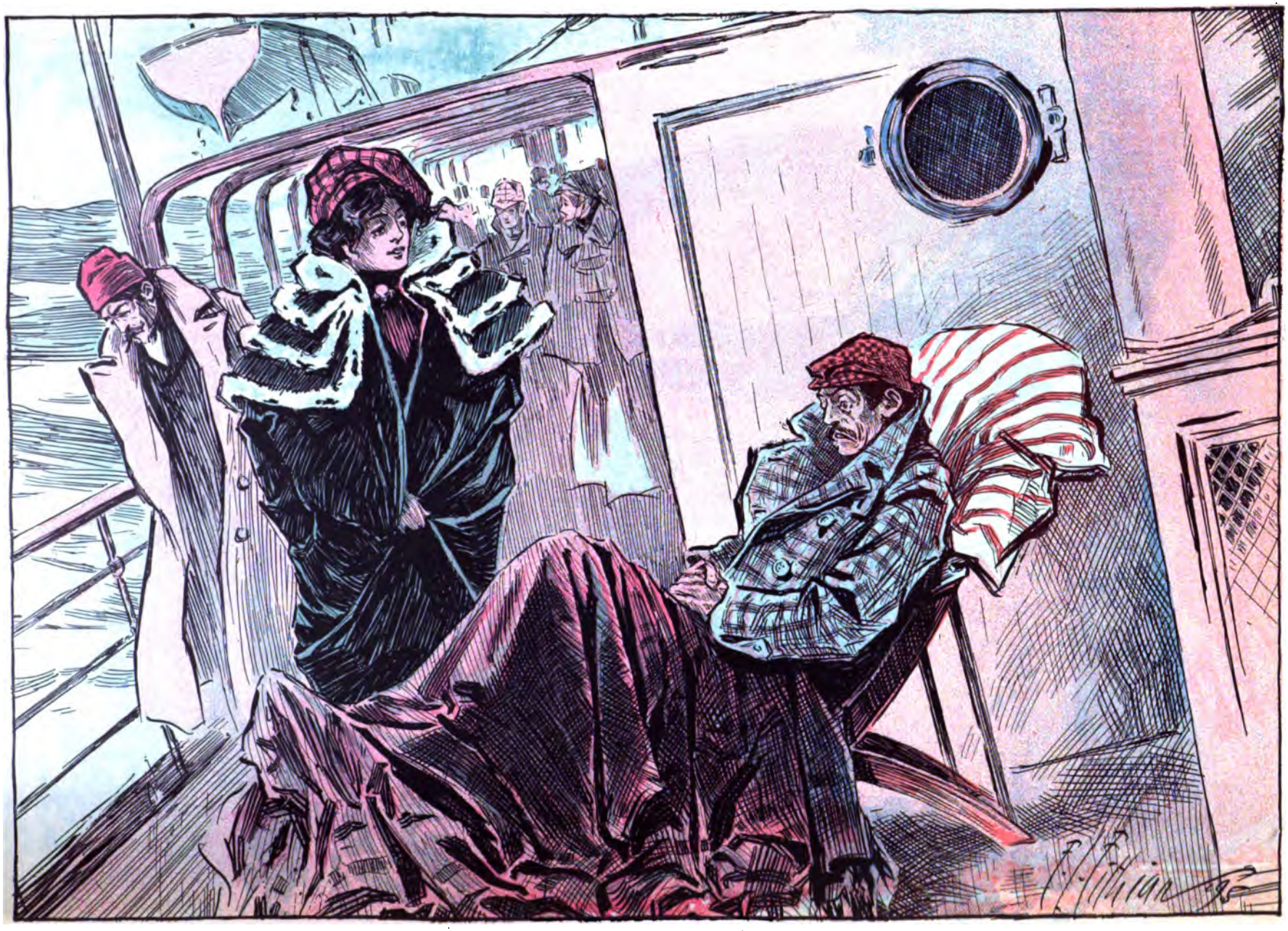
Young Drestbeef—"Very well. I'll let you have an option on me for one week."

A WATCH-DOG.

Bobby (observing his first pug dog)—"Mamma, see that little dog's tail! He's some little watch-dog that somebody has just wound up."

5. ——Great Scott! he thinks I'm a tramp."

6 SUBURBS (*next day*)—"Well, when are you coming out to see me?"



DECLINED WITH THANKS.

BRIDE (*exasperatingly well*)—"I'm so sorry, my love. Couldn't I bring something up for you?"
BRIDEGROOM—"No, thank you; I can attend to all that myself."

HIS FEE.

MIKE DALY (*after the wedding*)—"Now, parson, you done this thing up o. k. an' I want to treat you white. Here is ten chances on a boss faro-layout raffle down to Brodie's, on de Bow'ry. De raffle 's next T'ursday."

IN TRAINING.

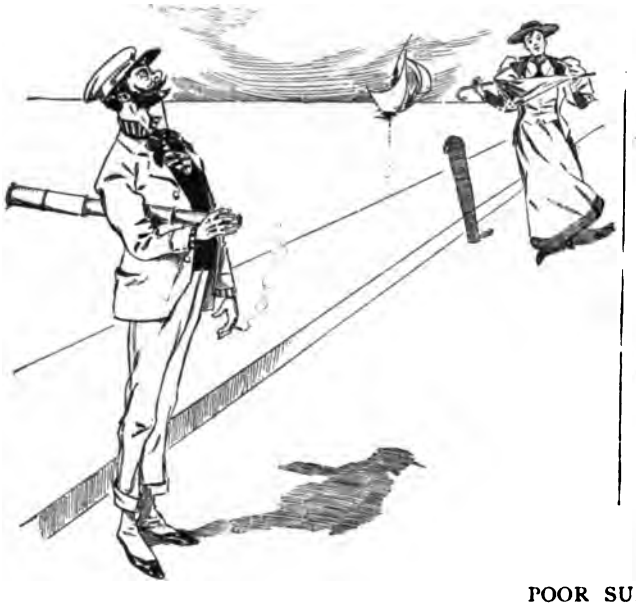
THE COACH—"Now, then, stroke, spit on yer han's an' put some backbone inter yer work. This ain't no ladies' tea-party. See?"

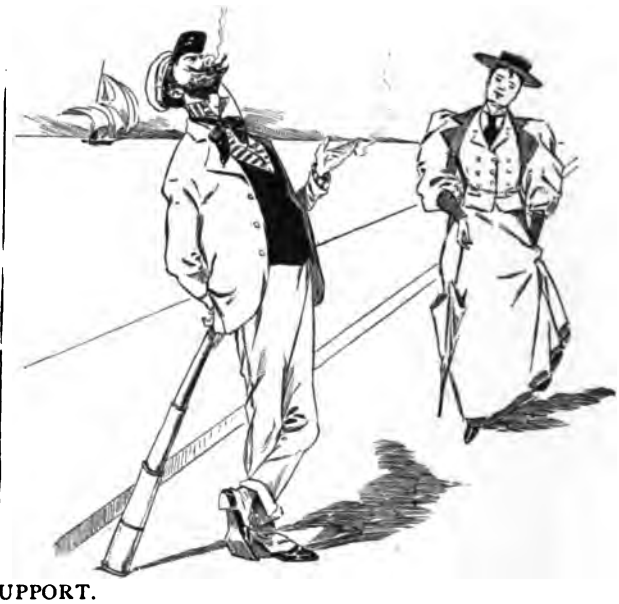
THE SUMMER GIRL.

THOUGH the poor old man in the moon may be,
Nothing more than a burnt-out ember,
She worships him now on bended knee,
For well she has learned to remember
He may be the only man she will see
From now until next September.

JUDGMENT.

Love isn't a fool—it only acts that way.





POOR SUPPORT.

1. "Ah, here comes that beautiful Miss Rockaway.——

2. ——In my new yachting outfit I will strike a position and impress her."

3. He struck.

GOING TOO FAR.

"And so you are married?" said Mrs. Keedick to her niece from the west.

"Yes, auntie."

"Joined for life, eh?"

"Oh, it's hardly that bad. I'm a Chicago girl, you know."

TWO PICTURES.

THE LOVERS.

Here at the garden gate they stood,
The stars looked calmly down and saw them plighted ·
Here, each to each, they made their tender vows
And by a single chord their lives united.

THE CATTLE-THIEF.

There, in the prairie's deep'ning gloom,
The stars beheld him cowering and faint-hearted;
Above him swung the lynchers' fatal noose,
And by a single cord their lives were parted.

STRAY BREEZES.

A thornless rose makes no deep impression.

The modern martyr seeks to break himself on the "wheel."

HOW SHE SEEMED TO GROW.

1. Chappie takes Miss Fatima for a row

2 Five minutes afterward.

3. Ten minutes afterward.

4. Twenty minutes afterward.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

For months upon her bathing-dress,
To please the men, she'll plan;
Then go unto some wilderness
Where there is not a man.

A NEW MARK TAPLEY.

The renowned Mr. Scenechewer of Leggits company of egg-dodgers writes from Pittsburg to a friend on the Rialto,

"This town is not at all a bad place to be stranded in. When we get hungry we chew the air a while, swallow the juice and spit out the rest."

THE fisherman may be justified in telling a story with a string to it.

CONVENIENT.

1. MR. WRAGGLES—"Phwew! but this sun is hot. I wish I had an umbrella.——

2. ——It'll hev ter be hotter 'n dis afore you git left, hey, Wraggles?"

TRAPPED.

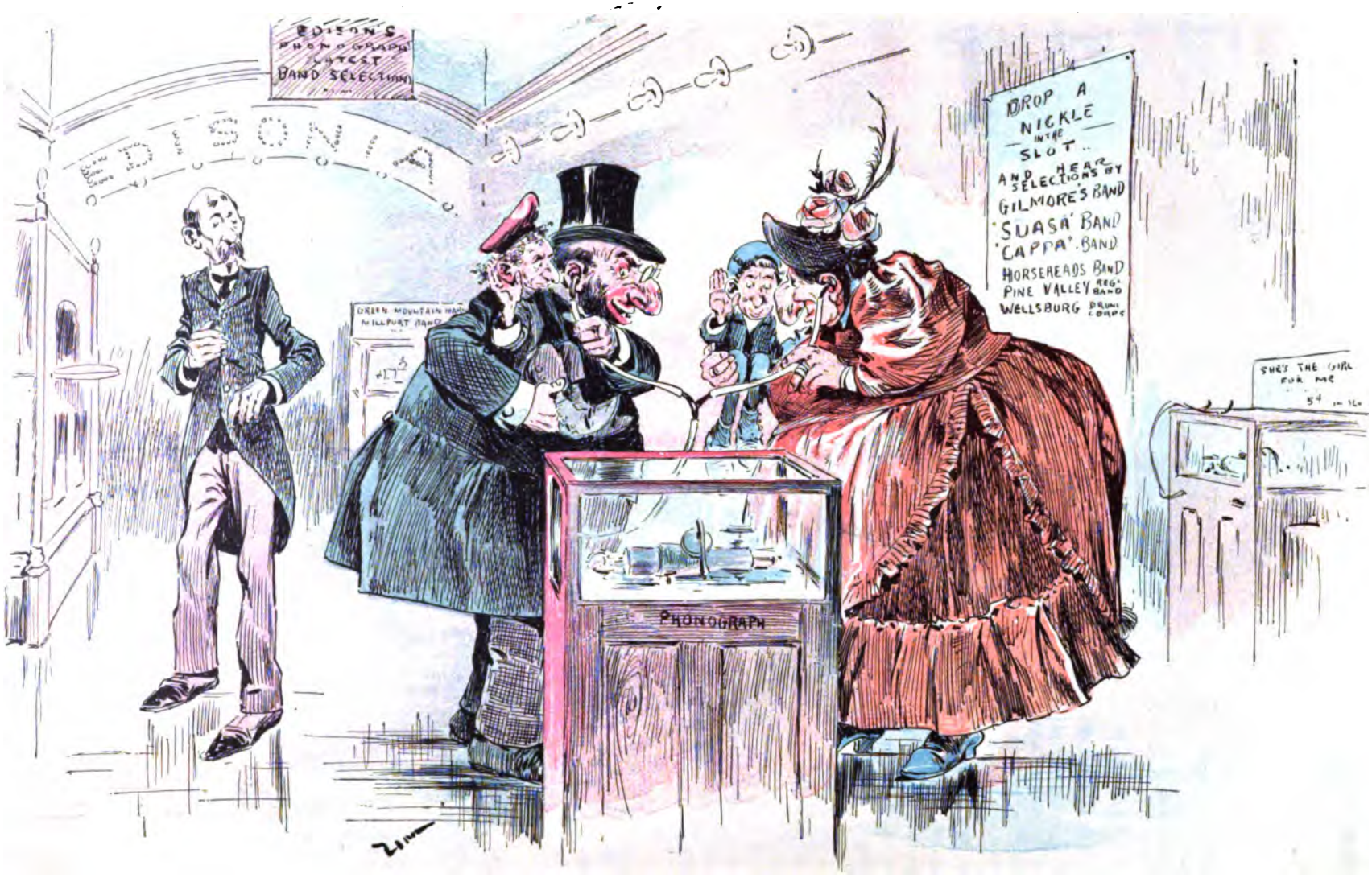
THE GIRLS—"Oh, what a lovely place for a picnic! We will eat our lunch here and then read the rest of that lovely novel, 'Slop-silly-slop'"

P. S.—This is a mountain stream with a temperature of three degrees above zero, as Smith behind the bushes knows."

HIS YEAR'S PLEASURES.

"How does Dumley spend his time since he fell into that legacy?"

"Well, he summers at the seaside, he winters in New York, he springs at White Sulphur and he falls at Niagara."



A THOROUGH-BRED ECONOMIST.

COHEN (*who has reluctantly dropped in a nickel*)—"Ain'd dot Gilmore's bandt lofely, R-rebecca?"
THE ATTENDANT—"Sufferin' camels!. ef he ain't even rung in ther twins."

MUST HAVE THE NOISE.

LANDLORD (*of the Moodus manor*)—" Louder, thar, Lycurgus."

LYCURGUS (*between toots*)— " Is thet th' feller thet works nights an' rooms on Broadway, pop, thet yer gittin' ter sleep ?"

LANDLORD—" Ya-as ; an' darned ef he ain't harder ter git ter sleep than th' hull caboodle of aour other York guests." (*Resumes the pandemonium.*)

HOW YOUNG JONES BECAME ENGAGED.

1. He was meditating some excuse for addressing the beautiful Miss Goldie when he caught sight of her terrier——

2. ——and instantly formed a plan, which he put into immediate effect by kicking the dog into the water.

3. Miss Goldie turned round to see where the dog was and, seeing it in the water, commenced to scream.

4. To throw off his coat and plunge into three feet of water was the work of a second for young Jones.

5. He was amply rewarded by the smile with which Miss Goldie greeted him.

6. A week afterward they were engaged.

THE FAT MAN, THE HAMMOCK, AND THE SLIM TREES.

AT CONEY ISLAND.

MR. ISAACSTEIN—"How do id seem to take a bat', Shakey?"
JAKEY—"Shust der same as lasd year, fadder."

A LIGHTNING CHANGE.

1.

HE—"Oh, those sparkling black eyes flirting with me! I——

2.

—guess not!"

A CONSISTENT WOMAN.

"There's a woman who does not practice what she preaches."

"How is that?"

"Well, she never preaches."

STRAY BREEZES.

The Trilby craze has undergone a timely amputation.

It's an ultra good conscience that hasn't an elastic spot in it somewhere.

SHE WAS PARTICULAR.

"Let us go to the beach and bathe," said Mrs. Wiffells to Mrs. Taddells.

"Thank you, but I prefer not. I think it is unsanitary under present conditions. When individual oceans are provided for bathers I will go in."

THE GIRL ON THE SANDS.

When you look at the maiden who likes to pose,
And eye her from foot to head,
You feel she has only to put on more clothes
To make herself ready for bed.

MODERN architects should design a cheap cottage whose windows would not admit of Cupid's proverbial flight.

A LARGE SCHOONER RUNNING INTO A DERELICT.

TO DECIDE THE BET.

FARMER HAYRICK—" 'Scuse me, mister, but ther boys er bettin' thet yew be one o' them idiots they call dudes Be ye?"

SUMMER-GARDEN.

1.

"Look, Hinamen! dere vos an unoggupied table. Let us take it pefore some vone else geds it.——

2

——Make haste! Quvik!"

3.

!—— !!—— !!!

4.

"Hi, vaiter! Zwei bier!"

THE AWAKENING.

BOB CLERKER (*who, with his friend, has failed of recognition*)—"I thought we knew Miss van de Rocks.'

TOM ADDEM—"So did I. We must have dreamed about our vacations."

BEAN AND BRAIN.

It is difficult for us to believe in the intellectual supremacy of Boston. The following, however, appears under a licensed victualer's sign in one of the back streets:

"Table doat and ale cart.
Regular dinner 25 ct.
Beans with 15 ct.
Beans without 10 ct.
Brains fried 10 ct.
" in batter 15 ct."

It would seem that either beans are too dear or brains too cheap. What sweet possibilities, too, are suggested by that mysterious "Beans with." But as for brains in batter, we have plenty of that in New York.

WAITS UNTIL IT BLOWS OVER.

First Kansas settler—"What d' ye do, Bill, when yer wife begins to blow yer?"

Second Kansas settler—"Oh, just go over to the cyclone-cellar fer an hour er two."

A WISE hunter takes the first shot.

IT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

1.

THE FAT MAN—"Don't get mad, Sam. It's only a harmless joke of the boys."

2.

THE FAT MAN—!——!!——!!!

GOTTFRIED WEICHSELBAUM'S PHILOSOPHY.

Vhen dem fishermans
coom in to tell
Apoud dheir luck
undt show dheir
shtring
Der pest ohf dem
ain'd done so
vell
Bud dot dem tell
der same oldt
ding—
"Der piggest trout,"
dem alvays say,
"Vas preak der line
undt got avay."

Dot's nature. Likevise all mankindt,
Uf dhem shouldt liff fife hoondert years
Undt alvays schooped undt left pehindt,
Dot shtatement all dheir failure cheers.
Dot's consolations yoost to say
"My piggest shances got avay."

SOME FADS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES

Yellow shoes—Black paint.

Golf—Join a base-ball nine.

A superfluity of thirst—Acquire chronic laryngismus.

Theosophy— Live in a town where there is no library.

Paresis—Die at once; it's only a question of time, anyhow.

Cornet or flute—Move to Oklahoma or the desert of Sahara.

Poetry—Drown yourself; the attack, once on, is unconquerable.

Bloomers—A good strong wind and plenty of friends and acquaintances to look on.

New woman—If single, a husband (if you can get her one); if married there is no help for her.

The itch of authorship—Cultivate a taste for terrapin and goose-liver pie; then you'll have to adopt some other means of livelihood to satisfy your cultivated tastes.

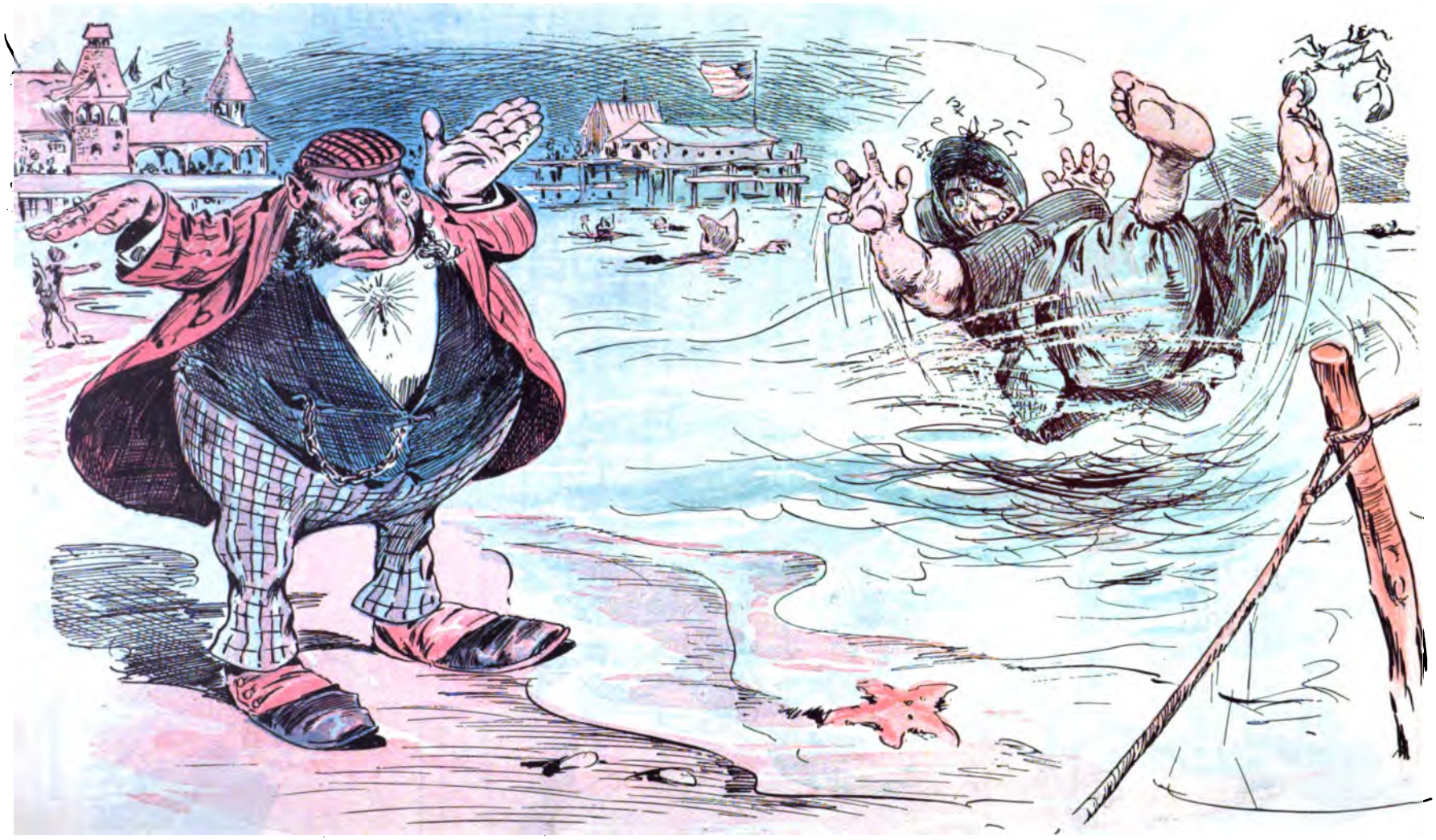
IN CHICAGO.

The fiancée—"Dear Charles, I have a confession to make to you. My husband is living."

The fiancé—"Which?"

"Nose enough." "Nose too much." "Nose everything."

EVERY-DAY EXPRESSIONS.



BY THE SEA.

MRS. ISAACSTEIN (*at Coney island*)—" Jacop ! Jacop ! dake dot crab ohf my foot kervick !"
MR. ISAACSTEIN —" Nod fer de vorld, Rachel ! Keeb him on till I call vitnesses unt ve has a clear case ohf damages !"

A LUCKY CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

How Weary Wraggs fooled the country constable.

1.

2.

3.

4

5.

6.

A SENSELESS QUESTION.

City youth (to country boy digging worms)—"Going to get some fish for your dinner, sonny?"

Sonny (disgustedly)—"Naw; goin' ter git some worms fer the fishes' dinner."

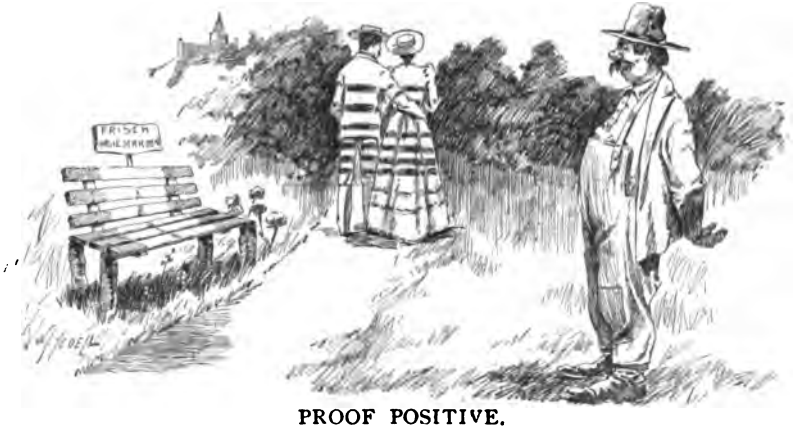
Down by the blue and shining sea
I took my bright-eyed baby-daughter.
She clapped her hands and squealed with glee,
"Oh, see ze great big soda-water!"

A LEADING QUESTION.

He—"How many summers have you passed?"

She (too frankly)—"Twenty-six."

He—"And how many winters?"



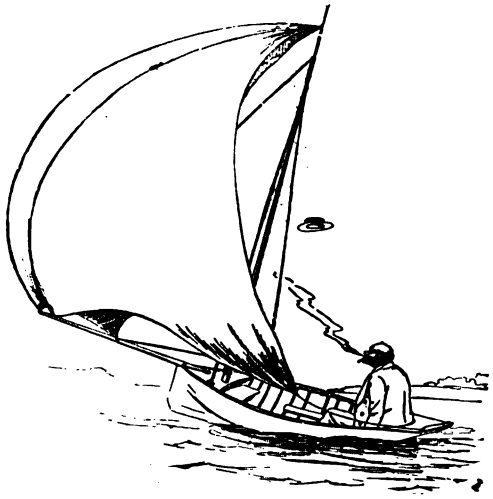
PROOF POSITIVE.

'Vell, I don't think dose new poarders speak de German language, by chimeny!"

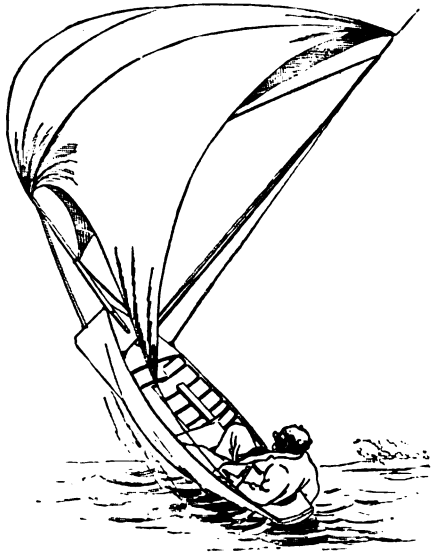
NOTHING WRONG WITH HIS THEORY.

1. "There! I call that a balloon-jib that is a balloon-jib.——

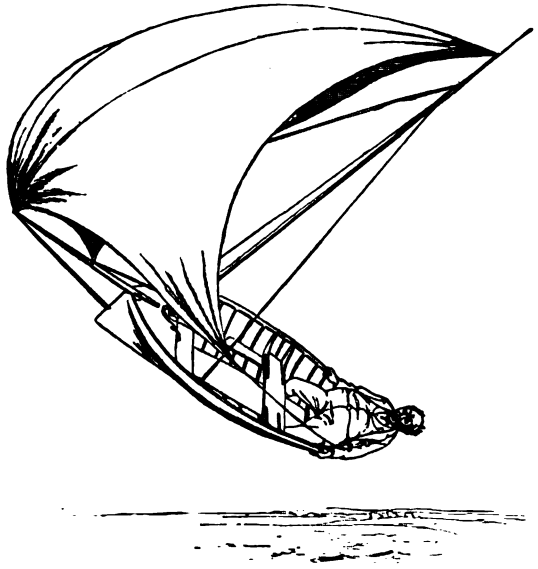
2. ——Look at 'er go!——



3. ——I tell ye!——



4. ——Gee whiz! what ails the thing?——



5. ——Thunder an' fish-hooks!——

6. ——Wa-al, the theory 's correct. A balloon-jib 'll *carry* all right."

SOAP-BUBBLES.

SHE LOVED NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

"If yez love me, Mary Ann Murphy, an' yez are too bashful t' shpake, jist rock th' bhoat a throifle an Oi'll undhershtand all th' same.——

——Begorra! Oi'd niver an oidea yez loved me so much."

HOW THE BLACKVILLE "RING GENERAL" SECURED A ROUND-UP, AVERTED A STAMPEDE, AND SAVED THE BOX-OFFICE RECEIPTS.

MR. JACKSON JINGO (*the referee, commandingly*)—"Sed down, sed down, gemmen! Owin' toe de tameness ob de precedin' scrappin'-bouts I has bin called on by de managemunt toe do sumpin', which I is gwine toe do. (*Half-hearted applause.*) Dis battle is fo' mo' dan blood—a watahmillon! Dey's droolin' now, an' as de losah doan' git no millon (*hoarsely superstitious*) dey'll 'sassinate each udder toe win." (*Wild cheers and scramble for front seats.*)

DRAWBACKS.

HAROLD (*at the picnic*)—"Come, Bertie; let's start up a game of 'kiss-tag.' The one who gets 'it' forfeits a kiss."

BERTIE (*who has played the game*)—"Not much. The pretty girls are too hard to catch, while the homely ones never run their hardest unless *they're* the ones that's doin' the chasin'."

LIFE.

First age—Sees the earth.

Second age—Wants it.

Third age—Tries to get it.

Fourth age—Concludes to take only a large piece of it.

Fifth age—Is still more moderate in his demands.

Sixth age—Decides to be satisfied with a very small section.

Seventh age—Gets it.

TAKEN OFF HIS GUARD.

Mother—Johnny, you've been in swimming."

Johnny—"No, I haven't."

Mother—"Was the water cold?"

Johnny—"You bet it was!"

A STAVING OPPORTUNITY TO (W)HOOP 'EM UP.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

1.

MR. BROADWAY — "Let's climb up that haystack and slide down the other side like we used to do as boys, eh?"

MR. BLEECKER—"Good. I'll go you."

2.

BOTH—"Won't it be jolly fun, though?"

3.

(*But it wasn't, for reasons unnecessary to mention.*)

ESTABLISHED DIVORCE GROUNDS AT BLACKVILLE BEACH.

1.

MRS. STRONG (*jealously*)—"Dat husban' o' marn am carryin' on mahty s'pishus laik wid dat brazen Tilly Snow, an' I'se jes' gwine toe see——

2.

——whad's up!!!"

THE PROPER THING.

"Say, fellers," said Bad-eyed Jake to the rest of the vigilantes, "that tenderfoot who stole the hoss claims to be an artist."

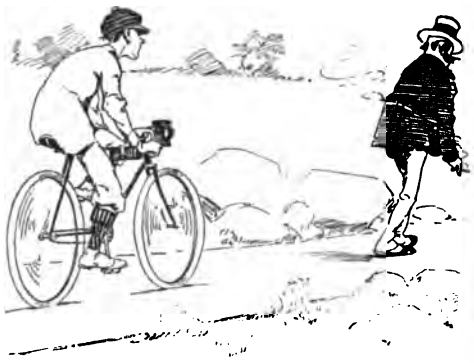
"In that case," replied Arizona Pete as he shifted his wad of tobacco from his left cheek to his right, "it would only be doin' the proper thing to appoint a hangin' committee to attend to his case."

ANSWERED.

Pudges (critically)—"You have on exhibition 'the shirt in which Kid Dickey murdered Lonely Ike'; so does the next museum down the street, and so does a third one, over on Sixth avenue"——

Corker (of the Jewel museum, indignantly)—"Look here, young feller; do you believe a gent as is Kid Dickey wouldn't sport more than one shirt?"

THE DEVILINE WHISTLE.



1.
'I bet Wilkins won't let me pass."

2.
" I'll scare him with this whistle."

3.
" Not a bad way, at all."

MAKING SUCCESS CERTAIN.

Footlytes—" I am going to call my new play 'The Baby.' "

Graffik—" That's a queer name."

Footlytes—" I know; but a baby is always a howling success."

THE beauty of pain is not in the thing itself, but the way it is borne.

IT WORKS PERFECTLY.

Mr. Simmison's scheme for getting his son up in the morning. " Slide, Jimmy, slide !"

UNEXPECTED.

" I had quite a shock to-day," said one emancipated woman to another.

" Tell me about it."

" I gave up my seat in the street-car to a tired-looking young man and he actually thanked me."

AN INSTANCE CITED.

Tillinghast—" 'Can love come after marriage?' is a much-discussed question now."

Gildersleeve—" I know it can. A man of my acquaintance got married, and two months later he fell in love with another woman and eloped with her."

GOT THE BEST OF IT.

MAN BEHIND—I may not be able toe see de view, but I doan' mine a little t'ing laik dat."

Hang it High

Near a Window.

MARSHALL'S

Patent "Reel"

FLY CATCHER

Does away with unsightly fly paper and ACCIDENTS to clothes and person. Promptly fixes the pests, and rapidly clears a room of these carriers of disease and contagion.

35 Cents per Dozen, money with order.

H. WARRICK,

252 Greenwich St., New York.

ENDORSED BY ALL NEAT HOUSEKEEPERS.

FAT ● FOLKS ●

using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

DESERVED REBUKE.

Bostonese mamma (on the common)—"Oh! oo sweetie-eetie-neetie-ittie-bittie baby! Oo is oo mamma's ittie-pittie-eetie."

Indignant baby—"If you desire to make yourself subservient to my comfort you will please address me with due respect while in public, and restrain your effete, nauseating twaddle for the seclusion of the nursery."

A Boon to Cyclists. No More Saggy Tires.

BASCH'S SUCTION

Bicycle Valve Caps.

Prevents

Leakage from the Valve.
Loosening of Metal Valve Cap.
Dirt accumulating between tire and rim.
Keeps the Valve clean. Fits any Valve.
Ask your dealer for them or send 10c. for sample to

D. BASCH,
12 Waverly Place, New York.

Agents Wanted.

SURE ENOUGH.

Mrs. Flatte Houser—"It is the height of folly for that man to stand outside a fifth-story window to clean it."

Mr. Flatte Houser—"It would be the depth if his foot should slip."

THE SEASON.

Crisp—"Going out of town, I suppose?"

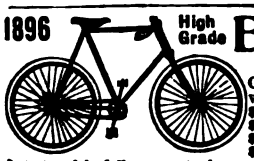
Pulsifer—"Yes—got to. August is cook's month for attending wakes and christenings."

THEIR MAIN OCCUPATION.

Bobby—"Pa, what do the actors do in summer?"

Pa—"Wish it was fall."

1896 High Grade **Bicycles**



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ANOTHER WOMAN.

"Has my wife been in here?" he asked.

"Medium-sized woman in bloomers?" suggested the clerk.

"Yes."

"Very determined air?"

"Yes."

"Well, a woman of that description was in here a little while ago. She seemed to know just what she wanted, and she bought it without bothering the clerks and went right out."

"No; that wasn't Maria."

A FRIENDLY TIP.

Smither—"Know any especially good places to fish, old man?"

Rinktums—"Well, no; but I will give you my experience. I have always caught the most fish where there have been signs conspicuously placed which, strange to say, most broadly proclaimed that there should be no fishing there."

PLACING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Cumso—"George Washington is responsible for the damage to the wheat crop."

Cawker—"I thought it was the Hessian-fly which was doing the damage."

Cumso—"It is; but Washington made the Hessian fly."

YOUR WIFE

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"I see — from the grater Connecticut."

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OF COURSE NOT.

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Gripsack—"It don'd be. By friends all advise rub and bolasses."

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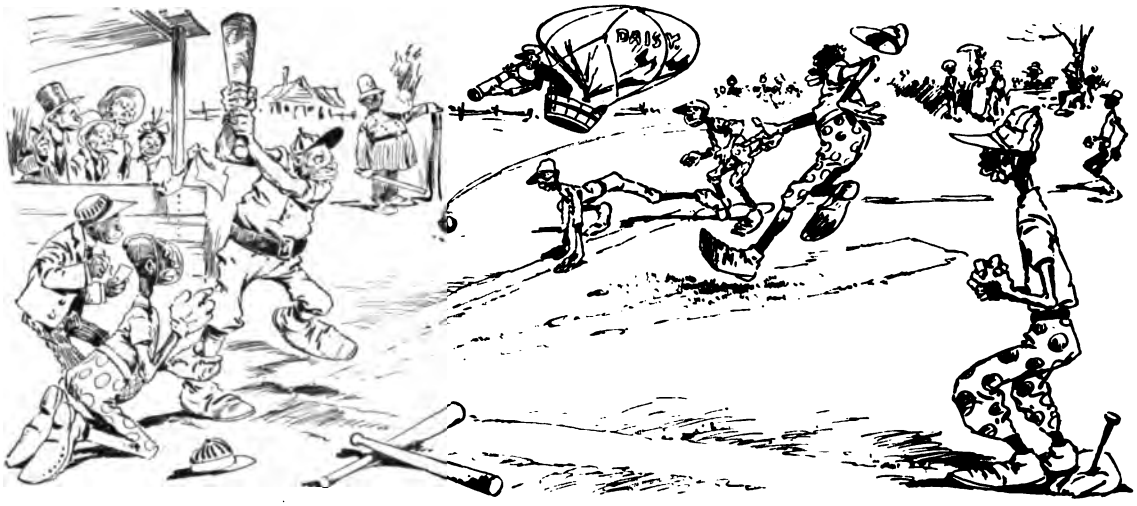
HIS FIRST AND LAST BALL GAME.

UNCLE SILAS (*at his first ball-game*)—"I've heerd o' them empires gittin' mobbed, an' I cal'late I'll see one direckly. Th' pesky whelp 's called two strikes on th' chap thet's swingin' th' flail, an' blessed ef th' ball 's hit it wunst."

GREAT SUCCESS OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES AND FLAT FAILURE OF THE BALLOON-ASCENSION.



1.

MR. QUEEVES (*the Blackville heavy-hitter*)—" Ninf innin', t ree behind, t'ree men on base, two out an two strikes. Now ef de wind 'll only blow dat b'loon ovah heah an' I git a good ball I'll retriebe de loss ob de mawnin' by a (*swish !—crack!*) ——

2.

——base hit ! dat loses de ball—loses de air'nout—wins fo' runs—wins de game an' brings me 'cross de plattah de——

3.

——lion ob de houah !"

HE FORGOT HIMSELF.

1.

DEACON KETCHUM—"Wot yo' doin' t' dat base-ball bat, 'Rastus?"

'RASTUS—"I 's imbeddin' a dynamite cartridge in de end of it. I 'spects Miss Jackson 'll be in de gran'-stan' ter-morrer, an' if I doan' extinguish mahself wiv a home-run yo' kin call me a fool."

2.

THE CAPTAIN (*next day*)—"Now den, Rastus! yo' naixt at de bat. Spit on yo' hainds an' rap de home plate fo' luck."

'RASTUS—"Yo' kin 'pend on me gittin' dar, cap'n."

3.

He spits on his hands and raps the home plate for luck.

ONLY AMATEURS.

ETHEL—"Pray tell me, Mr. Slambang, why do you foot-ball players wear such long hair?"

CHOLLY SLAMBANG—"To distinguish us from professional pugilists, Miss Ethel."

MISFORTUNE.

Clara—"Isn't it dreadful that Charlie Gale is blind?"

Maude—"I had not heard of his misfortune. I'm shocked."

Clara—"Oh, he is not unfortunate, but a gale is a wind, a wind is a zephyr, zephyr is yarn, yarn is a tale, tail is an attachment, an attachment is an affection, affection is love and love is blind. Poor fellow! Too bad, isn't it?"

4.

DEACON KETCHUM (*in his kitchen*)—"'Fo' de good Lawd! wot's dat?"

VOICE FROM ABOVE—"Dat's de home-run I wuz spoken 'bout las' night. Git an ax an' chop me out."

BLACKVILLE POKER NOTES.

1.
Auntie's little game.

2.
Going one better.

3.
Raising her up to the limit.

4.
Straddling the blind and taking the pot.

HAD BEEN ROASTED BEFORE

HIS SATANIC NIBS—"You appear to be perfectly comfortable."
NEW ARRIVAL—"Yes, tolerably. You see, I was a base-ball umpire.

NO ICE TO CUT.

The drummer had just arrived and was making himself as comfortable as he could under the circumstances. When one has been traveling through the southwest with a line of hardware samples for ten or twelve years, putting up at Eagle hotels and American houses, sheol isn't so bad if one gets used to it. By all accounts there was likely to be time enough to get used to it.

"Well, how's trade?" demanded the drummer after he had given Satan a cigar."

The old boy bit off the pointed end, scratched the other end along his flank to get a light, took a long whiff, made rings and replied,

"Oh, so-so. Can't complain. Some better than last year. Times are picking up, and folks ain't so religious when business is good."

"Salvation army interfere much?"

"Nah! They cut no ice with me."

WIDE AWAKE.

Fond mother — "My darling, it is bed-time. All the little chickens have gone to bed."

Little philosopher — "Yes, mamma; and so has the old hen."

AVOIDING DECISION AT THE BLACKVILLE-DARKTOWN CHAMPION TUG-OF-WAR CONTEST.

MR. BLADES (*the referee*)—"Dis tug o' wah am too even toe award a decisyun! and as dere am a heap ob outside money on de issue, I feels mahse'f called on toe cut de rope——

——and award de contest toe de team dat kin show up de leastest ob brack eyes, broken arms, laigs, noses, an' cracked shin-bones." (*Great cheers above general anathemas and groans.*)

HOW THE DARKEYTOWNS SCORED BY A "STAR" DOUBLE

JEFFERSON (*Darkeytown champion base-runner, to himself*)—"I is 'dead out,' is I? Dis coon ain' bin practicin' frowin' his (*swish! biff!*) shoe fo'——

——nuffin'."

HE DID! HE DID!

AMATEUR GOLFER—"I'll bet I'll make something hum this time!"

IN WAYBACK DISTRICT.

"How's politics down here?"

"They're hot and they're gittin' hotter, and they're goin' to be bilin'!"

"It's all on account of the money power, I suppose."

"Yes, sirree; and we ain't goin' to stand no foolishness no longer."

"You're going to make the money-men come down?"

"We're goin' to do what?"

"Make them come down."

"Not by a jugfull. They've got to go up. No two-dollar limit carries this deestrick this year."

ALWAYS AT FAULT.

Bingo—"What in thunder did you do with that piece of blotting-paper I had?"

Mrs. Bingo—"There it is, right under your nose.

Bingo—"Just like you to put a thing where a man would never think to look for it.'

A CELEBRITY.

CHIMMY—"Yep, dat's him—de great pitcher wot's under contrac' ter pitch fer de Hill-billies at twenty-five cents er game."

AN EXCELSIOR PLAY.

UNCLE MOSE—"Yo' won' draw, huh? Yo's tryin' toe raise de deuce wid me, am' yo'? (Crack!) Dere's one fo' yo' knobs."

THE MULE—"So long as this is a draw game I'll have to whack up! and raise you to the limit. Come down with the dust now."

HE UNDERSTOOD IT PERFECTLY.

1.

2

3.

4.

5.

6

THE POET'S MISFORTUNE.

How his lady-love agreed with the editors.

A TENDER verse
he sent to her;
Later she told him
no.
'Twas no surprise;
each editor
To whom he sent the
verse before
Had likewise told
him so.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

"Bridget, I have to mind Gladys for half an hour," said Marjorie last wash-day, "and what will you do without me and Bounce to hold the pin-basket and hand you the clothes-pins?"

"Shure, an' I'll be afther missin' yez jist awful," replied Bridget, setting her tub of bluing-water and the wringer on the floor; "but yez must do as mamma tould yez, else the blessed babby 'ud be afther crapin' inter mischief."

Picking up her basket of clothes, Bridget marched out to the yard. Five minutes later Marjorie, with Bounce by his collar, marched out too.

"Where's the babby?" inquired Bridget.

"Oh, she's all right," answered Marjorie unconcernedly as she adjusted the clothes-pin basket to Bounce's jaws. "I gave her the bluing-bottle to play with, and she can't creep into mischis, 'cause I've run the back of her dress through the wringer — same as you do towels and things."

JENKS—"To think that only five years ago I was captain of a foot-ball team!"

IN DANGER OF LOSING HIM.

Manager (of base-ball nine, after repeated defeats on the diamond)—"I thought you said you had a mascot?"

Captain—"Well, we have one."

Manager—"Well, if you fellows don't play better ball the first thing you know he'll be dying of ennui."

IT is better to pursue a vigorous policy—on a retreat.

OUT OF IT.

REPORTER—"Where is your famous centre?"
FOOT-BALL CAPTAIN—"Totally disabled. Won't be able to play again this season."
REPORTER—"Break a limb?"
FOOT-BALL CAPTAIN—"Worse than that. Ordered a shave, went to sleep in the barber's chair, and the villain gave him a hair-cut."

THE FAT MAN AND THE BEAR.

1.

2.

3.

YALE-HARVARD EMBRYOS.

MOTHER—"Why, what's my little girl crying for?"

EFFIE (*sobbing*)—"Freddie 's spoiled my monkey-fur muff playin' foot-ball hair with it, an' now Bobbie 's got the baby's carriage foot-mat (boo-hoo!) on his head."

FOR A LONG TIME, TOO.

"What do you think of that?" said Mr. Taddells to his wife as the two looked at an Egyptian mummy.

"I think the gentleman must have been pressed for time," replied Mrs. Taddells.

A MATRIMONIAL MARK.

Bridget McGavin—"Yer owld inimy, th' owldest McNulty gurrl, is mahrried."

Mary Ann Casey—"Oi knew 't."

Bridget McGavin—"How did yez know 't whin none av yez is on shpakin' turrums?"

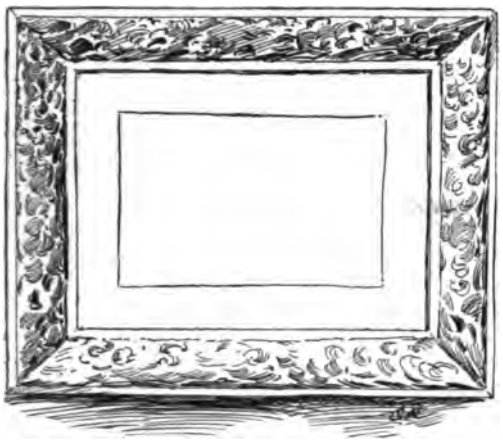
Mary Ann Casey—"Didn't Oi mate her on Tinth avuny wid a black oye?"

HEAVEN.

"Ya-as, brederin, it am jist crowded wid de biggest an' reddest watermillions an' de yallerist canterlopes an' de greenest cowcumbers, an' ye kin eat all day widout ary single pain er ache."

4.

"HAVANA FILLED."



NOT IN IT.

The above group of gilt-edge base-ball players is a very realistic picture of the New York nine, champions of the season of 1895

A GUEST OF HONOR.

An English actor was a member of a company snowbound in the Sierras while en route from California to the east. Before their train was pulled out of the drifts they had been reduced to eating the coarse fare of the railroad laborers, and got little enough even of that; so that they all had a magnificent hunger on when the train reached a small station at which there was a restaurant, and the Englishman was the first to find a seat at a table.

"Bring me, in a hurry," he said to the landlord, a burly western man, "a porterhouse steak, some deviled kidneys, a brace of chops, plenty of vegetables, and two bottles of Bass's bitter beer."

The landlord stuck his head out of the dining-room door and yelled to somebody in the rear apartment,

"Say, Bill! tell the band to play 'Rule, Britannia.' The prince of Wales has come."

"ONE THING BRINGS ANOTHER."

THE FIN-DE-SIÈCLE BABE.

"Hello, baby! I see you."
"Well, show yer hand an' let's see wot yer got."

TOO MUCH EXPERIENCE.

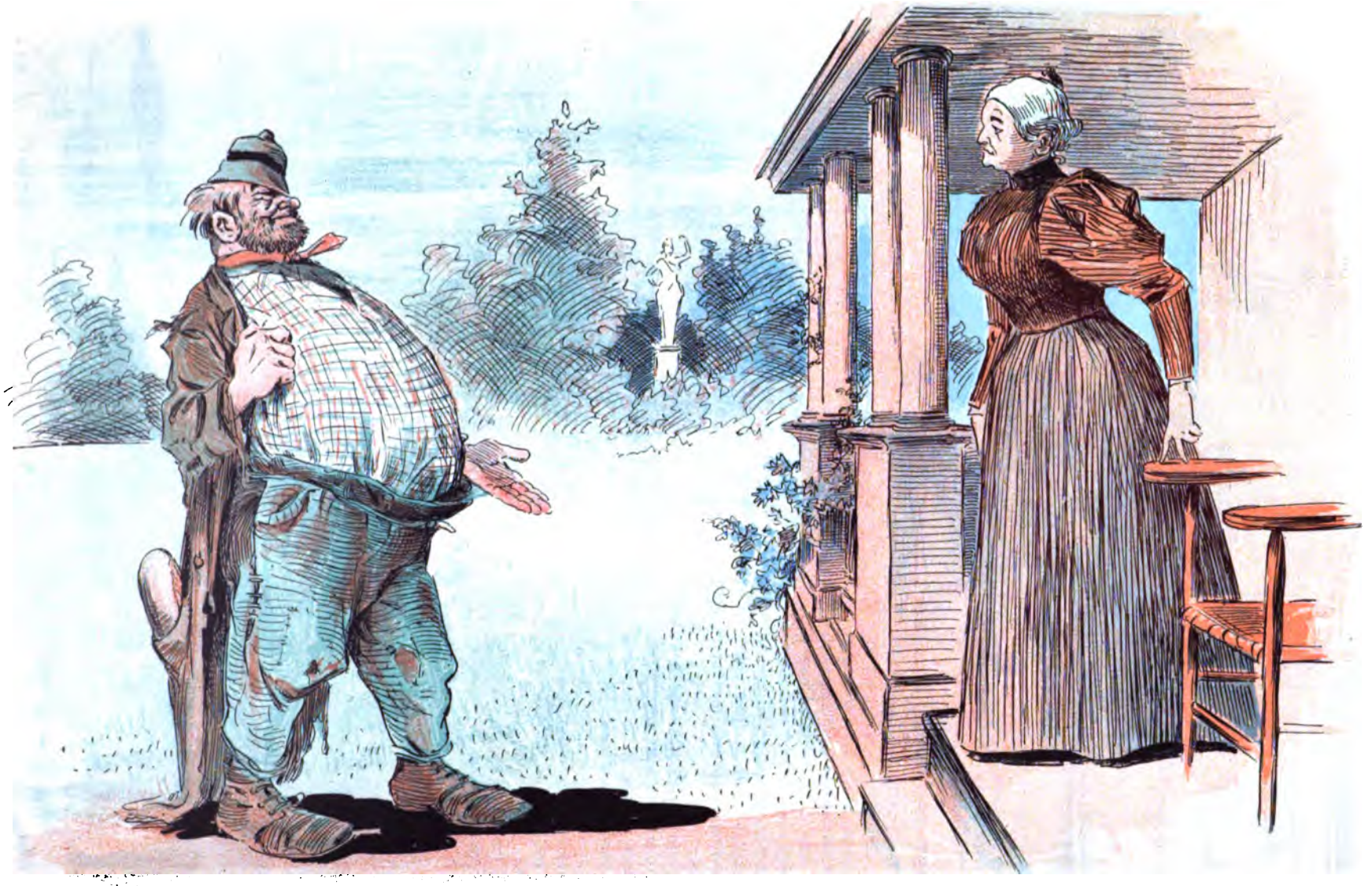
Cobble—"I tried to make a bet the other day with that fellow Toughney, but he told me that his business wouldn't allow him to gamble."

Stone—"What does he do?"

Cobble—"He's the dealer in a faro-bank."

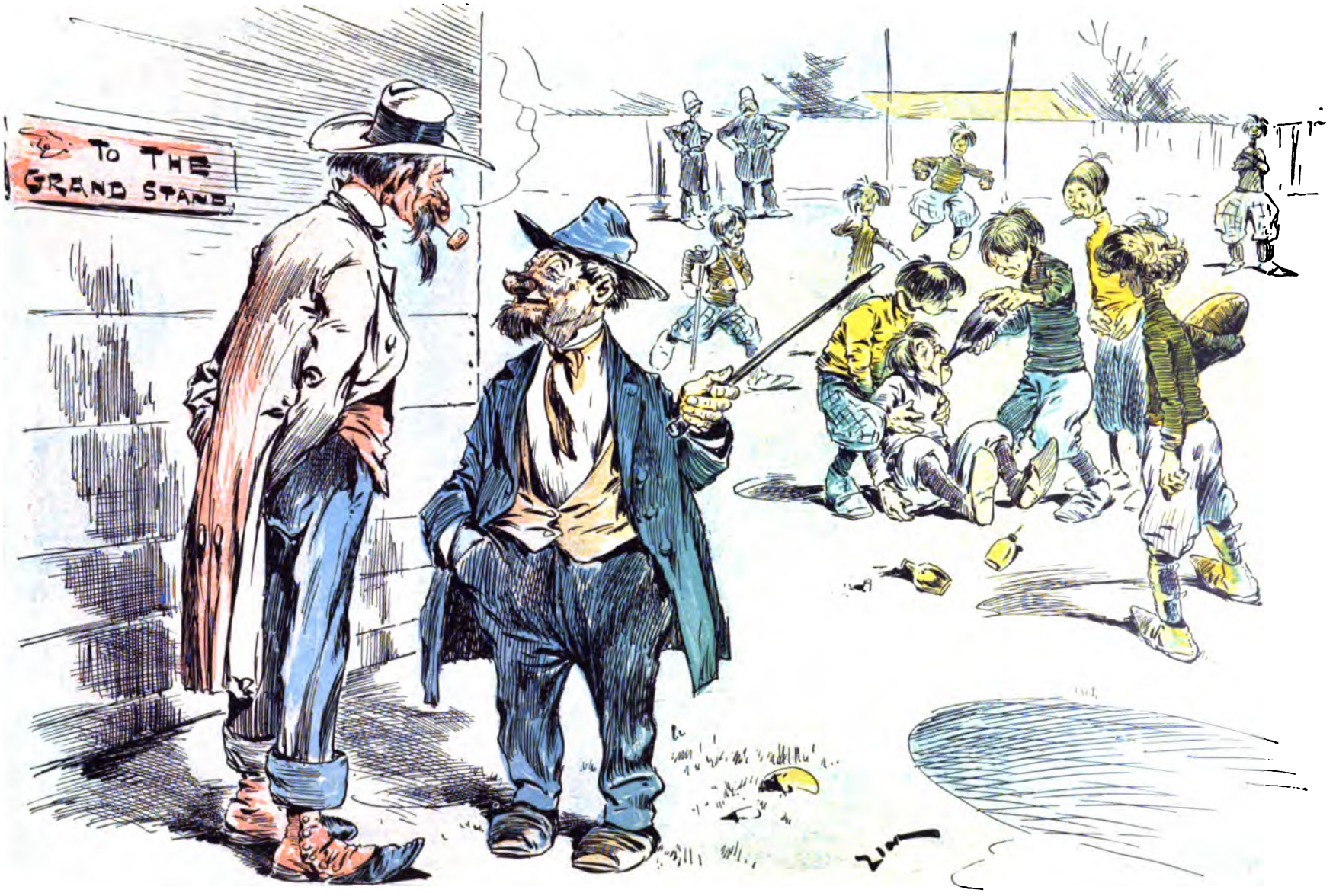
WILL some Chicago authority on etiquette please enlighten us as to how a lady should act upon the occasion of meeting one or more ex-husbands?

HAYSEED—"What might ye be callin' thet thing ye hev on?"
CITY MAN—"A sweater"
HAYSEED—"A sweater! Holy smoke! ain't the sun enough of er sweater fer ye?"



ANOTHER ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.

DUSTY RHODES—"Yes, lady; I knows I looks like a tramp, but p'r'aps yer ain't heard as now dat de Trilby an' Bonypart craze is near worn out de English noblemen has started a fresh un, which is ter disguise 'emselves as tramps an' perigrine de shrubbarbs in search uv adventure. So jes' trot out yer daughters, fer I'm de honorable Halgernon Fitz-Montgomery, late uv Berkeley square an' de Grange, near Middlesex."



USING THE REVIVER.

COLONEL RYE (*of Kentucky*)—"Say, major, there's some blame good points about this foot-ball game, after all."

QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE.

MOSE JOHNSON (*at "the club"*)—"I say, fellahs; let's get up a foot-ball 'leven. We'se all got big feet an' could put up a powerful strong game."

SPORTY JACKSON (*derisively*)—"Taik a reef, dar, niggah; taik a reef. How's we gwine toe grow long hair?"

BY THE CARD.

SHE thumped the keys of her writing-machine.
And a fairer thumper I've seldom seen;
So I popped the question, then and there,
Kneeling beseechingly by her chair.
She answered me not, but she nodded her head
At a card on the wall, which silently said,
In the most unfeeling positive way,
TAKE NOTICE!
THIS IS MY BUSY DAY!

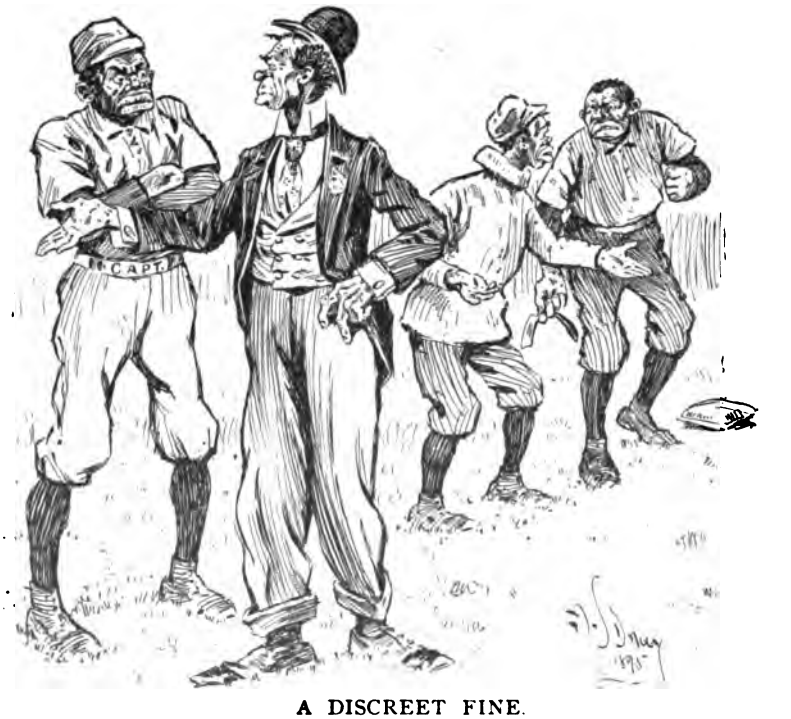
THE NEGATIVE PROOF.

O'Rorke—"Father Flaherty's a foine praste an' an iloquent pracher."

O'Garahan—"Av coorse; but Father Staphens [Episcopal] made th' best spache at th' cilibration, he did."

O'Rorke—"*Father* Staphens! He's no father, fer he has foive childers, be gorra! Shame on yez!"

ASK advice of two officials and fall between two fools.



A DISCREET FINE.

DARKEYTOWN CAPTAIN (*interested financially in the association*)—"See heah, Mistah Empiah; de laws ob dis assocyashun 'lows yo' toe fine a playah one hundred dollahs fo' drawin' a razzer. Wha'd yo' mean, den, by only finin' dat fitin' coon sixty caints?"

UMPIRE JEFFERSON—"Well, de 'socyashun 's got a fitin' charnce ob gittin' de sixty! Da's whad I means."

MIGHT MAKE A HALF-BACK.

DEACON HUSKANALL—"Gol darn all spruce-gum! ef I don't look jes' like th' picters of them feet-ball players ye see in th' papers—all 'ceptin' th' whiskers."

HOW THE BLACKVILLES' NEW PLAYER DECEIVED THE DARKEYTOWN CATCHER.

THE BLACKVILLE CATCHER—(*excitedly vehement*)—" Kim on ! Yo' woan' slide by me laik yo' did de secon' an' third basemen, circus playah !"
THE DARKEYTOWN NEW ACQUISITION—" Nopey ; but Ahl slide right——

——*ober*, yo' amachewer playah !"

INWARD APPREHENSION.

THE BLACKVILLE NEW WOMAN (*returning from a nocturnal visit*)—"I wondah ef dat husban' o' marn hez had sense 'nuff toe look aftah de fiah while he's bin washin' dishes?"

OVERREACHING HIMSELF.

MR. BLADES (*suspiciously*)—"See heah, yo' Jackson! wha am it dat ebery tahm I gits fo' aces yo' draps out?"

MR. JACKSON—"By yo'r disgusted look, Mistah Blades. Dat's de same look yo' sprung on me las' week when yo'r fo' aces raked mah las' quartah, sah."

THE LAST STRAW.

CHIMMY (*admiringly*)—"Why did yer biff Doogan—fer dat one-handed ketch he made of yer liner dat put yer out?"

KELLY—"Naw, I didn't mind dat 'put-out'; it was de gran'-stan' bow he made ter me girl w'en he co't it dat bred de bruise on his nose."

YOUTHFUL AMBITION.

"I suppose, Johnny, you are glad that your school begins soon."

"Yes'm."

"Anxious to get back to your studies?"

"No'm. I've been waiting all summer for Jimmy Tyler to get back home so that I can lick him."

TOO many people in the world are singing for an encore.

AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S CHECK-ROOM.

"Here! what do you mean by throwing your hats over here?"

"Be gorrah! Oi wanted to see if Oi couldn't ring wan of thim umbrillas; it's raining outside."

THE NON-PROTECTIVE MASK. BOTH NINES AGREED TO HAVE A GENTILE CATCHER AFTER THE FIRST INNING.

HOCKHEIMERS VS. COHENS.

1.
Before the first ball pitched.

2.
After the first ball pitched.

AT THE O'SHEAS' PARTY.

O'Grady—"Stip outside, Misther Flynn, where we won't be afther distoorbin' the dancers; an' it's foightin' or answerin' me ye'll be raygardin' the remarruks ye've made derogatoory to the characther av mesilf an' me woife."

O'Grady (outside)—"It's the foine back yarrud we hov here, wid plinty av room; an' now ye'll plaze be tellin' me, as bechune man an' man, did ye iver say anythin' forninst the characther av mesilf or Misthress O'Grady?"

Flynn—"As to me chice av foightin' or answerin' ye, Timotty O'Grady, faith, Oi'll take botth. An' Oi'm tellin' ye now, as bechune man an' man, thot Oi niver did say anythin' derogatoory to the characther av yersilf or Misthress O'Grady;" (taking off his coat) "but Oi intind to!"

THE EYE OF THE LAW.

1

2.

3.

CALLED AND FOUND WANTING.

1.

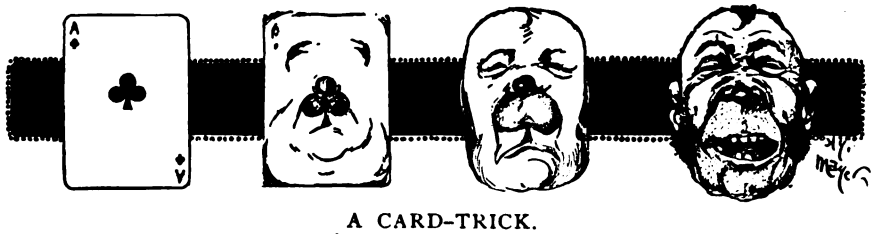
PARSON JOHNSON (*with his eye on Sporty Jackson*)—"Ef dar am a po'r, misabul sinnah yar toe-night I want toe call him toe repentance. (*Raising his voice.*) Ef dar am a lost lamb yar toe-night I want to call him '——

2.

SPORTY JACKSON (*waking suddenly*)—"Oh, blame it! taik de pot; taik de pot. I's bin bluffin'."

CORRECT.

"There's a Ham sandwich," said Mr. Smarty as a colored dude strolled down the street with a girl hanging on each arm.



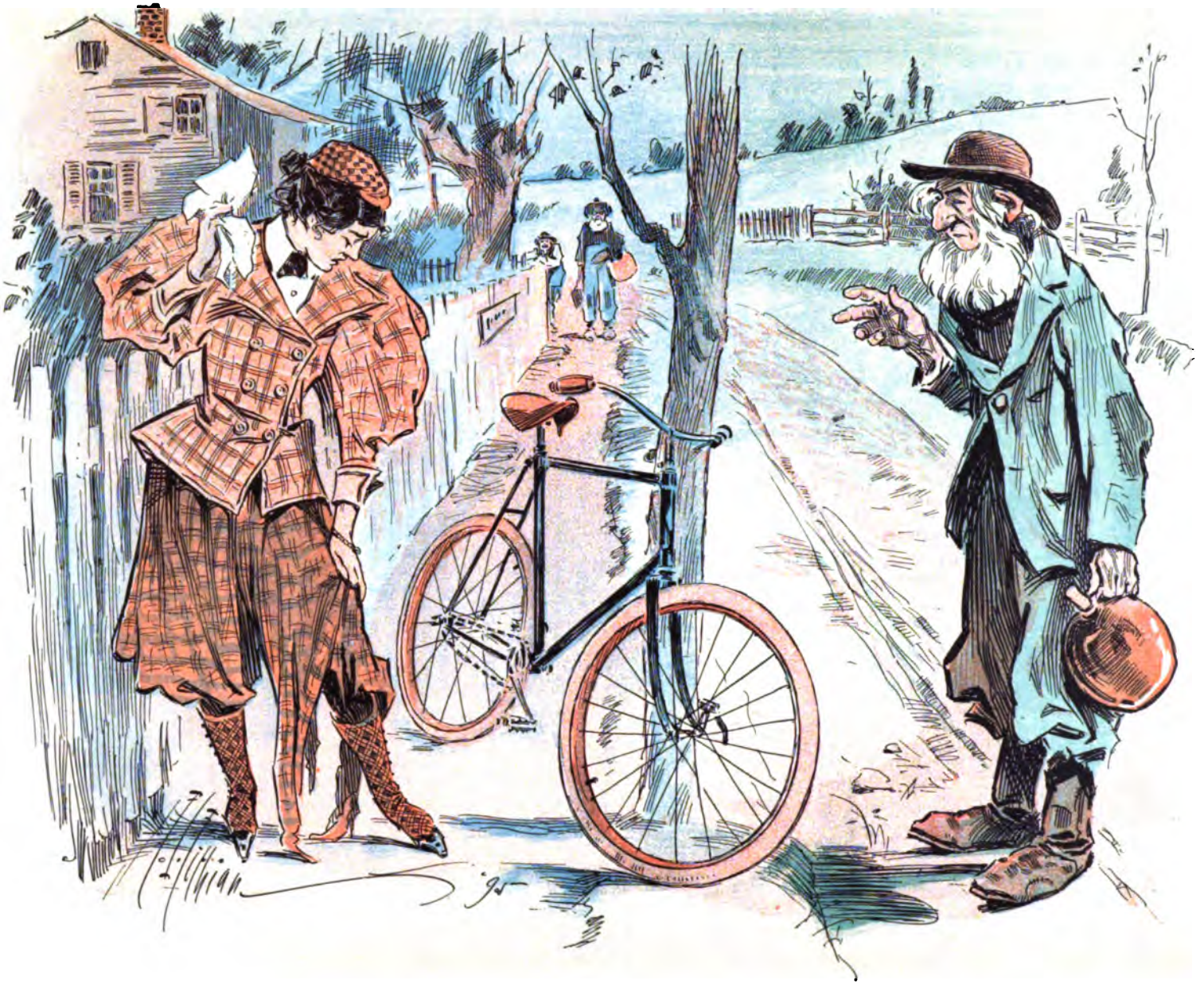
A CARD-TRICK.
Changing the ace of clubs into the king of spades.

JUDGMENTS.

The man who says he "has a mind to" sit on a jury may be doubted.

Few men are so hardened as to not be sorry for the other fellow.

A DOUBTFUL MOMENT.
She has asked him to take a chair and she is in the only one in the room.



FARMER BIGOSH (*to Miss Biker*)—" Well, I'll be gol-durned ! I knowed you city doods wus big babies, but I swar ef I tho t one 'ud cry like a gal ef he tore his breeches !"

A JOB LOT.

MAKING A DECISION UNQUESTIONABLE.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON—"Foul dere, umpiah! Dat ball cut de foul line."
CAPTAIN JACKSON—"Fair ball dere! It waint inside de flag."
UMPIRE JEFFERSON—"Neider, gemmen. Call back de battah. Dat ball am a dead ball; it dun landed in de grabeyard."

PRINTED COPY PREFERRED.

Mrs. Twinz—"For heaven's sake, Edward! do tell Maria to take those children out for a walk and leave me in quiet to read."

Mr. Twinz—"Certainly, my dear, certainly. What is your book?"

Mrs. Twinz—"'The Heavenly Twins.' They are too amusing for anything."

UNTIL.

After gazing rapturously upon the new baby little Elsie whispered,

"Say, Bob, is she a sister or a brother?"

And he replied contemptuously, "Why, goosey, you never can tell until they're named."

TOO OLD A BIRD.

Hobbs felt an inborn hatred of telephones and never would use one for fear of exhibiting his ignorance of the machine to the younger clerks in the office and thus expose himself to chaffing. One day when out on a commission he wanted to communicate instantly with the office, so was forced into using the dread machine.

"Hello, Central! Give me ninety-eight Spring," he called into the 'phone.

"Busy," laconically responded Central in a curt feminine tone.

"I know better!" roared Hobbs impatiently. "I've only just left the office, and there were half a dozen lazy fellows sitting around there doing nothing."

ACUTE PROFESSIONAL HUMILIATION THREATENED.

JIMMY YAPPS (*captain and manager of the Windjammers, appearing unexpectedly*)—"Sav, Doogan, wot did I say 'bout battin' up 'fungo' balls gittin' yer eye out fer swift pitchin'? An' you, Rooney; do yer serpose I took chances on swipin' dat 'home-plate' from de marble-yard fer yer ter be practisin' de pedestal clog on? Nixey! An' ef yer two slobs ain't more leary o' trowin' me generalship down, de fust t'ing yer ' 'bot' be holdin' down de bench wid de colts. See?"

IN THE PARK.

The gardens and the cycle-paths
  A close resemblance bear,
For now the flower-beds are clothed
  With blooming plants so fair;
While o'er the winding wheeling-course—
  Devotees of the fad—
On graceful "bikes" fair maidens speed
  Likewise with bloomers clad.

WISE MAN.

Bagley (in Brooklyn)—"You ride a good deal in the trolley-cars, don't you, Bailey?"

Bailey—"Yes; a good deal."

Bagley—"Do you have to, or is it only a fad?"

Bailey—"Well, you see, Bagley, if you're inside a trolley-car it can't run over you."

JUDGMENTS.

The pugilist's voice is for war.

A man has to get quite old to forget what a foolish boy he was.

THE BARBER GETS EVEN

CUSTOMER (*as he seats himself in barber's chair*)—"Shave, please. Nice weather, isn't it?"

No reply.

CUSTOMER—"How's business?"

No reply.

CUSTOMER—"Rather dry Sunday's nowadays."

No reply

CUSTOMER—"Do you keep hair-restorer?"

No reply.

CUSTOMER—"See here! Confound your impudence! What do you mean by such infernal silence?"

THE BARBER—"Pardon me, sir; it is a little experiment of mine to see whether the public mean all they say against talkative barbers. I see they do not. It *is* a nice day; business *is* good; Sundays *are* dry; we *do* keep hair-restorer; also hair-tonic, hair-dye, pomatum, face-wash, and scalp-cleanser. Baths in the rear and boot-black down-stairs. I see the public appreciate common civility in barbers. You need a hair-cut and a shampoo, sir," etc., etc., etc.

SENTENCE PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

As Brahma after an eternity of years retracted the scattered atoms of his consciousness and put them together again, he drew a long, long breath. "What an awful experiment!" said Brahma as he lapsed again into Pralaya and pondered upon it through the silence of another eternity.

EARTHLY JOYS.

To lie in a hammock is bliss;
Then the world seems to have not a frown;
Though it's when one is thinking like this
That the pesky old thing tumbles down.

WATERLOOING AN ARGUMENT.

BERENICE MCGONIGLE (*harshly*)—"No, de Bourienne, I will not listen! De first innin' o' ter-day's game saw yer batted fer sixty-nine bases; de secon' innin' saw yer batted outer de box; de third, fourt', fift', sixt', sevent', eight' an' nint' innin's saw yer nine retired in one, two, t'ree order by the man I jilted fer you. Stan' back, de Bourienne O'Donahue! Stan' back, an' don't chuck me no more bluffs'"

LACKED HAIR.

LITTLE WILLIE—"Say, pop, there's one thing sure."

FATHER—"What's that?"

LITTLE WILLIE—"You never was a foot-ball player."

KIND.

The new club-house of M—— is opened for public inspection, and Mr. P., who is strolling through, comes upon two familiar faces.

"Good-morning, Dr. L. and Dr. S. How in the world does it happen that the town of M—— can spare both of you gentlemen at the same time even upon so auspicious an occasion as the present?"

Dr. L.—"Why, you see, my dear friend, we're giving the people of M—— a chance to recover."

UNDER THE NEW RULES.

"What d' yer do wid der Goosehill team yisterday, Jimmy?"

"Dey wuzzen't in it fer a minnit; we won by twenty-one points. Dey had six black eyes, t'ree sprained ankles, two dislercated jaws, lost ten teeth, one ear, had eight bloody noses, an' t'irty-two goose-eggs on dere noddles, which makes sixty-two. We only had t'ree bad eyes, four sprains, one tore ear, two broken noses, six missin' teeth an' twenty-five goose-eggs, wid a total of forty-one.'

A MAIDEN'S NO.

"Maidens turn their heads away
Meaning yes, and saying nay."
—*Old song.*

SHE thought to mask her heart from me
With jest and laughter gay;
I knew she loved me by her glance.
(She looked the other way.)

I sent her roses, begging she
Would wear them. The coquette
Told me she loved me by her choice.
(She wore some mignonette.)

And when a rival claimed my waltz,
By her capricious whim
She plainly showed she cared for me.
(She gave the dance to him.)

She loved me well; and one fair night
I asked her if 'twere so;
I knew it by her whispered word.
(She softly murmured "No")

IT'S ALWAYS SO.

JIMSON—"I say, aren't you blamed glad we're not in town this hot weather?"

HOMELESS.

Judge—"Where do you live when at home, young man?"
Culprit—"I have no home, your honor."
Judge—"Then where did you sleep last night?"
Culprit—"At my boarding-house."

GOSSIP from the race-track—"I say, old fellow, give me enough to get home with, won't you?"

NO SLUGGING, NO KICKING.

THE CAPTAIN—"Good-mornin', Mr. Goodman. Would yer be umpire fer us ter-day?"

MR. GOODMAN—"Oh, I'm too old, boys."

THE CAPTAIN—"Dat's jest it. Yer so old an' feeble dat de fellers 'ud be ashamed ter slug yer, an' dere wouldn't be no kickin'."

COULDN'T PLACE HIM.

"Who am dis Napoleon dey're all talkin' 'bout?" said Deacon Ketchum at the supper-table the other evening as he bit his piece of mince-pie in two and handed half to the dog.

"W'y, didn' yo' nebber heah ob Napoleon?" asked his son with an air of superiority.

"'Pears toe me I has, now I kum toe t'ink 'bout it," replied the deacon. "He robbed er bank, didn' he?"

"No, no, fader; yo're 'way off."

"Den it wuz er railroad he bustid," cried the deacon convincingly.

"Wrong agin, dad; wrong agin!" chuckled the superior youth.

"He ain't de billiard-player, am he?" queried the elder with a noticeable lack of confidence in himself.

"No."

"Nor de fellah dat eats thirty quails in thirty days?"

"Keep on guessin', ole man."

"Den he muster bin de man dat discobered Grober Cleveland."

"No, fader, he wuz er fighter."

"Oh, sho! am dat all? Wa-al, dere's so much trash in de ring nowerdays I kain't keep track ob 'em."

And as the diplomatic scion of degenerate ancestors wished to borrow a dime about then he thought it policy to let it go at that.

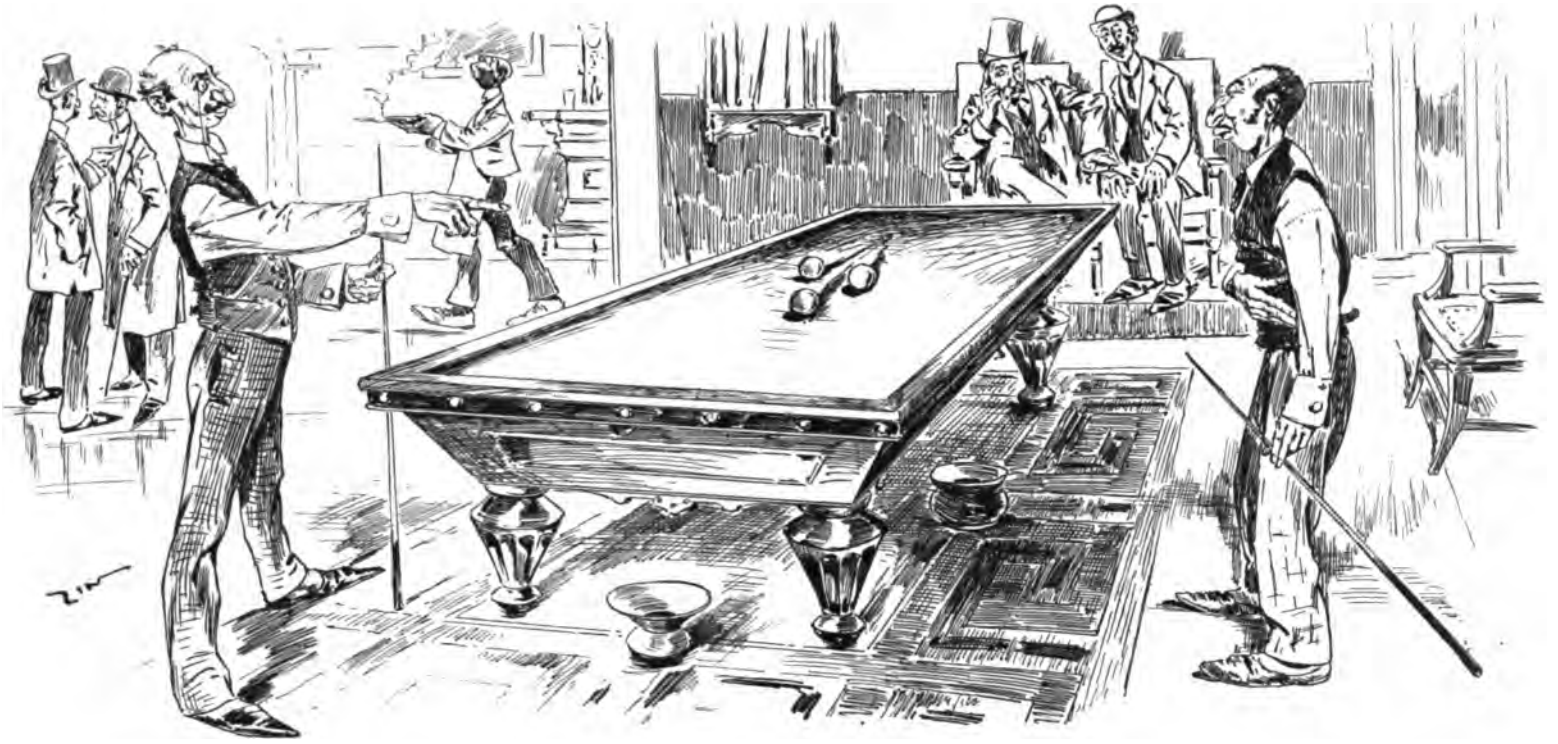
HIS GREETING.

She waits each night till I get home,
And greets me at the door;
But it is not for my sake alone—
She wants to know the score.

"THE romance of the unexpected"—Your summer gas-bill.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

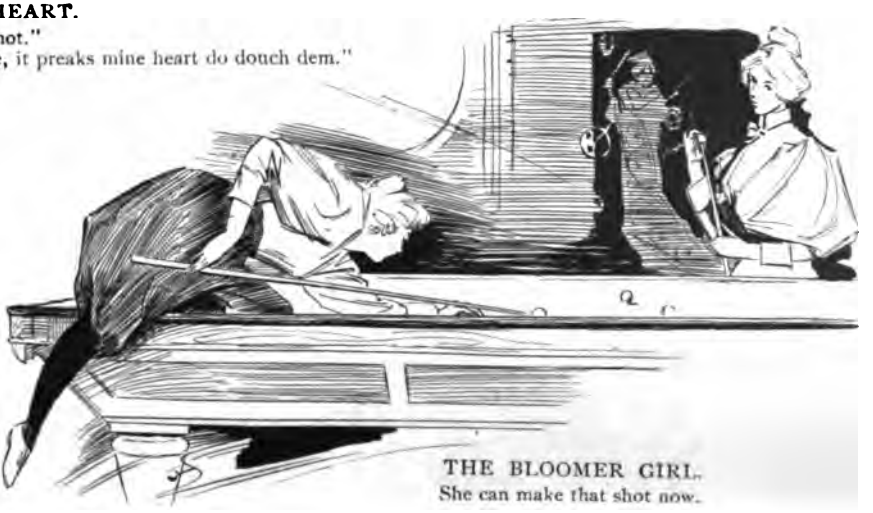
UMPIRE JOHNSON (*to the grand-stand*)—"Ladies an' gents, ez yo' all know, dis am de decidin' game ob de series fo' de possesshun ob dis valuable an' beautiful trophy, known ez de Ketchum challenge-cup, toé be fought fo' by de nines comin' out fust an' secon' in de internashunal colored league De score now stan's fo'ty-fo'r toe fo'ty-fo'r an' de playahs am dead tired, an' it am de united opinyun ob bof nines dat we stop de game right now an' pawn dis invaluable trophy fo' a kag ob beer. We also desire toe publicly t'ank de donah fo' his ginerosity. Ladies an' gents, wif yo'r kind permishun yo' will now disperse.



IT BROKE HIS HEART.

MOSES—"Vy you not blay, Ikey? Dot is a fine shot."
IKEY—"Ach! dose palls, dey look so peesniss-like, it preaks mine heart do douch dem."

TERRIBLE PREHISTORIC COMBAT IN NEW JERSEY.
There are said to be several specimens of the horrible insect at the left still in existence



THE BLOOMER GIRL.
She can make that shot now.

THE ADVENTURE OF A LITTLE FIJI.

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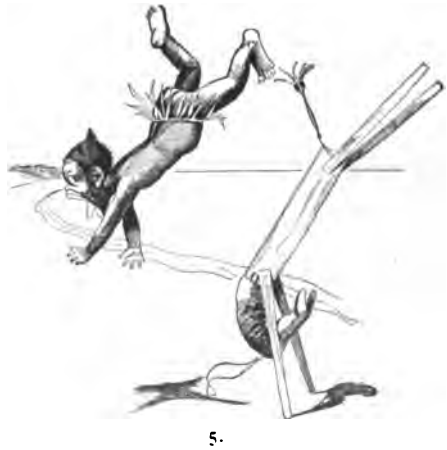

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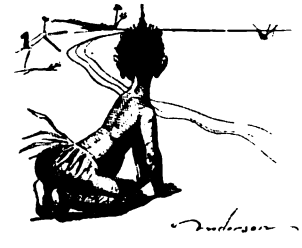


6.

SUCH IS FAME.

ETHEL (*aged six, as the Princeton foot-ball team comes on to the field*)—"Mercy, mamma! I should fink zose ladies would be perfec'ly 'shamed to come out wiv their hair all down an' dirty bloomers on."

A FASCINATING GAME.

"Oh! *do* tell me what you men have at your clubs," asked Miss Smarker, gushingly.

"Well," said Jones, carelessly, "we have bowling, and pool, and billiards."

"I don't know much about bowling or pool," broke in Miss Smarker, "but billiards is that dear, delightful game where they have kissing, isn't it?"

TOO POOR FOR THE AILMENT.

He was moody and dispirited, and had apparently been brooding over something for some time. Finally he looked up and said slowly,

"Well, I'll have to give it up. I've made a hard fight, but the odds are too great and money is too scarce. I'm going home now, and to-morrow, when it becomes known that I've failed, I'll be suffering with a severe case of nervous prostration and no one will be allowed to disturb me."

"Won't work," said his friend sententiously.

"It'll have to," protested the moody man. "Hang it! it's a matter of necessity, not of choice. I can't help myself."

"Oh, you can fail all right," explained the friend. "You have that privilege, but you can't be completely prostrated by your terrible misfortune. The public won't stand it."

"Why not?"

"You're not rich enough. Nervous prostration doesn't go with a man who has less than a million. No, sir; you'll have to stand up and take your medicine and make believe you like it. If you try the other plan a deputy-sheriff will yank you out of bed.

SOONER or later (probably later) things have got to come right.

REVEREND MOAKLY MCKOON EXPLAINS.

"I heerd some men a-talkin' as I come in," said the elder as he walked towards the pulpit, "an' dey was a-talkin' about some feller a-muffin' a ball. Now I dunno wot kind ob accident dat is. Is it like chokin' on a fish-bone er gittin' yer elber out of j'int?"

Enamel Gungergrub, Wilkins Wauful, Acetate Andrews and Washington Smiff arose, and all tried to talk at once.

"All de rest set down an' let Brudder Smiff explain," said the elder calmly.

"It am er technicality ob base-ball, elder. It am when yo' fails ter get dar; sort ob awkward," said the smiling Smiff.

"I see," said the elder as he removed his hat and ascended the pulpit. "De foah leadin' membahs ob my chu'ch am bettah posted on base-ball dan dey is on de catechism. An' ebbery one ob 'em is a quarter back, not in foot-ball, but in salary. De pitcher down below is gwine ter gib some ob yo' a hot ball in de next worl' ef yo' doan' look out. Let de openin' hymn now open."

WHICH?

To wed or not to wed?— Ah, there's the rub!
You'll wish 'twere otherwise, howe'er you roam:
A home with all the comforts of a club—
A club with all the comforts of a home.

It may be safely set down as a fact that no man, woman, or child who whines is deserving. Dogs don't know any better.

UP TO DATE.

JOHNNIE—"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo! Mamma, Tommie 's done robbed me of me dollar wot grandpa gave me."

MAMMA—"Why, Tommie; what do you mean by such conduct?"

TOMMIE—"That's all right, mamma. He said he wanted ter play police an' I was de policeman."

FOWL PLAY.

MISS HENRIETTA—"I do think it scandalous that I can't go out for a stroll without being followed by those kodak fiends."

MOURNING FOR HIS COUNTRY.

SPORTY SPEELER—"Wot yer in mournin' fer, Willie?"

WEARY WILLIE (*bursting into tears*)—"Kin yer ask me dat, Sporty, knowin' dat ter-morrer 's Labor Day?"

ANSWERED.

"What shall we do to be saved?" asked a revivalist.

And a small boy in the rear seat shouted, "Let's trade teams with Baltimore."

UNDER THE NEW RULES.

MOTHER—"Oh, my dear boy, I hate to have you play that dreadful game!"

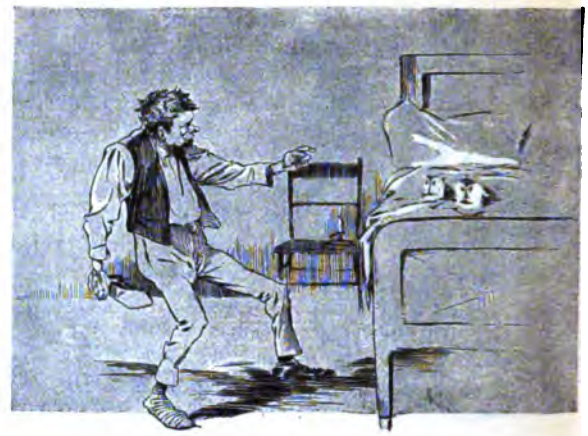
FOOT-BALL PLAYER—"Now, mother, don't be foolish; you know that under the new rules the game is as harmless as tiddlewinks."

HIS TITLE CLEAR.

MR. FOWLER (*who dropped into the game late, but went broke early*)—"Gemmen, I is broke, but ef dis chicken"——

PLAYERS (*in one voice*)—"Sit in, Mistah Fowlah; sit in, sah. Yo' c'llateral am axcepted."

HIS HALLUCINATION.



1.

"There are those cats again on my bed!"

2.

And then there was a bombardment of shoes, pitchers, basins, combs, brushes and everything else he could lay his hands on.

3.

And when he struck a match he discovered an innocent pair of link-cuffs on his bed.

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P. O. Box 289. NEW YORK.

PORE MIS' SMIF!

Sally—"Yo'r outen yo' place mighty quick, 'pears to me."

Dinah—"Wal, what yo' 'spect? I libs wif quality, I does, an' when I heerd Mis' Smif comin' in a-whistlin' an' talkin' rough to her dogs (she ain't got no chillen) I jes up an' says, says I, 'Mis' Smif, doan' yo' know what de bible says 'bout "whistlin' gals an' crowin' hens"?' Laws, no, chile! I can't lib wif no sech white trash."

TOO MUCH FOR HER.

Doctor—How is the patient today?"

Nurse—"Not so well, doctor"

Doctor—"Has she been overdoing?"

Nurse—"I think so. She had me prop her up in bed so that she could write her weekly article on athletic exercises of frail women."

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IT PULLED HIM THROUGH.

"How's your grandfather, Bobby?"

"Ah, he's all right."

"But I thought he was so sick a month ago that the doctors gave him up."

"Yes: but the baseball season has opened now."

Millions of Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SO ENGLISH.

Fyles—"I wear pants on week-days and trousers on Sundays."

John Bullson—"Aw! I suppose the trousahs are of superiah British manufactuah."

Fyles—"No; but the pants are paid for."

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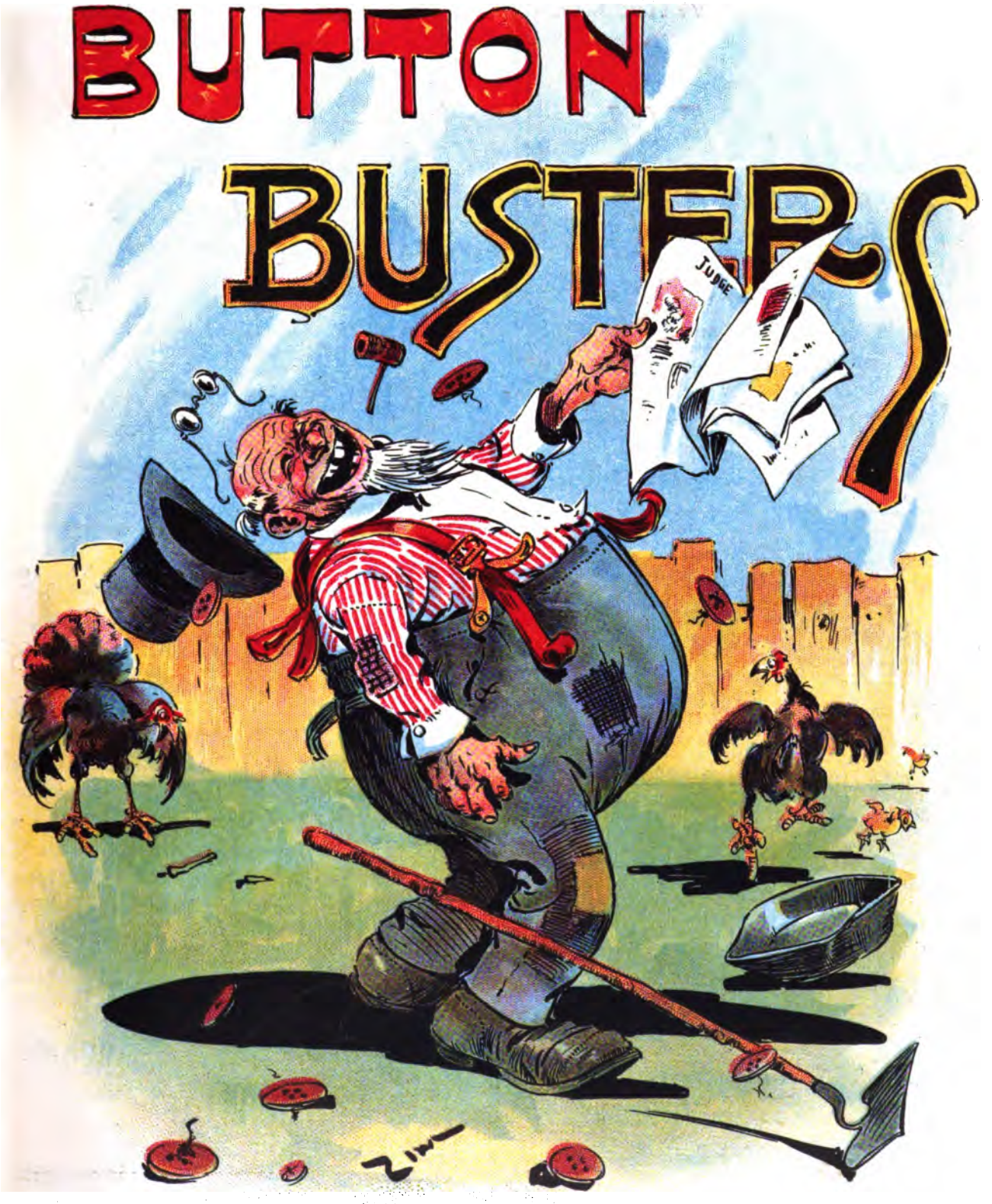

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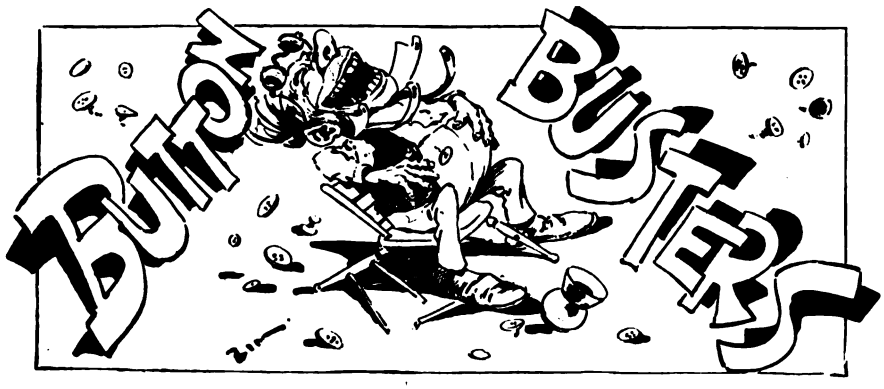

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OBLIGING.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER—"Good-morning, sir. Could we shoot over your preserves for a few hours?"

FARMER WAYBACK—"Wa-al, now, thet beats me. My ol' woman thinks more o' her presarves than she does o' me; but there's a pile o' tin cans back o' the barn ye kin shoot over all day ef ye wanter."

A THRILLING MOMENT.

THIRSTY THROCKMORTON (*as the brewery team strikes a stone and the full keg unceremoniously tumbles in their midst—hoarsely*) —"Don't move! don t breathe!"

BABBLING BROOKS (*in an excited whisper*)—"S'posin' he misses it, w'at's de watchword?"

THIRSTY THROCKMORTON—"Dat dat hevven-sent Christmas gift don't go back inter dat waggin only over our dead boddies. H-i-s-t!"

JUDGMENT.

"A boy's will is the wind's will," but a boy's "won't" is for just as long as he can hold out against the powers.

JUDGMENT.

"Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," but in these days I must fetch my chaperon.

HARD LUCK.

THIRSTY IKE—"Talk about hard luck—I went an' filled meself ter th' brim wid spring-water dis mornin' an' five minutes after a man offered me all de beer I could drink"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MRS. CASEY—"Phwat are yez goin' t' name th' darlint?"

MRS. O'BRIEN—"Solomon Isaacstein Jacob Cohen Aaron O'Brien; an' if he don't git rich wid thot name he kin shtarve t' deth, begorra!"

THE OLD MAN'S MISTAKE.

1. MISS ROCQUES—"There, Tootsey, kiss Mr. Green."

2. OLD ROCQUES—"I hear that confounded fool Green kissing Laura. I'll teach him a lesson!"

3. (*Five seconds later*)

JUSTIFIABLE PROTEST.

PARSON PLUNKEM (*in holy horror*)—"Whad's dis? Whad's dis, Brudder Marks—perfanity wid backslidin'?"

BRUDDER MARKS (*who has been improperly immersed*)—"'Yo' doan' call backslidin' tryin' toe slide de back ob a man's haid off, does yo', yo' ole pile-drivah? 'Ligion er no 'ligion, yo' kain't use mah cranicum fo' no mud-diggah." (*Wades out.*)

A REPRIMAND.

MR. JOHNSON (*to son*)—"Whar am dat brack brudder ob yo'rs?"
SON—"He dun gone cuttin' sticks, pop."
MR. JOHNSON—"Dat, now; dat's niggah all ober. Why doan' yo' correc' yo' furzeology an' say he am ampertatin' timbah, niggah, an' talk laik white folks?"

JUDGMENT.

Even the righteous must have golden wings in this world to prove their upward tendencies.

JUDGE—"What's the charge, officer?"
OFFICER "Attimpted suicide, sor."
JUDGE—"State the particulars."
OFFICER—"Well, he wanted t' foight me, sor."

HELPLESS THING!

Just as the papers say, there are a great many things a woman can't do—keep a secret, climb a tree, etc., etc. Here are a few things a man can't do:

Take a pin by the head and put it into a cushion without pricking himself.

Light a fire in a cold kitchen-range without burning himself before he is through.

Tie anybody's necktie but his own.

Hold a baby.

Open a hot boiled egg.

Carry more than one item of memoranda in his mind at a time.

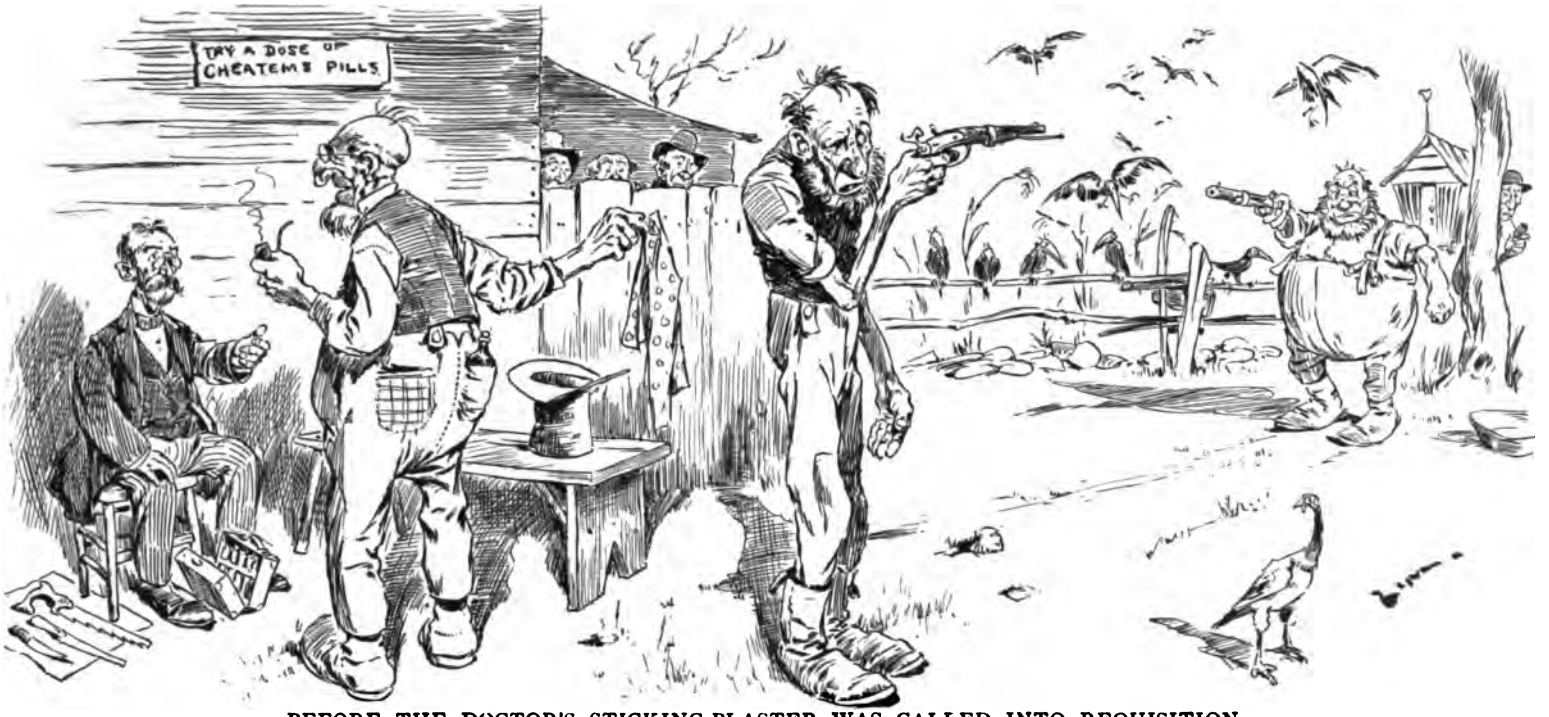
Find anything that he looks for.

AS HE FELT.
Jones as a freshman and as a senior of Harvard

CHAGRIN.

When a woman a secret
has to keep,
And proud she is to
show it,
Naught makes her madder
than to find
That no one wants to
know it.

"SET a beggar on horseback," for a rich man can afford a bicycle.



BEFORE THE DOCTOR'S STICKING-PLASTER WAS CALLED INTO REQUISITION.

THE SURGEON (*engaged for the affair of honor in Podunk*)—"Them fellows will never hit each other. I don't see where you need my services."

THE PROMOTER (*before giving the word*)—"I'll allow they won't hit each other, doc, but thet ain't it. Them pistils ain't been fired off fer forty year; thet's why I'm thinkin' they'll need yer services. Kim over back o' this tree with me while I give th' word."

PARSON GOODMAN (*five-thirty, Saturday afternoon*)—"There! I think that will fetch them."

WHAT THEY WANTED.

MICKEY DOOLAN (*an hour later*)—"Dat orter fetch 'em, Patsy."

PARSON GOODMAN (*eight-thirty, Sunday morning*)—"Goodness me! I had no idea the laboring population would respond so quickly to tea and tobacco."

WHY HE WAS OUT.

MIKE—"Phwat yez shtandin' oot in th' cowld fer, Pat?"
PAT—"It wor too durned hot in th' house—thot's whoy."

A MISNOMER.

MOSE—"Look heah, Abe Johnsing! I's tired ob yo'r callin' me 'Shorty.' I's jes' as tall as yo' am, only mah tallness am concealed in de curve ob mah laigs."

VERY FLUSH.

"Can you let me have five dollars?"

"No; but I think you could borrow it of Smith. I saw him taking his winter overcoat out of pawn, and it is only October."

A FEW BICYCLE FACES.

1. Mounting.

2. Trying to look at ease when meeting an acquaintance.

3. Scorching.

4 Coasting.

5. Struck a stone on a steep incline.

6. Bicycle has got beyond control down a steep grade and a train just passing the bottom of the hill.

7. Thrown.

8. Next morning's face.

THE EXPLORER AND THE BULLET-PROOF COAT.

AN INVESTIGATOR.

'RASTUS—"Whad yo' got in de pot, mammy, dat smell so good?"

MAMMY—"Doan' ask so many foolish questions, chile. Find out fo' yo'self."

He does.

THE ENGLISH METHOD.

"The English are still laughing over Douglass Jerrold."

"Still laughing? My boy, you are mistaken. They are just beginning to see the point of his jokes."

EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Captain of Salvation Army (to old salt)—"If you want to join our ranks you must give up profanity and tobacco."

Old salt—"Well, I don't know but I can give up swearing, but I'm blanked if I'll give up tobacco!"

IRONY OF FATE.

The man is an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

P. S.—He is going to hand in his resignation, though.

"Vell, phy don't ye gift me er light!"

O'BRIEN—"Oi can't raich it, Patsy."

MCSORLEY—"Come aff, thin. Oi tould yez Oi should be an the top, be rason av havin' the longest legs."

APPROPRIATE.

MADGE—"Why did you paint your wheel black?"
KATE—"Dear me, didn't you know I was in mourning?"

THE BOGUS SNAKE, THE SECRETED BLACK BOTTLE AND THE USUAL FIENDISH BOY.

A TALE OF SIX MOVEMENTS.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

HARD LUCK.

TRAMP (*in New York*)—"Ter t'ink dat de first day we've had er cent in weeks should be Sunday!"

THE DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM.

"Now, Maud," said Edgar with a complacent smile, "I am ready to try that little experiment. I am sure I can bring you under the hypnotic influence if you will agree not to resist. Just put you mind in a passive condition. Try to think of nothing at all. No; do not say you will think of me. Be serious. Now, lean back comfortably. That's right. Fix your eye on that light, now, and don't forget to keep your mind a blank. I will count sixty seconds by my watch."

The girl followed directions literally. In twenty seconds her eyelids blinked; in forty they closed.

"Ah, I knew I would succeed!" exclaimed Edgar, highly elated. "Now, Maud, I command you to tell me the secrets of your heart. Whom do you love? Tell me, I command you."

A momentary expression of resistance crossed the girl's face; then she spoke in a monotone: "I love Edgar Popham and"——

"Yes, yes!" cried Edgar, trembling with delight. "Go on. Tell me all the secrets of your heart."

"I love Edgar Popham," continued the girl in the same tone, "and I would love him more if he were not so stingy. I want to go to the theatre twice a week and he takes me only once in three months. I want diamond rings and he gives me rings with two-dollar blue stones in them. I want a drive in the park once or twice a week and I never get it. When I go out with him and get hungry he never thinks of oysters. When I"——

"Enough!" cried the young man. "Awake! I command you." And he fled without waiting to see the result of his command. As the front door slammed the young girl opened her eyes, smiled sweetly and said, I hope I did not spring too much on him at once. Perhaps I should have let the drive and the oysters go till another time."

6.

AN affectation is a blemish.

CHAPPIE—"I know how you must feel, for I've felt the same way myself."
SHE (*who has lost her mother*)—"Have you lost your mother too?"
CHAPPIE—"No, but the doctors made me give up cigarettes."

A DISAPPOINTING CIRCUMSTANCE.

Traveler (inquiring at feudal castle)—"Can I see the antiquities to-day?"

Servant—"I am afraid not, sir. My lady and her daughter have gone to town."

"THE DARK AGES"

SUGGESTIVE!

MINETTA—"Well, 'Rastus, hab yo' 'rived t' de 'clusion whad yo' am gwine t' name him?"

'RASTUS—"Yas, Minetta. I guess we'd bettah call him Hennery."

A SENTIMENTAL LIKENESS.

MRS. COHEN—"Since ve losd our liddle son Ikey by de fire my husbandt vas ingonsolable, so I am looging for some pet to"——

DEALER—"No need to look any further, lady. Gaze on Jake, there, th' last one I've got of the celebrated imported Jerusalem parrots. Jest think how he'll remind you and your husband of little Ikey."

A CHEMICAL MYSTERY.

YOUNG WIFE—"Before we were married you said you didn't use tobacco in any form.
YOUNG HUSBAND—"I don't; these are cigarettes."

THE HUNTING SEASON.

1.

OFFICER (*in voice of authority*)—"See here, you! Is that gun loaded?"

2.

SMALL BOY—"Well, now, I ferget whether I loaded it or not; but I'll jest snap a cap on it, an'——

3.

——see!

A MASCULINE DELILAH; OR, IRRETRIEVABLY BARRED FROM THE FOOT-BALL ELEVEN.

1.

JACK HALFBACK (*who had been up late*)—"I wish my hair trimmed a very lit"——

NEW BARBER (*interrupting, with great volubility*)—"Yes, sir. By the way, that was a great game between"——

JACK HALFBACK (*bored*)—"Cut it short, will you? I wish to take a nap."

2.

NEW BARBER (*ten minutes later*)—"All right, sir!"

JACK HALFBACK (*catching sight of himself in glass, furiously*)—"All wrong, you gibbering fool! You've ruined me! Confound you! I meant cut the talk short, not my hair."

NO DOUBT HE WILL.

"What a flighty, fat young thing that saucy turk is!" said Mrs. Gobbler to her husband.

"True," replied Mr. Gobbler as he thought of the passing days before Thanksgiving. "I'm looking every day for him to lose his head entirely."

"Every dog has his day." He could have his nights too if he were a cat."

HOIST BY HIS OWN PETARD.

COUNTRY TEACHER (*confidentially*)—"Thomas, one of the boys in your class has been behaving badly. I want you to go out and get a small switch for me."

THOMAS (*ecstatically*)—"Yes, sir."

THOMAS (*with glorious anticipation of the other boy's licking*)—"This is the smallest switch I could find, sir."

TEACHER—"That will do nicely, Thomas; and——

——you are the young rascal to whom I referred."

IT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Great laughter in court when the presiding judge makes a bad joke.

The court a few minutes later when a witness makes a good one.

THE CULTURE OF LIVING MODELS.

There has been a noticeable stagnation in the goat-joke business of late among our comic artists. Thanks to Mr. McGinty of Harlem for raising us a brand new crop of the choicest breeds.

A WEALTH-CREATOR.

DUSTY DEPEW—"Madam, kud yer oblige me wid an apple-pie—a whole one, badly cooked an' entirely indigestible?"

MRS. FARMER—"Why, what do you want such a pie as that for?"

DUSTY DEPEW—"T' eat, madam; only t' eat. Such a pie would create a bad dyspepsia; dyspepsia 'll cause restlessness; restlessness 'll cause ambition; ambition 'll cause effort; an' effort 'll cause wealth; an' I'm out fer de dust, ma'am."

A TRADE SECRET.

INE friendts? Dose susbender vas made pefore dot rubber vas all used oop on picycle wheels undt gloves for dhem electric delephone fellers. Dose susbender cost you now a tollar a pair, but I close out dhis lot for dwenty cents a pair, pecause I sell so many dot I can sell dhem for less dhan cost. Who dakes dher negst pair?"

"I don't see how sellin' so many kin make any difference ef you sell 'em fer less than cost," said an unbelieving old farmer.

"Dot's pecause you don'd ondershtand peesniss," said the fakir. "Uf I could sell a million pair for ten cents a pair I could preak down for f-e-e-f-t-y t'-o-u-s-a-n-d t-o-l-l-a-r-s;" and while the crowd laughed he closed out the last three pairs and commenced on white-agate buttons at three cents a card.

WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE.

A man overhearing a quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. W—— said to the abused man,

"Shall I tell you what I'd do? I'd say to her, 'Here's my coat; you can have that. Here's my vest; you can have that. You can have my pants, but I swear you shall not have my shirt.' And I'd stick to it."

AUTHOR OF THIS IS DEAD.

Superintendent—"Now, children, how many days make one week?"
Little Pete—"Sick."
Superintendent—"Sick? How do youmake that out, Peter?"
Little Pete—"Why, sick days make one weak."

A COMMON OCCURRENCE.

This is only what we see every day—a little man trying to keep step with a big one and trying to look as if it was no trouble at all.

AN OLD STORY.

1.

"Bah! here's that same old chestnut about a man sitting down on a——

2.

——tack!"

TWO STRINGS.

"Why is Charlie letting his hair grow?"

"For two reasons. He intends to try foot-ball, and if he's not a success at it he's going to join the woman's-rights party."

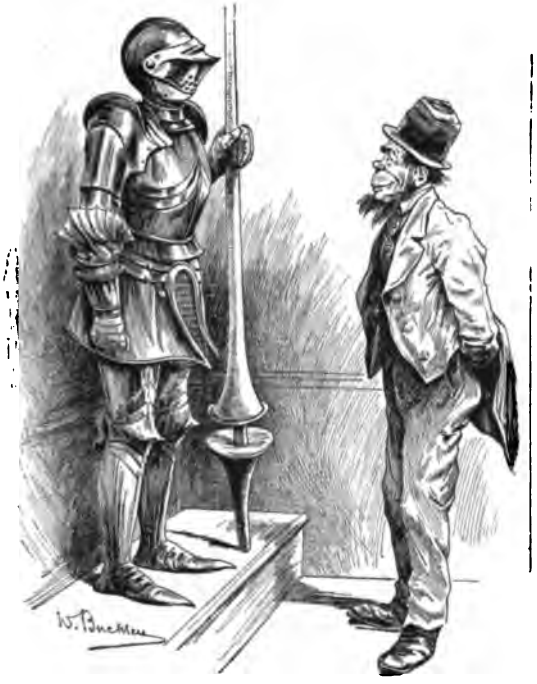
SUBSTITUTES.

The fashions change when winter comes,
So Gotham's giddy lads
Are wearing now chrysanthemums
Instead of liver-pads.

LIKED THEM WELL GROWN.

The mamma—"At what age do you consider children most interesting?"

The bachelor friend—"Any time after thirty."



A SNAP.

PAT (*in museum*)—"Howly St. Patrick! phwat a shnap those b'ys must have had w'en dere old women jumped on thim for staying out nights."

A ROLAND FOR HER OLIVER.

MIRANDY (*abruptly*)—"Joshua, I start fer th' west ter-morrer."
JOSHUA (*courting Mirandy steadily for twenty years—thunderstruck*)—"Mirandy—yew're jokin'!"
MIRANDY (*pettishly*)—"Hain't nuther! Mought git a husban' out thar."
JOSHUA (*desperately*)—"Hang it! I'll marry yer."
MIRANDY (*more docile*)—"Why didn't ye say that years ago?'
JOSHUA—"Hang it! Why didn't yer say yer'd go west years ago?"

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE—A FEW CONTRADICTORY FORECASTS BY MEDICAL CRANK

EXPLAINING ABNER'S UNCEREMONIOUS EXIT.

Two "soles" with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

THE PROFESSIONAL STOOP.

SMALL BOY—"Oh, mamma, what a great bicycler he must have been!"

GIVING THE DOCTOR THE CREDIT.

DOCTOR—"You have only a few moments left to live. Have you anything to say?"

PATIENT—"On'y dis, doctah—dat yo've made an a'mighty quick job ob it."

WHICH IS WHICH?

One of these men fought in every battle of the late war, the other has played in a college foot-ball game.

MOVEMENT IN REAL ESTATE.

"Is there any movement of real estate here?" asked a stranger in a Pennsylvania town.

"No, stranger," replied a resident; "but ef ye'll go four miles south o' here ye'll see th' purtyest cave-in ye ever come acrost."

HE UNDERSTOOD.

"I want some fallen-angel ham," murmured Miss de Vout: and the grocery-clerk forthwith produced a can of the deviled article.

THRICE BLESSED.

A convocation of churches was held in Greenfield and the Joneses entertained three of the clergy, who, as ill-luck would have it, were deaf as so many posts. Seated at the table, each guest—one because he was a friend of the family, another because he was the oldest minister in the conference, and the third because he was a stranger—expected to be called upon for the blessing. When Mr. Jones made the request and bent his head each minister, seeing the signal, promptly performed the duty. The triple blessing was too much for the gravity of the youngest member of the family, who, sent from the table in disgrace and knowing that the guests could not hear her, remarked as she was leaving the room that the dinner was a little better off than the quality of mercy—it was thrice blessed!

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

OLD FARMER—"Wa-al, by gosh! that must be one o' the livin' pictur's I've heerd tell abaout."

ANOTHER MRS. PARTINGTON.

She said her son was in the war
And for his country "fit"
Till in a "squirmish" both his legs
Were by a bullet hit.

And when the captain found it out
(He'd known him on a ranch)
He had him carried off the field
Upon an "avalanche."

A NEW IDEA.

1. "Confound that shower-bath! It's out of order again.——

2. ——I have an idea.——

3. ——In goes the pup.——

4. ——Shake, Jip!——

5. ——By Jove! it beats the other all hollow."

MODERN RULES.

MR. SLUGUM (*the prize-fighter*)—"He said dat ob me, did he? Gib me er pen an' some paper, quick! I'll lick de stuffin' outer de bloke."

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Mrs. Bloobumper—"You came to inquire for a place as cook, did you?"

Bridget O'Dowd—"Oi did, mum. Oi can do all sarts av cookin', mum, an' I worruked"——

Mrs. Bloobumper (interrupting)—"Never mind that. What's your politics?"

A NEW INDUSTRY.

"What do you teach at your school, professor?"

"The art of conversation."

"Do you have many classes?"

"Only four — featherweight, welterweight, middleweight and heavyweight."

A REFORMER.

SQUIRE HENNERY (*suspiciously*)—"Sam!"
SAM (*innocently*)—"Sah?"
SQUIRE HENNERY—"What makes my hound point at you like that?"
SAM—"'Clar' t' goodness I dun know, squire, 'less he wants yo' t' go t' church mo' regular, an' am p'intin' yo' out a good example, sah."

A DISASTROUS FAKE.

1. BLUFFING DUFFY (*in desperate tones*)—"Quick, mister! gimme er dime fer a drink. I'm erfraid I'm going' ter have 'em right now."

2. DR. REDNOSTRIL (*of Riverhead*)—"(Biff!) No, yer hain't (crack!). I allers prescribe violence (soak!) ter start th' (bang!) cirkerlation among my (whack!) patients o' your class.——

3. ——Thar, yer better a'reddy. Here's my card. When ye git fixed financially ye kin remit me fer my services. Good-day."

DOCTOR—"How are the pains to-day? No better? Then don't take any more of the pills."
PATIENT—"I haven't taken any of them, doctor."
DOCTOR—"That accounts for it. Take them as directed.

AGRICULTURAL PARADOX.

A couple were married in a balloon at the Elmira fair and if he was wise the clergyman got his fee before they were ready to come down.

THE RESULT OF GREAT AIRS.

THERE once was a woman with very big sleeves—
For this is a story one quickly believes—
In walking up Broadway and passing a hole,
Used sometimes for airing and sometimes for coal,
A current of hot air most quietly passed
Right up her two sleeves till it filled them at last.

No sooner the sleeves are of warm air quite full
Than up from the sidewalk the woman they pull,
And over the heads of the wondering boys,
Past high hats of men, o'er the street and its noise
And over the houses, 'way up in the air
The woman was floating—Oh, women, beware!

She stepped on a chimney, was covered with soot;
She grabbed at a weather-cock, didn't take root;
She kicked and she struggled, no good she receives,
The hotter it makes her, the lighter her sleeves!
"Oh, oh, see the angel!" "Great Scott, see the bird!"
Are sample expressions her burning ears heard.

Perhaps she'll come down in the sweet by-and-by—
The chances are greater she'll much further fly.
She keeps the sleeves warm by the stew she is in,
But worry and hunger are wearing her thin;
And so, as she's lighter, the sleeves pulling yet,
She'll elbow the planets, we're willing to bet.

A QUESTION OF BAIL.

JONES'S BABY.

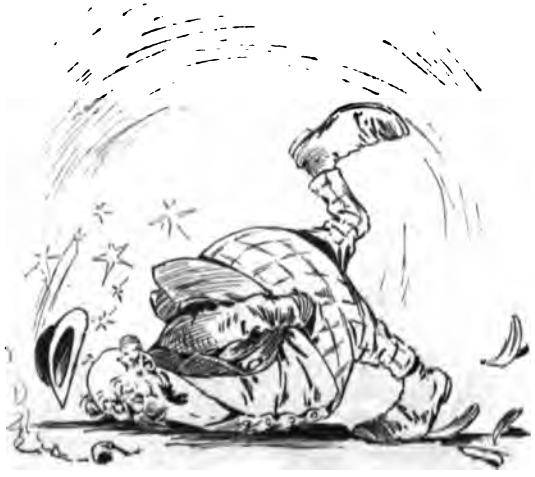
1. Ten p. m.

2. Eleven p. m.

3. One a. m.

4. Three a. m.

1



2.

3.

THAT DEADLY BANANA-PEEL.

It caused a great change of shape in Dinklespiel.

THOSE BIG SUNDAY PAPERS.

1. COP—"He ain't in here, that's certain."

2. THIEF—"I tell yer, dese big Sunday papers is great!"

OF OBSCURE ORIGIN.

"I wonder what is meant by cardinal principles?"

"I am sure I don't know. In the early days of cardinals they didn't seem to have any principles."

THE SAME, BUT DIFFERENT.

When men have had a falling-out,
And make it up again,
They smoke the pipe of peace and shout,
To show their joy and pain.

When women have been quarreling,
And shines again fair weather,
Arms 'round each other's necks they fling
And have a cry together.

TOO AUSPICIOUS.

Bagley—"Let me tell you what a funny thing my baby did last night."

Bailey—"Not now, Bagley. Wait until some day when I want to catch a train."

DOESN'T LOOK IT.

Tom Reed, according to the *Commercial Advertiser*, never opens his mouth without saying something. If that is so we should think he would be mighty hungry by this time.

APPEARANCES.

TOM has succeeded so well in marriage
That now I see he keeps a carriage;
But that doesn't show that he has much pelf—
There's a baby in, and he pushes it himself.

KEPT HIM BUSY.

St. Peter—"You say you are a sign-painter?"

Shade—"Yes."

St. Peter—"Well, I wish you'd get me up a sign—'No mistakes rectified after leaving the gate.' I'm getting tired of changing wings."

THAT WAS HOW HE KNEW.

Twynn—"Mr. Gilgal is a thorough grammarian."

Triplett—"I thought he was distinguished for nothing but stuttering."

Twynn—"That's what makes me think he is a grammarian—his familiarity with the parts of speech."

A PULL TOGETHER.

Mabel (finishing her evening prayer)—"Please, God, make Mabel a good little girl. You try just as hard as you can and I'll try just as hard as I can."

ALWAYS THUS.

1. The drink they get when you treat——

2. ——and the drink you invariably take when others treat.

TOO SMALL.

We cannot believe the story that Corning, in this state, has had hailstones as small as hens' eggs. Corning never had anything of that kind that weighed less than three pounds.

LITERALLY OBEYED.

THE NEW GIRL—"Yez needn't wriggle—the missus towld me thot if yez called ter kape yez here till she raturned, an' it's mesilf thot can do thot same!"

HALF SEAS OVER.

1. OLD SOAKS (*to himself*)—"Steady! steady (hic)! Port your helm; ——

2. —— take (hic) sail, you land-lubberly fool; ——

3 ——throw out (hic) anchor.——

THOSE CABLE CARS AGAIN.

No, this man is not crazy; but he had been dodging cable-cars all day and thought this was one.

TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

A small trader in a country town, wishing to leave his shop for a short time, put this notice on his door—"Been gone ten minutes."

TRULY DISCOURAGING.

Mrs. Neu—"Now, dear Charles, we can never hope to get along together unless you stop breaking your promises to me. Now, I want you to promise me never to break your word to me again."

Mr. Neu—"All right, dear. I promise."

Mrs. Neu (tearfully)—"But then, you know you never keep your promises."

Mr. Neu (dejectedly)—"There you are."

A FLATTERING DESCRIPTION.

Richie (bawling up the stairs)—"Mamma, come down here! Here's a lady waitin' to see you."

Mamma—"Sh-sh-sh! dear. Who is it?"

Richie—"I don't know, but she's tall an' got 'squito bites on her face."

NO EFFICACY.

Mamma (to Elsie, who has just repeated her evening prayer)—"Why don't you say, 'Please, God, make Elsie a good little girl'?"

Elsie—"'Cause I asked him last night and he didn't pay any 'tention."

4 ——Capsized, by Jove!"

A WARNING.

Ladies who fain would titles wed
And to high station mount,
To woman's voting should object.
They know they never can expect
To get an honest count.

SHE WAS SUPERSEDED.

Mr. Huggins—"Is Miss Fosdick still president of your society for the suppression of slang, Miss Skidds?"

Miss Skidds—"No; she got too fresh and we turned her down."

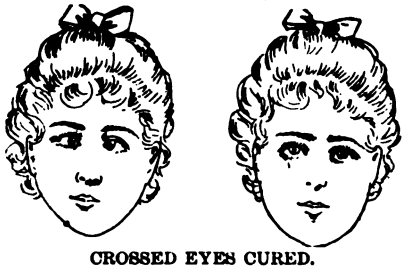
Every One Can Be Good Looking Now.

If you Don't Like your Features, They can be Changed.

It is no longer necessary to go through life with the face and features nature gave you.

PRONOUNCED ROMAN NOSE CHANGED TO AN AQUILINE.

If you don't like your nose, it can be changed to suit you, and if your ears, mouth or other features are not satisfactory, they, too, can be improved. In short, there is no blemish, mark or deformity in, on or under the skin that cannot be painlessly and permanently eradicated. The place where these remarkable improvements upon nature are performed



CROSSED EYES CURED.

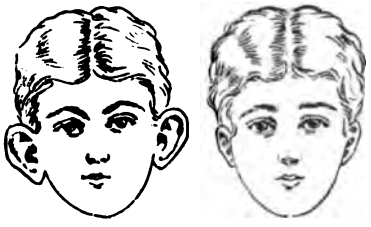
is at the John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute. The main establishment is at No. 127 West 42d Street, New York, and there are branches at the following places: Boston, 11 Winter Street; Philadelphia, 1218 Walnut Street; Chicago, 155 State Street.

WRINKLES ERADICATED.

Dermatologist Woodbury has had over twenty years' successful experience in curing skin diseases and eradicating facial blemishes. Associated with him are twenty-three skilled physicians and surgeons. Each of them is a regularly graduated physician, having had hospital practice, and they can eradicate blemishes better than any so-called regular practitioner, for the simple reason that they do nothing else.

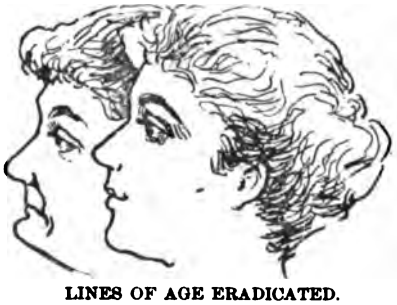
They employ the same skill in making people better looking that hospital surgeons employ in saving life. Nearly all the operations are made painless by

anæsthetics. The time employed for an operation is not over two hours in the most difficult cases, and sometimes not five minutes.



OUTSTANDING EARS IMPROVED.

In many cases no operation whatever is required. Outstanding ears are set closer to the head, crooked or broken noses are corrected, the "humps" are removed from prominent Roman noses, and red noses are changed to lighter tints. Wrinkles are permanenly removed, falling hair is stopped and pimples, red veins, birthmarks, scars, superfluous hair and all similar blemishes are eradicated.



LINES OF AGE ERADICATED.

The fees are moderate. Consultation is free in person or by letter. The New York establishment is open till 6 o'clock each evening, and Sundays from 10 to 12 o'clock; other hours by appointment.

HAIR LIP MADE PERFECT.

Persons living at a distance should send for a symptom blank, which, when properly filled out, enables the doctors to correctly diagnose their cases, and in most cases prepare a treatment that can be efficaciously used at the patient's home. There is no charge for a diagnosis of this kind.

SHORT UPPER LIP LENGTHENED.

At the main establishment and at each branch there is a fine static electric machine. Treatments from these machines are very beneficial in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, stiffness and soreness and nervous diseases. There is no shock or disrobing. The effect is pleasant and soothing, and it results in an increased circulation of the blood and the better performance of all the nerves, tissues and muscles.

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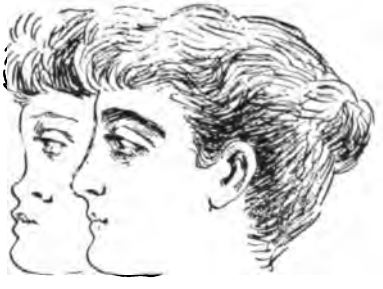
Woodbury's Facial Soap is absolutely pure. It cleanses and beautifies the complexion and is the best soap for everyday use. Druggists sell it and use it.



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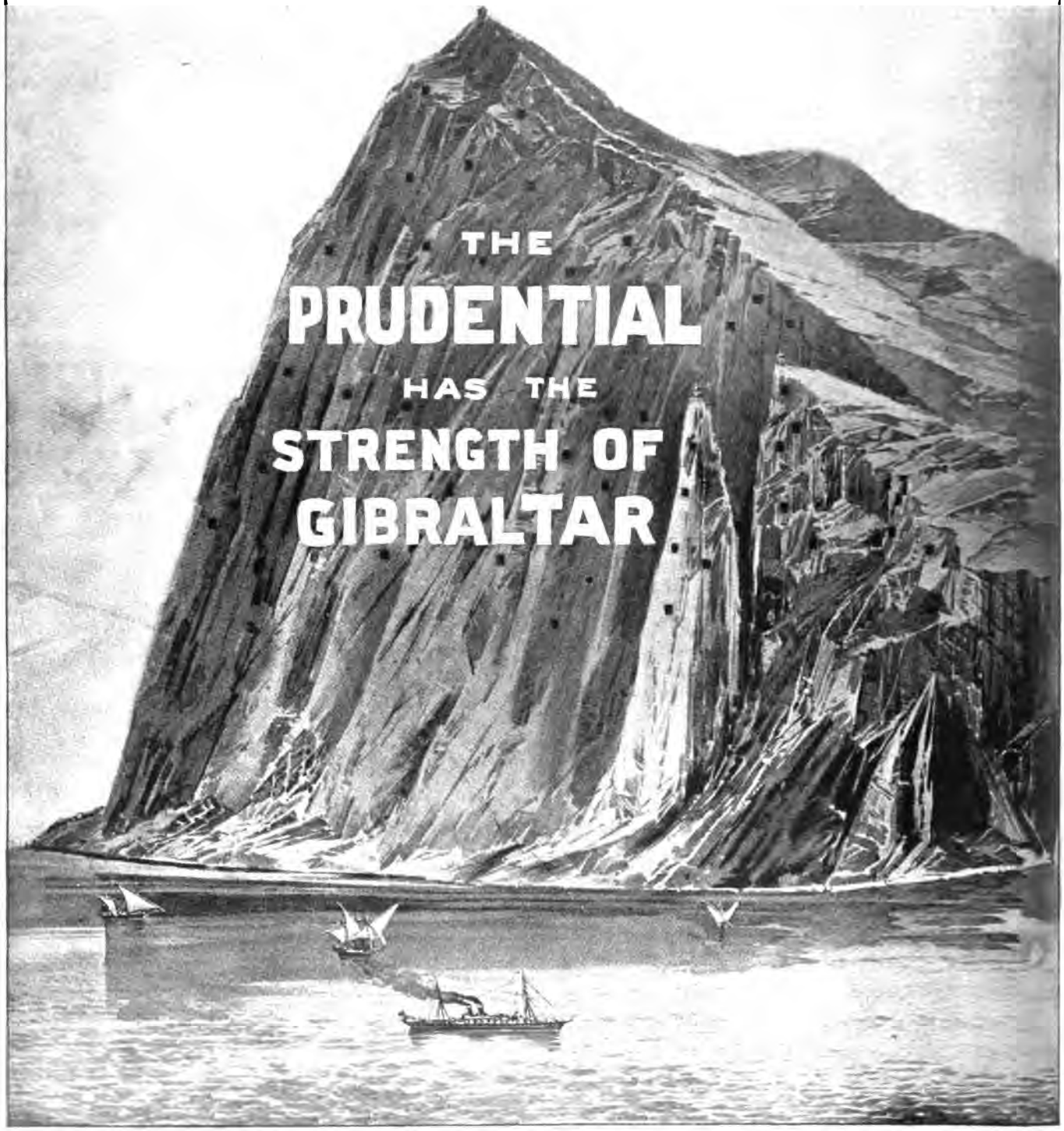
If you send 10 cents to John H. Woodbury, 127 West 42d Street, New York, you will receive, post paid, a sample cake of Facial Soap. If you mention this article a 132-page illustrated Beauty Book will be included, free.



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10 Cents by Mail.
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HISTORICAL BONMOTS.

Columbus, just returned from an outing in America, was greeted in the Strand by Sir Izaak Walton.

"What d'ye know?" asked Sir Izaak.

"Oh, nothing particularly. I met your old friend Powhatan. He informed me that fishing was good this season and requested me to put Walton."

A dismal eve. Solar stock declining rapidly. Grove and Nap, vis-à-vis, discussing prospects.

Nap—"I am the founder of my own dynasty, the architect of my own fortunes, the arbiter of my own destinies."

Grove—"Yes, Nap; I guess that's my trouble too!"

BUSINESS.

And now the cry of the whole country is that of Helen's baby—"Want to see wheels go round."

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CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this beautiful gold finished watch, by express for examination. You examine it at the express office; and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price $2.75 and express charges and it is yours. It is magnificently engraved and equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold watch. A guarantee and beautiful gold plate chain and charm sent free with every watch, write today, this may not appear again; mention whether you want gents' or ladies' size
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Dear Madam:

An exquisite reproduction in 14 colors of Von Wiedenbergh's oil painting "Our Bench Show" representing a "yard" of playful puppies will be given with the Christmas Number of Demorest's Magazine (published Nov. 15th.)

The size of the picture is 10×30 inches. It will make a most beautiful ornament for your parlor when framed. Last year's Christmas Number with its beautiful premium picture was sold out five days after its publication and a large number of our friends who sent in their orders for a copy too late were unable to secure it.

If you will return this card to us now with 20 cts in stamps (one dime preferred) enclosed in a sealed envelope we will send the picture and the magazine to your address as soon as it is published. (If you want an extra copy as a Christmas gift for a friend send 40 cts in stamps.)

The edition will be limited to only those who order at once will be absolutely sure of getting a copy. You will say it is the cutest picture you ever saw when it reaches you.

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$60 Kenwood Machine for $22.00
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Singers (Made by us) $8, $11.50, $15 and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight. Buy from factory. Save agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address (in full), CASH BUYERS' UNION
158-164 West Van Buren St., B-38, Chicago, Ills.

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

They are the hit of the campaign. The above is a reduced specimen.

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is doing valiant work for sound money and protection. Send a dollar for a three-months' trial trip.

ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,
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AN INVIDIOUS COMPARISON.

Lucifer (to new arrival in hades)—"Pretty warm here, isn't it?"

New arrival—"Warm? Call this warm? Why, when I was in Chicago in the summer of"——.

Lucifer (interrupting)—"Hi, there, Asmodeus! Dump four barrels more brimstone in this pit and put on the force draught.

Millions of Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

JUDGMENTS.

Make yourself necessary.
To have a friend you must be one.

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Try them once, you will instantly detect their superiority. If your stationer does not keep them, send 16c. in stamps, to Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, Jersey City, N. J., for samples worth double the money.
Please mention this magazine.

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OF ACTUAL SCENES on the MARCH, in CAMP, on the FIELD OF BATTLE and in the TRENCHES.

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A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

GUEST (*alarmed at new arrivals of women, to host*)—"Ef dey keeps on like dese two, hadn' yo' bettah yank down de miz'letoe an' call de game off?"

A Prompt Reply

SHE whispered yes without demur.
Oh, dismal word was that to me!
I asked her if she would prefer
The orchestra to balcony.

A POPULAR DEMAND FOR IT.

"We ought to have a bicycle club," said Jinx.

"I think so myself," said Harkaway. "I wanted one the other day to smash my machine for keeps.'

PLAUSIBLE.

Jaggles—"The living picture heard she was liable to arrest. That was why she put on the drapery."

Waggles—"Isn't that what you might call a stitch in time?"

A MIXED TYPE.

Our comic artist partakes heartily of lobster-salad and cucumbers just before retiring, and shortly afterward receives a visit from an Irish Jew born in Africa, who insists upon immediate and treble satisfaction.

BETWEEN POETS.

"You're not going to send this thing to the magazines, are you?"

"Why not?"

"You'll waste postage, that's all. The blamed thing makes sense."

HE FOUND OUT.

1.

"Ah! a new scheme in advertising, I s'pose? Perhaps it's that confounded 'Hockheimer's special sale of cheap clothing' again."

2.

Funeral, Sunday, at three p. m. No flowers.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

He woke, his sleep with trouble fraught,
And heard an awful sound.
He thought
The day of judgment come;
Then he remembered he had bought
His little boy a drum.

BOBBIE'S VERSION.

It was evening and Bobbie's mother was repeating his prayers with him. She closed them with a grave "A-men."

"B-men," said Bobbie sleepily.

ACTION.

"All things will come to him who waits;"
But here's a rule that's slicker:
The man who goes for what he wants
Will get them all the quicker.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Miss Gush — "Isn't it just lovely to listen to the chimes ringing the old year out and the new year in?"

Gayboy — "You bet. I wouldn't miss it for the world. I always go down there with a couple of fish-horns."

How readily, after all, *their* follies occur to us.

FOR SAFETY.

He—"Why is it, Miss Mary, that you wear your muff in so queer a place?"

She—"Oh, it will come in handy in case I fall."

A SEASON OF LIBERALITY.

Cumso—"As a general thing everybody is liberal at Christmas time."

Cawker—"That is true. Nobody minces matters but the pie-builders.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

What have you in the past year won
That you at others' faults should scoff?
You find that in the year you've done
Most all the things that you swore off.

THE GREAT LEVER.

Merritt—"What do you think of the woman with a past?"

Cora — "At Christmas she is likely to be won by the man with a present."

JUDGMENT.

War is all wrong. Even the muskets kick.

FORETHOUGHT.

Mrs. Vansock (to visiting guest)—"Won't you stay to dinner to-night? I bought a pair of splendid canvas-back ducks because Ferdinand has gone hunting, and he always likes to have a game dinner when he comes back from a shooting trip."

A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

Uncle Hayseed—"I'd jest like ter see them things work, mister." Humorous Pete (*the peddler*)—"All right; there you are!"

PUZZLED.

JEFF—"(Hic) dat's a snow-man—I 's not so drunk not t' kno' dat; but whad puzzles dis yere coon is why he doan' raise his umbrella."

A BUSINESS RULE.

He had been making an avowal of love to the heiress.

"And may I have an answer to-morrow, dearest?"

"Not to-morrow, George. In money matters I always insist upon three days of grace."

NO OCCASION FOR SELF-DENIAL.

Mr. Brotherton (giving Uncle Pete his Christmas dinner)—"Now, Uncle Pete, you better not eat any of that mince-pie. It's got brandy in it, and you know you're a teetotaler.

Uncle Pete—"Yes, sah; I know, sah. But I'se got de 'spepsy so bad dat I'se boun' t' 'pent befo' mawnin' ennyhow, so I mout as well hab some."

WILL WE?

We wonder if lovely woman thinks that we will ever pay two dollars and a half for an orchestra chair to see a skirt-dance done in bloomers?

How little Tommy made use of his sister's new golfies on X-mas eve.

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

1.
The plot.

2.
The plotter.

3.
Plotted.

SAFE.

EPHRAM—"Now how de dickens did dat fowl know dat I done turn ober er new leaf?"

A CULTIVATED TASTE.

MISS GOLDUST (*engaged to Russian count*)—"Goodness me, Reginald! what are you crying about?"

REGINALD—"Boo-hoo-hoo—while you were out of the room just now Count Kraptovolskie-wolskie ate six of the candles off of the Christmas-tree—boo-hoo-hoo!"

MIGHT GET MORE.

YOUNG BROTHER—"Going to hang up your stocking Christmas eve, Mr. Spooner?"
MR. SPOONER (*facetiously*)—"No, Johnny; I'd get so much my stocking wouldn't hold it."
YOUNG BROTHER (*confidentially*)—"I'll tell you what! Borrow one of Sister Sue's."

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

GAYLUSH (*attacked by thugs at two a. m.*)—"(Hic) Hol' on, M'ria! 'Sh all righ' (hic). F'give me thish time, M'ria (hic). Buy y' new hat t'-morrer, M'ria (hic)"

SHE GAVE IT AWAY.

"I suppose you will have a goose for Christmas dinner," said the butcher.

"Yes," replied the blushing young girl, who was doing the marketing because her mother was so busy she actually couldn't, "Mr. Sissy is coming down to the house—that is—er—er—mamma says one about the usual size, Mr. Cleaver."

MEDICATED.

Tommy — "There was burglars in our house last night."

Bobby—"Did they take anything?"

Tommy—"Yes; pa said they must have taken a box of quinine pills. He couldn't find 'em."

CONFIRMED.

Merritt — "When I called at your house to-day your wife was busy ripping up one of her crazy-quilts."

Cobwigger—"I had my suspicions that she intended making me some neckties for Christmas."

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE.

Wife—"John, I wish you'd chop some wood for the fire."

Husband—"Can't; my arm 's lame."

Son (ten minutes later)—"Say, pa, we can't go fishing to-day; the pond 's covered with ice."

Father—"Well, we can chop a hole in it, can't we?"

A CLINCHER.

Little Johnnie — "When did Santa Claus begin going around at Christmas?"

Brown—"A couple of thousand years ago."

Little Johnnie—"Why, pa, they didn't have stockings in those days."

THE GIRL WHO CROCHETS.

Her Christmas present, I may state,
Is wristlets when she's smitten;
But when her love has turned to hate
She substitutes the mitten.

KNEW HIS WAYS.

Maisie—"Mamma, has gran'pa sure gone to heaven?"

Mamma — "Oh, yes, indeed, Maisie; sure!"

Maisie—"Well, I bet he sneaks out once in a while for a smoke."

NOT even an inner consciousness of divine favor can render us superior to calamity.

JUDGMENT.

The name of the talisman of success is tactful courage.

HE KNEW.

WILLIE (*at the close of Christmas day*)—"Maw, didn't you say that Santa Claus only brought presents to good boys?"

MOTHER—"Yes, dear."

WILLIE—"Well, if Santa Claus thinks all of the fellers he brought presents for are good boys somebody has give him an awful steer."

A BIG CONTRACT.

CHOLLY (*meeting Bobby on the street, day before Christmas*)—"I say, Bobby, does your sister Ethel hang up her stocking Christmas eve?"

BOBBY—"Yep; so do I."

CHOLLY—"Well, I say, Bobby, just you stick this pug-dog into her stocking to-night and I'll give you a dollar."

EVERYTHING STOPPED.

Steamer-captain—"There's something decidedly wrong with this vessel. She hasn't moved an inch for an hour."

Purser—"No; there is a party of chess-players down in the cabin."

PAID FOR.

"I say, Mr. Softly," remarked the family terror, aged ten, as he carefully scraped both his shoes upon Mr. Softly's patent leathers prior to his sister's appearance in the parlor; "that box of taffy-candy you sent sis on Christmas was prime. I et the whole of it."

"Ah, did you?" replied Mr. Softly, gently removing his embryo brother-in-law.

"Yep. Sis dasn't tackle anything sticky with her false teeth, so I got it all."

And from the smothered whoops which were shortly heard proceeding from the nursery it was evident that something sticky was tackling the family terror and that he was again getting it all. His sister had overheard his remarks.

UNFAIR.

The women now are so preferred
It is becoming quite absurd.
Of Christmas Eve so much is heard—
Of Christmas Adam not a word.

A CASE IN POINT.

Trotter—"Do you believe that pleasant environments are necessary to achieve success in art?"

Barlow—"By no means. I know an artist who has always lived in Chicago who does some really good work."

A DISASTROUS LEAP.

1.

Bobby's pa used bad judgment Christmas eve when he placed the longed-for trick mouse on the new drum, because an hour later Pussy strolled into the room and——

A MASKED BALL.

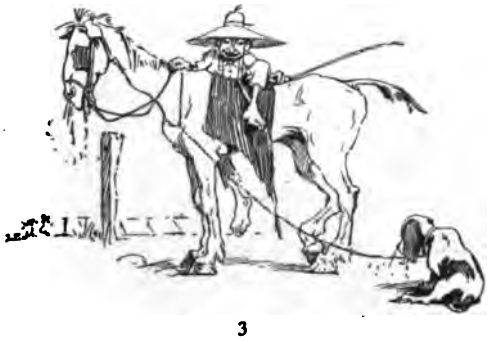
2.

—saw it first—wow!

HOW THE PUP GOT EVEN.

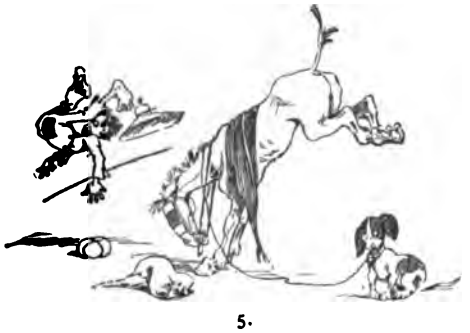
1.
"Look sharp, Tige, an' we'll have a spin.——

2.
——Great sport, ain't it, Tige?——

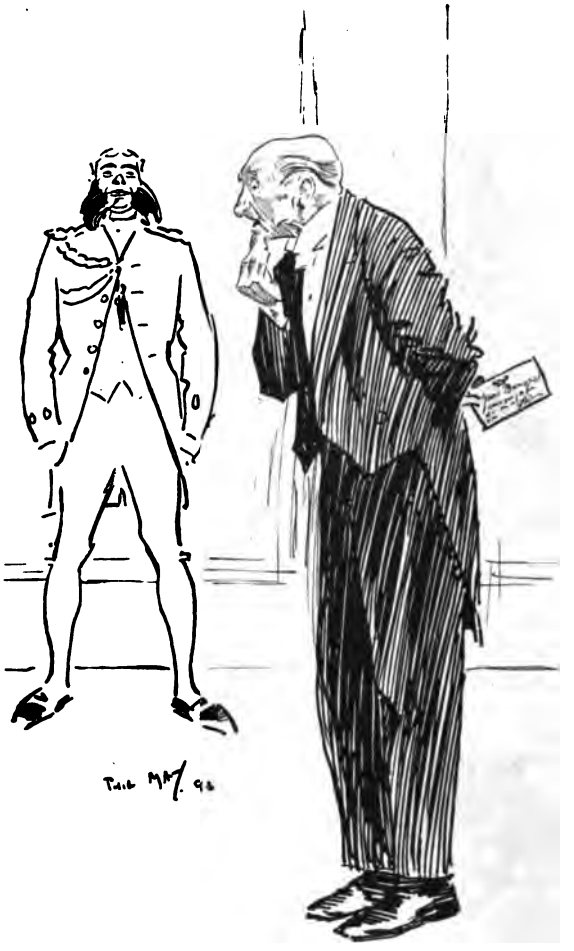


3
——Get your breath, Tige, an' when I come out we'll have another.——

4.
——Hold on, Tige, till I git me bundles fixed.——



5.
——We're off!"



AT THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS FEAST.

ABSENT-MINDED OLD GENT—"Great Scott! I've forgotten my false teeth."

NO REMNANTS.

"Do you suppose Santa Claus will leave you anything this year?" asked the Gentile youth of eight years of his Hebrew schoolmate of equal age.

"Vell, I hope nod," replied the other. "Ve've sold oud mosd ohf our Ghris'mas stog alretty, und a pargain-sale nexd veeg vill glear ohf der remainder. No, mine frendt; I don'd t'ink vot's-his-name vill leaf us anydings on our hands dis year. Peesniss vas pigging ub."

HER OWN BLAME.

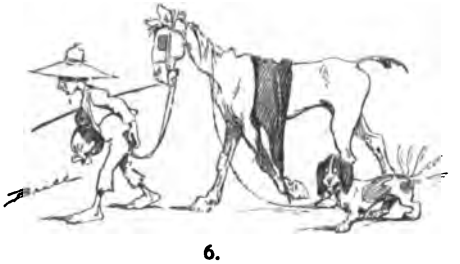
Cora—"You haven't given me a Christmas present yet."

Merritt—"Then why don't you stand under the mistletoe?"

A SLOW WORKER.

Housewife—"You can have this pie if you saw the pile of wood."

Wandering Willie—"I cain't entertain de prop'sition, mum. By de time I'd dat pile sawed de pie would be mouldy."



6.
TIGE—"No use runnin' when you don't have ter."

FROSTY.

She—"Where is my picture?"

He—"I have it in my heart."

She—"Ah, I see! Cold storage."

SANTA CLAUS UP TO DATE.

DOUBLY THANKFUL.

1. FARMER JONES (*ten p. m. Christmas eve*) — "That thar turkey 's got so blamed fat he can't fly up on the roost. That's something to be thankful for."

JUDGMENTS.

Truth is stranger than fiction and more scarce.

The filter of misfortune separates true friendship from the scum.

Red is a danger-signal on a railroad, a man's nose and a woman's hair.

HE HAD HIS WISH.

"I'd love to list to you all night!" he said,
Kissed good-bye at the door, then homeward sped.
A year had passed since she became his bride;
He came home late—his wish was gratified.

ACCORDING to English sporting tactics, a bird in the bush is worth two in the open.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

Helen van de Riche (entering drawing-room, quite out of breath)—"Oh, girls! Have you heard the news?"

Chorus—"No; tell us!"

Helen—"Well, you know Lulu Perkins, who married Count Bigstuff?"

Chorus—"Of course—poor thing!"

Helen—"And how he abused her?"

Chorus—"The wretch—yes, yes!"

Helen—"And how she had to leave him?"

Chorus (sobs)—"Y-yes!"

Helen—"And how he got a divorce for desertion?"

Chorus—"The titled brute!"

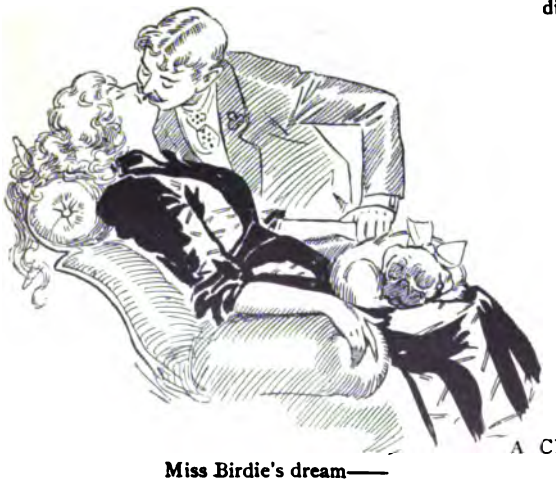
Helen—"After spending all her money?"

Chorus—"She might have known."

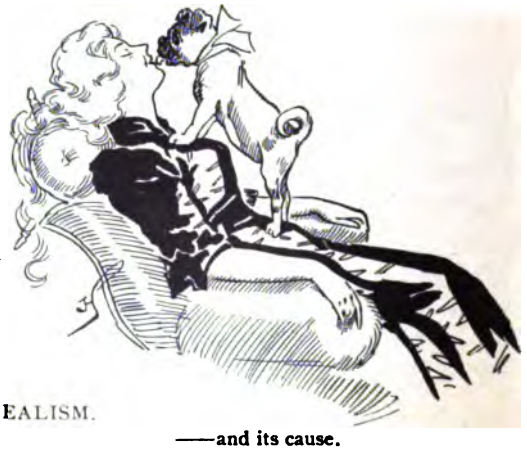
Helen—"Well—he's *here!*"

Ecstatic chorus—"Oh, Helen, you little mischief! Which of us shall invite him first?"

2. REV. JOHNSON (*a moment later*)—"Dat's de narrowest 'scape dis yar coon eber had. An' dat's sumfin' t' be t'ankful fer!"



Miss Birdie's dream——



——and its cause.

A CRUEL REALISM.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

JIMMIE—"I guess that'll fetch him, Bobbie."

THE TRAMP'S VISION OF HIS CHRISTMAS-TREE.

DOOM OF THE FITTEST.

1.

MR. TURKEY—"See here, Mrs. Turkey! you're getting so miserably thin I'm ashamed of you. You're liable to drop off any time. I think you're going to lose your mind."

2

MRS. TURKEY—"And I think you've lost yours already."

MISSED IT SADLY.

"What feature of the American Christmas did you miss the most over in China?"

"Um—let me see. Oh, I guess it must have been the bargain-counter."

MRS. BRINSMEAD—"No; not that, Edgardo. When I buy you a toy I want something that will inculcate an object-lesson."

SALESMAN—"Be careful, young man! I wouldn't fool with that——

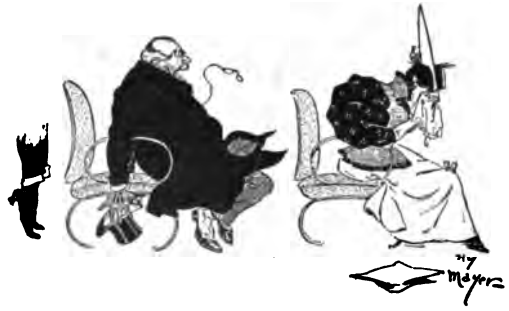
——donkey!"

THE PUSSYKINS GIVE A CHRISTMAS TOBOGGAN PARTY.

IN THE THEATRE.

He congratulated himself when he entered and found a sensible girl before him——

——and then there was comedy——



——and tragedy.

SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE.

DEACON KETCHUM (*after grace*)—"Now, chilluns, de Lawd hates gluttony; so jes' restrain yo'r carnal appetites an' doan eat so much ob dis yar tukkey dat yo'll git de dyspepsia"

SOCIAL AGONIES.

That pleasant moment when you find you have placed a five-dollar gold-piece in the contribution-plate under the impression that it was a cent.

THE TURKEY.

ALTHOUGH you are this time of year
The theme of many a toast
From lips of those who love you dear,
You also get a roast.

HIS BEST WISHES.

"I had a letter from Clara who is in London in which she said she was to be presented at court."

"I hope the poor girl will be acquitted."

LOCAL JEALOUSY.

Twynn—"Up in Minneapolis the opponent's of women's activities never quote what St. Paul said about women's subjection."

Triplett—"Why not?"

Twynn—"They don't think much of St. Paul at Minneapolis."

HIS ONLY OBJECTION.

"I love to hear you talk, my dear," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, when she paused to take breath at the end of the second column of a curtain-lecture, "but your volubility is really a reflection on my wisdom."

"How so?"

"Because a word to the wise is sufficient."

IT IS ALWAYS THAT WAY

"John, you have been drinking."

The words fell cruelly upon the blushing man's senses. They were true. He could not deny them. And yet he wondered. On top of that little drink he had carefully placed one glass of ice-water, two olives, three crackers, a liberal portion of cheese, two cloves, six grains of coffee, three spices, one soda-mint, and in addition thereto he had smoked a cigar. He could only turn his head sadly away and say, "What's the good of anything?"

JUDGMENT.

There are men who try to idolize their wives, on the theory that a man should be divorced from his idols.

SPACE OCCUPIED.

Chorus-girl—"What d' ye git fired fer?"

Ex-chorus-girl—"Comin' down ont' th' wrong note."

Chorus-girl—"Why didn't ye foller that big strong alto 't stood next t' you?"

Ex-chorus-girl—"I did, an' she got there first."

AN UNFOUNDED RUMOR.

Bridget—"They do say that the city wather is unhealthy, Pat."

Pat—(incredulously)—"Sure there's some mistake. Bedad, an' didn't Oi only this marnin' see any number av dilicate little insec's aloive in a glass av it"

A PERTINENT DEDUCTION.

EARLY ETHERYNGTON (*who has made a great hay appropriation in view of inclement weather*)—"I'll bet dat w'en dat farmer sees dese tracks an' sizes up his hay-loft he'll tink dere wuz an elerfunt stopt wid him over night."

SAMSON WASN'T IN IT.

TEACHER—"Sam, who war de stronges' man in de worl'?"
SAM—"Jonah, sah."
TEACHER—"Wha' makes yo' fink dat, chile?"
SAM—"Kase when de whale had 'im down he couldn't hold 'im."

"FOUND AT LAST."

RURAL EXPLORER (*first visit to the city*)—"Well, by gosh! if there hain't a real live Sandy Clus. I'll jes' shear around here and watch 'im tackle a chimly."

EARLY X'MAS MORNING.
"Great Scott! I'se done lost my Chris'mus dinner."

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

HE—"Did I but dare, what bliss were mine
To press those lovely lips divine!
Did I but dare!"

SHE—"The stupid chump, to stand and stare
As though his feet were planted there.
The stupid chump!"

THE SILVER QUESTION.

HIS hair was silvered while her locks were gold.
"Come, be my wife," said he; "I'm not too old."
"Silver and gold can't wed, so don't insist,"
Quoth she, "for I'm a monometallist."

CONSOLATION IN MISFORTUNE.

Wandering Willie—"Well, pard, dis is wot I call tuff. Arter all de trouble uv breakin' inter de hen-house, an' jes' as we wuz goin' ter grab de biggest turk uv de lot, we gits nabbed."

Weary Raggles—"Cheer up, ol' boy; we're sure uv turkey any way. Dey allus gives a reg'lar T'anks-givin' spread on de island."

WHAT SHE WAS DOING.

Mistress (calling up stairs)—"What on earth are you doing to that child, Sarah, to make it scream so?"

Sarah—"Nothing, ma'am. I'm spanking it to make it stop."

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

"How does that suit involving the consignment of baby-carriages come on?"

"Oh, I shall win."

"Pretty confident, are you?"

"Well, I should say so. I've told twenty Brooklyn men my side of the case and every one of them agrees with me."

OH!

Uptodate—"Say, chappie, what is the difference between one of Washington Irving's tales and the Brooklyn trolley-car?"

Chappie—"Come again."

Uptodate—"One is a headless horseman and the other is a horseless headsman."

WHEN THE MISSISSIPPI OVERFLOWED.

OLD SETTLER—"Call this er flood? Why, I kin recollict"——

THE CURLY CRAZE.

MR. BILLINGTON BINKS—"Yes, my dear, it was a happy thought of yours to have the room furnished in the Louis the fifteenth style, it's so effective."

So JUDGE thinks, but don't go near it when at all billious or after having an evening with the boys, or it will assume these sizes and shapes and the curls will get on your nerves.

COMPENSATED FOR.

He is stupid, but then he gives such lovely Christmas presents.

THE NEW SANTA CLAUS.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS—" Don't be afraid, children ; I am Mrs. Santa Claus. We've had a New-Woman movement up our way."

MY WIFE.

AS Christmas approaches she goes out to shop,
And jigs about hither and thither;
Yet I care not a bit though she walk till she drop,
For this year I am not going with her.

OF TWO EVILS.

"I speak plainly, I believe," said Mrs. Newun decisively, "when I say that in riding a wheel I shall wear bloomers or nothing, despite your objection."

"You do speak plainly," replied Mr. N. in the voice of one who has given up, "and I have nothing more to say. I prefer bloomers to the alternative."

SEARCH FOR FACTS.

Philanthropic old gentleman—"How in the world did you ever fall to this state?"

Seedy individual—"I am a reporter, sir, and I've got an assignment to write an article on the evil effects of drink."

A STRONG CASE.

Judge—"I understand the murdered man was a peddler. Do you know of any provocation he gave the negro race for killing him?"

Prosecuting attorney—"Yes, your honor. We found out that he visited all the farmers just before Thanksgiving and tried to sell them a new kind of spring-gun."

1.

ONE FIEND LESS.

He had a little kodak,
And took things from spring to spring;
At last he took the measles,
Never took another thing.

JUDGMENT.

A poor excuse is worse than none.

TIME IS MONEY—ESPECIALLY AT CHRISTMAS.

CHIMMIE (*of Bleecker street*)—"Wot's dis I hear 'bout yer joinin' a Sunday-school class, Slobsy?"

SLOBSY (*of Baxter street*)—"Dat's all right. See? Chris'-mus is a-comin'. See?"

CHIMMIE—"Yes; an' w'ile yer wastin' yer good time in a church waitin' fer a candy-cane yer might be makin' two dollars in cold cash sobbin' on a street-corner."

LITERATURE IN THE BARN-YARD.

"My dear," said the female turkey to her noble spouse, "what is your opinion of the Thanksgiving proclamation?"

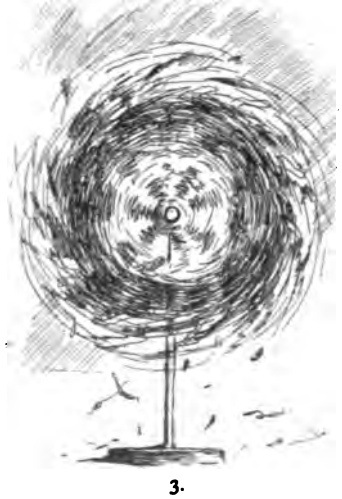
"Stuff!"

"Then what would you have said?"

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" and the sad but pompous fowl strutted across the street.

TROUBLES are awful bores; especially other people's.

2.



3.

4.

FEATHERS AND FUR; OR, THE PARROT'S REVENGE.

PREFERRED A SURE THING.

MR. *ISAACS* (of Poughkeepsie, to salesman of New York house)—"Und dit you told der boss dot I vos going to git married to my zecond vife to-morrow und I vanted der house shouldt gif me a nice bresent?"

Salesman—"Yes, Mr. Isaacs, I told him."

Mr. Isaacs—"Und vot dit he zay?"

Salesman—"He said I should give you a necktie."

Mr. Isaacs (shrieking)—"A negtie!!! I don't vant no negtie!! I vant me a goot some-aggount bresent! You go tell dot boss dot I traded me here two t'ousand tollars last year—von t'ousand tollars cash und my note for von t'ousand tollars; und I vant me a nice vedding bresent!"

(Exit salesman, who returns after a few moments.)

Salesman—"Well, Mr. Isaacs, I spoke to the boss and he's pretty busy this morning, but he told me to give you your note back."

Mr. Isaacs—"All right, Mr. Sellers. But led me asg you von thing. Vill dot boss endorse dot note?"

Mr. Sellers—"Indorse the note? Of course he won't indorse the note. What do you take him for?"

Mr. Isaacs—"I take der negtie."

SPEAKING of flood-tide, public sentiment is always willing to dam the mouth of the pugilist.

AND THEY DID.

MR. JOHNSON—"I kain't afford toe git dese heah boys no skates, but dey's goin' toe skate jes' de same, dey is."

CHRISTMAS THANKSGIVING.

EPICURE EDWARD (*the tramp bear*)—"Ah, what a nice bit of stray pork! If I only had a few beans to go with it I think I could get along without the brown-bread."

ELYSIUM.

Batson—"I hear you have just returned from the holy land?"

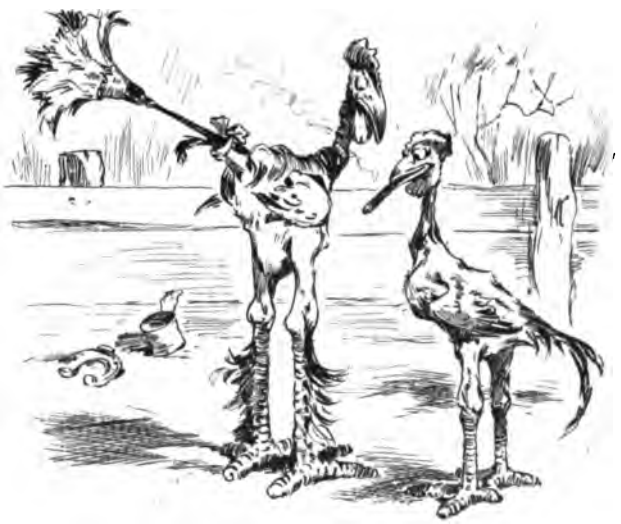
Judson—"Yes, and I shall never regret the expense of that trip. Why, the sight of the pyramid of Cheops alone is enough, and"——

Voracious Vedder (who has overheard conversation)—"Pyrimid 'f chops. B'lieve I'll take dat trip meself. Wonder was dey muttons or veals?"

ANTICIPATION.

While the sultan insultin' is trembling with fear
And affairs in his realm look murky,
We can surely look forward when Christmas is here
To see the partition of Turkey.

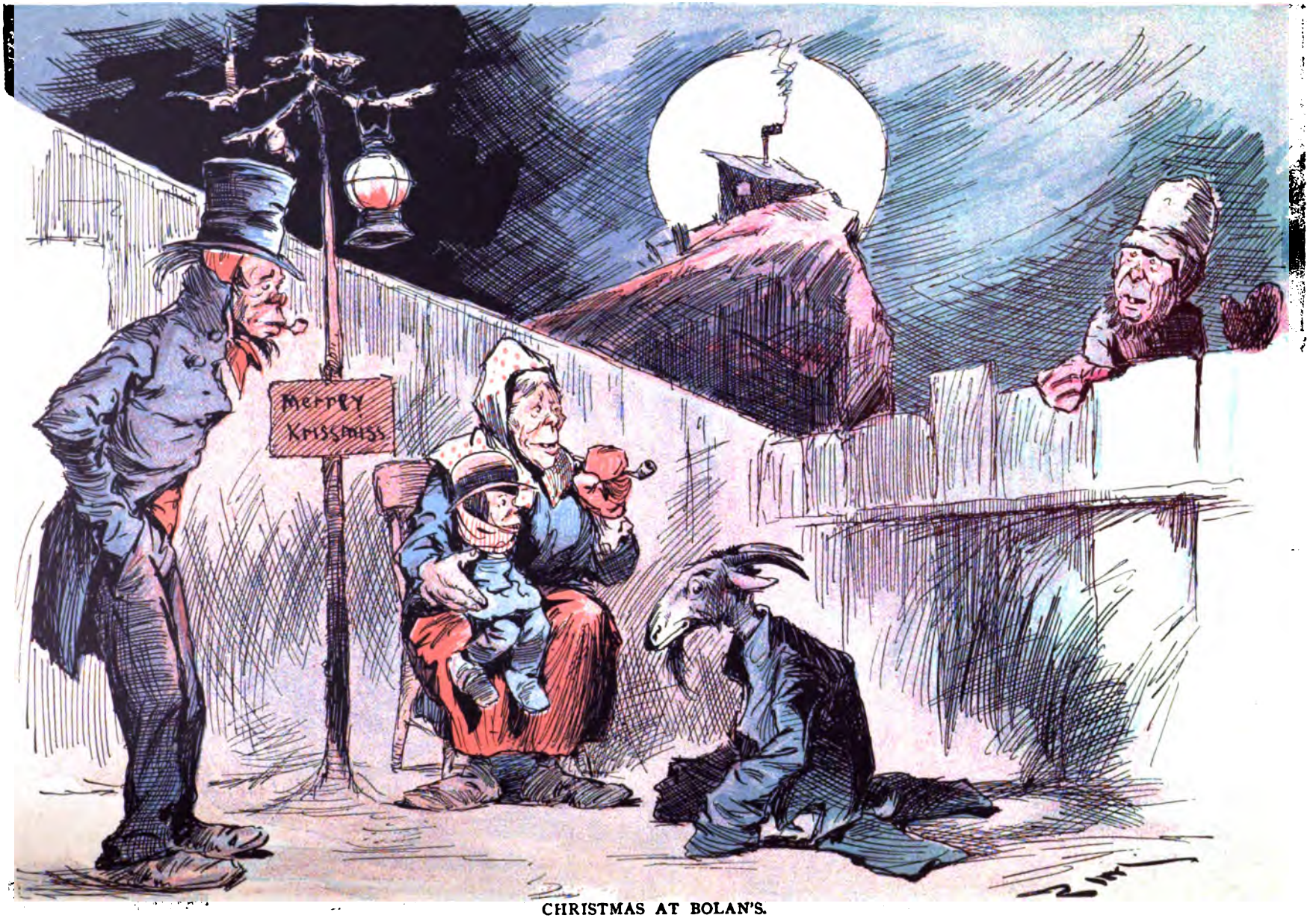
MEN are not all bad. Some men cannot even cry without making somebody laugh.



HEN TALK.

BERTRAM (*the Shanghai*)—"Don't mention it. I'm moulting, you see. So I had to rig up artificially for the party this eve."

HECTOR (*smilingly*)—"Oh, you deceitful wretch!"



CHRISTMAS AT BOLAN'S.

CARROLL (*from over the fence*)—"Pfwhat's goin' on, Mishter Bolan?"
BOLAN—"It is a bit av Chrishmash fistivity we're havin'; John, an' Rosie an' me conchluded it wor a shame t' pull up a good shade three fer jist wan night."

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

SHE asked her experienced father,
"Dear papa, tell me, I pray,
What shall I give my husband
To surprise him on Christmas day?"

"A present for Clarence?' he murmured,
His mind with past years away,
As he thought of his wife's dear presents
For which he had had to pay.

"This is sure to surprise him, daughter,
If there's anything that will—
A gold watch and chain to give him—
And include a receipted bill."

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Manager—"Who under the sun is rattling all the windows in this bloomin' place coughing so, in the other room?"

The midget—"Please, sor, it's Desparlo, the fire-eater. He's eating a tamale."

A TOUCHING AU REVOIR.

Goose—"Well, I s'pose this is my last day."

Turkey—"Mine too. Good-bye."

Goose—"Good-bye. Meet you at the raffle."

ALREADY COOKED.

"Pap, ain' we gwine t' hab no chicken fo' Chris'mus?"

PAP—"Now whad fo' yo' axin' me dat? Doan' yo' know as well as I dat Marse Ben's chicken-coop dun burn down wid all his chickens in it."

CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE SMOKY RANGE.

THREE-BAR JIM—"Gosh, Billy! hang yer sock quick. Ole Santa Claus is comin' down."

A MATTER OF NECESSITY.

Rev. Mr. Saintly—"You say your sister chews gum? That's a terrible habit."

Willie—"She knows that as well as you do, sir; but she's trying to stop smoking."

SORRY HE ASKED.

Author—"How is it that you didn't follow the universal custom and turn over a new leaf?"

Critic—"I happened to pick up your latest novel."

"MAKING A STUMP SPEECH."

A CHRISTMAS BUNCO.

1. FRAYED FAGAN—"Vagrant? Yer wrong me, ossifer. But if yer is lookin' fer a chance ter distinguish yerself—I'm givin' it ter yer straight—dey's a green-goods man at work rite 'round de corner." (*Exit McManus hurriedly*)

WHY?

Our art students find thumbtacks so convenient, why don't they economize and use finger-nails.

MAN, CHEERFUL MAN.

Materfamilias — "Remember, Thomas, that Christmas comes but once a year."

Paterfamilias (growling in anticipation of bills)—"Yes and that's twice too often."

NOT CONVENTIONAL.

Old Jerry Simpson does not care
What song the angels sang.
He hangs not up his stockings, for
He has no socks to hang.

"SHE MEANT EMACIATED."

Penelope—"Hello, Perdita! Where have you been all the week?"

Perdita — "Oh! I have been sick all the week, and don't I look awfully emancipated?"

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

Such troubles this life ever flow through
(The danger there is no use hooding);
The size of the nightmare you'll go through
Depends on the size of the pudding.

A PATIENT should not prepare his own potion or a cook her own broth.

WEARY RAGGLES ON CHRISTMAS

Ef Santa Claus put ennything in my stockin' it wud drop out o' de heel.

When yer swipe a turkey in town yer don't hev de job o'pickin' off de feathers.

De pious blokes whut supplies de boys wid readin'-matter patronize de wrong book-store.

De white Chris'mus is immense when yer kin set 'longside a warm stove an' watch it throo a winder.

Ef I hedn't used dat dye-stuff on me whiskers when dey wuz gittin' gray I might hev hed a fine job impersonatin' Santa Claus.

De Island may be a poor place ter spend Chris'mus, but it's better dan hevin' de farmer's wife experimint on yer wid mince-pie.

A man can't be expected ter be good all de time. By comin' ter town an' joinin' de salvation army in de winter I manage ter strike de golden mean.

Ef city folks wud only go away an' shut up deir houses in de winter instead o' de summer de town wud be a better place ter spend Chris'mus in.

THE RETORT TRUTHFUL.

Undertaker—"How do you do, doctor? Have not seen you for a long time."

Doctor—"I don't think I have had the pleasure of meeting you."

Undertaker—"Oh, don't you recognize the man who has covered your mistakes daily for the past ten years?"

JUDGMENT.

Don't burn your bridge behind you, for you may be coming back.

2. FARMER GREEN (*a moment later*)—"Don't yer wanter buy a wreath er a Chris'mus tree fer yer fambley, officer?" (*Tableaux.*)

HE BELIEVED THE COMIC PAPERS.

1.

CHOLLIE TENDERFOOT (*the night of his arrival in the far west*)—"Hello! here's an invitation to a ball already. Guess I'd better wear my cowboy suit or they'll guy me for a dude."

BOUGHT THE BUSINESS.

"Are you the boy who swept the snow away yesterday?"
"No, mum. That was Billy Binks; but I've bought him out."

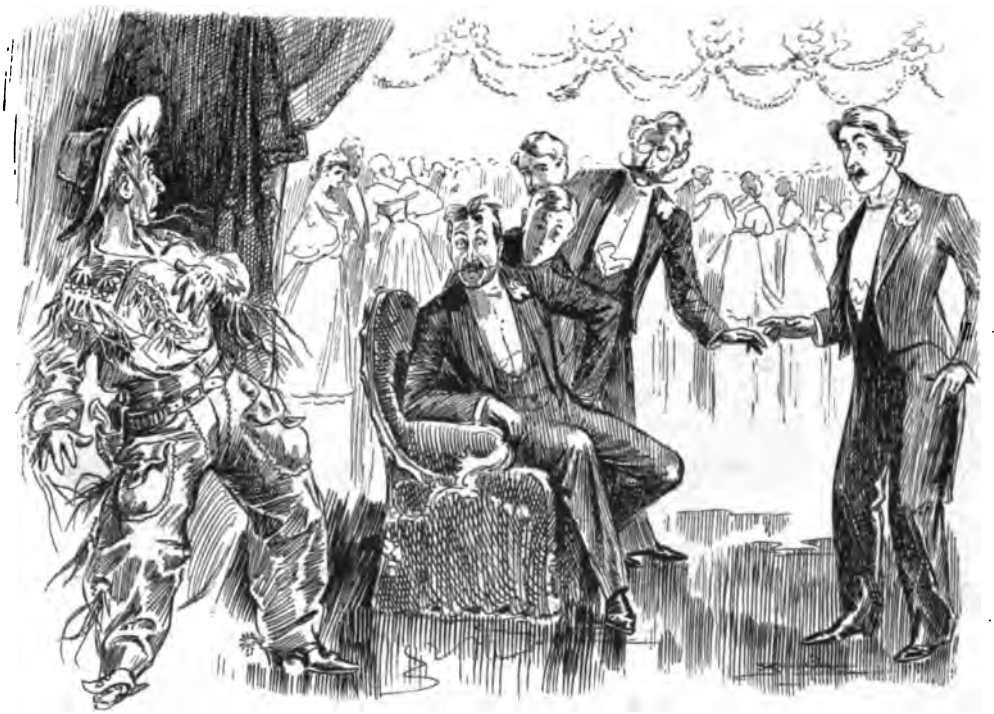
HONESTY REWARDED.

"John," said the good old merchant blandly to his private secretary; "John, here's a trifle to buy Christmas presents for your wife and family. I am very well satisfied with your work, and wish you continued prosperity. A merry Christmas to you and yours in Harlem, John."

The secretary opened the envelope with trembling fingers and a hundred-dollar bill fluttered out upon the desk before him. He grasped his employer's hands and pressed them fervently, and then, quite overcome with emotion and with the hot tears raining down his face, he cried,

"Oh, Mr. Goodman! pray don't think me impertinent or ungrateful, but I have another wife and family in Hoboken. Couldn't you make this two hundred?"

And the good old man thought of his own quadruple life and acted accordingly.



2.

When Chollie arrived at the ball.

NOT AN AUTHORITY.

First actor—"What has been the prevailing price of eggs about the country this winter?"

Second actor—"I don't know. I haven't paid anything for what I got."

PRECAUTIONARY.

She shook him once—she shook him twice,
Yet he was not forsaken;
Third asking she accepted—'twas
"Well shaken before taken."

HIS DESTINATION.

"Where do you think you'll go Christmas?"

"Mad, if the bills come in as fast as they did last year."

SEASONS OF DISCOMFORT.

WHEN sere September leaves on lawns lie thick;
When candidates for office trade and trick;
When blare October voters' names enrolls;
When nude November brings 'em to the polls;
When drear December rules th' inverted year;
When January blizzards reappear;
When February's fretful temper reigns;
When March matriculates its aches and pains;
When winter lingers in the lap of spring;
When April showers mud (not flowers) bring;
When May's portentous rain-clouds hide the sun;
When June-bug visitations have begun;
When July pyrotechnics sound and wound;
When August's sultry breathings bake the ground;
When clammy nights the dusty days pursue;
When dew is falling and notes are falling due;
When populistic anarchy holds sway;
When both those notes and income tax we pay.

PHILANTHROPIC.

MRS. WEEZEY—"Pore chile! yo' looks powful cold'n mizzerble. Jes' tie a couple ob dese flapper-jacks on yo' ears. Dey's right off'n de stove."

TOO MUCH JOHNSON!

1.

"For (hic), heaven's sake (hic) hand me that confounded (hic) overcoat!"

JUST THE HAT FOR THE THEATRE.

Miss Scribble—"It took just two short stories to pay for this hat."

Ned—"H'm! Ought to be just the hat to wear at the theatre—a two-story hat."

VERY NEW.

Clerk—"Here's a customer asking if there's anything new in Christmas literature."

Book-seller—"Don't come to me with your stupid questions. Don't you know that our stock left from last Christmas is as new as the day it came from the publishers'?"

2.

"All right, old boy; keep steady a minute and we'll fetch it."

3.

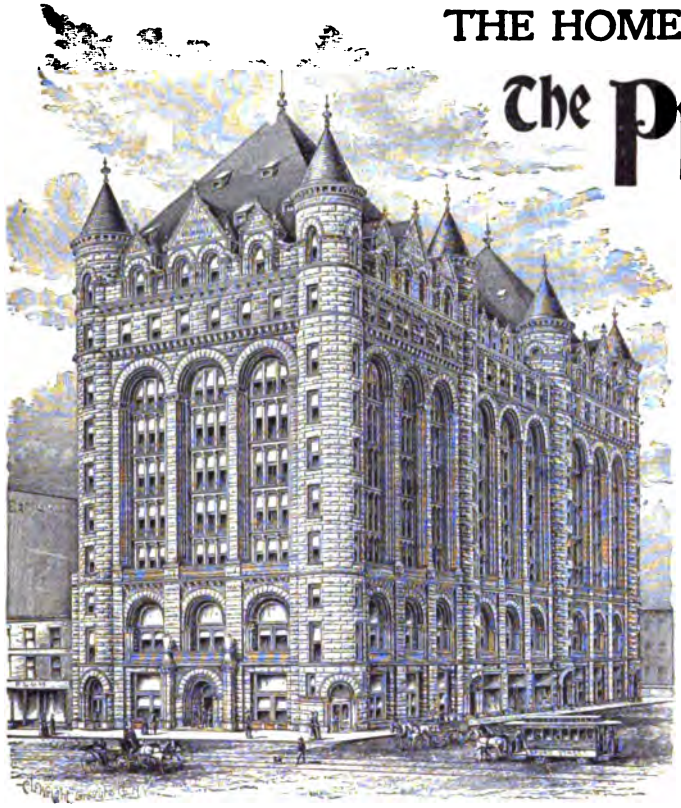
"Well, that's queer! Are you frozen tight?"

4.

"There you are and get a-going."

THE HOME OFFICE OF ...

The Prudential



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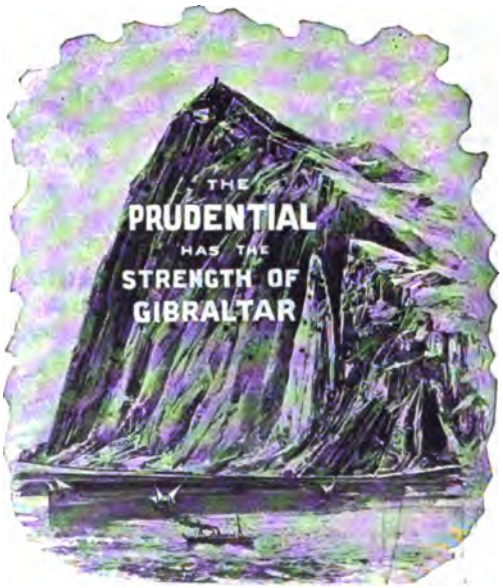

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A FRENCH practitioner has discovered that warty excrescences, and pimples also, are caused by an abnormal condition of the blood, and that they will disappear as painlessly as they came as soon as the blood is purified or oxygenized, and thus restored to its normal and healthy condition.

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His remedy, which he calls "Oxygen Salt," is a simple powder, and is taken dissolved in water, in such an attenuation that it is almost or quite tasteless, so that even children will not object to the dose of a teaspoonful of the solution.

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TWENTY-THREE WARTS ON A CHILD'S HAND.—An Albany (New York) lady writes that twenty-three warts, which sadly disfigured the hand of her little girl, disappeared within a fortnight after the remedy was first taken, and have not troubled the child since

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ANSWERS TO THE AUTUMN POET.

"The sky is changed." It must be, yes.
"And sere leaves fall." They can't do less.
"The ripened corn is stacked"—Of course—
"And fruit to market gone." Perforce.
"The scented hay is mown." It is.
"And days grow short." We've noticed this.
"The bracing air is keen." Oh, true!
"And sportsmen take the field"—They do—
"While wild ducks flutter." Out of sight!
"And smoke from sedge-fire floats." That's right.
"Sweet singing birds are mute." Agreed.
"And chestnuts rain." Oh, yes; indeed!
"Majestic autumn broods." That's so.
Now tell us something we don't know!

PITY a man or pull his nose, he won't care which.

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14 KARAT GOLD PLATE.
CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this beautiful gold finished watch, by express for examination. You examine it at the express office; and if you think it a bargain pay our sample price $2.75 and express charges and it is yours. It is magnificently engraved and **equal in appearance to a genuine Solid Gold watch.** A guarantee and beautiful gold plate chain and charm sent free with every watch, write today, this may not appear again; mention whether you want gents' or ladies' size
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The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir.

The most beautiful Art Production of the Century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for $7. For sale at book-stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of $1.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.

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An improvement on the preparations of the celebrated Harts Mountain Bird Breeders. A cure for almost every disease that the Feathered Kingdom is heir to. It will make your bird warble all the year round. BIRDS LOVE IT. 15 cents per cake at all druggists. Same price by mail.
BIRD FOOD CO., 400 North 3d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LOVE ON THE BIKE.

He sighed, "Give me my answer now."
She said, "Kind sir, my heart is mine."
But when she spied that brindle cow
With crumpled horn and horrid low
She gasped "Dear George, I'm thine!"

COINS If you have any rare American or foreign coins or paper money issued before 1878, keep them and send two stamps for Illustrated Circular No. 20. Fortune for somebody. *Numismatic Bank, Boston, Mass.* Coin Dept. J. L.

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But woman asks for even less—
She only wants the man.

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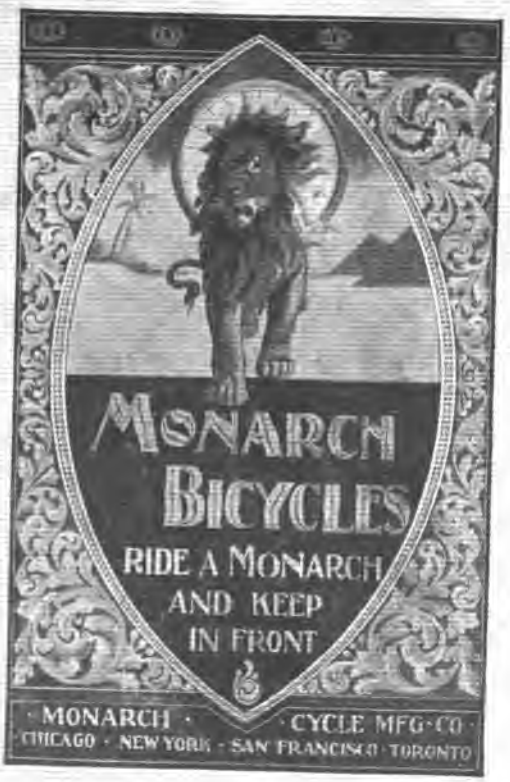

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